THE MAN OF CLAY

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The Man of Clay

(A Tale of Life)

BY

HIRAM W. HAYES

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A COMPANION STORY TO "PAUL ANTHONY, CHRISTIAN"

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED RUSSELL

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Prefatory

AS I said in the preface to the original edition of PAUL ANTHONY, CHRISTIAN, this book is written for a purpose: but I could have written neither that book nor this, had it not been for a knowledge of God gained through my study of the Bible in connection with "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures" and the other writings of Mary Baker Eddy.

The fact that I acquired my understanding of the Bible after this manner, however, and that I have given expression in my books to some of the things I have been able to prove through this understanding, furnishes no reason for classifying these books as Christian Science literature.

They are not Christian Science literature. They are, instead, very simple stories of persons actuated by the selfsame motives that actuate all mankind in the universal quest of truth.

I have a firm belief that stories of this character are more beneficial to their readers, than are stories written from a purely material viewpoint; and I sincerely hope that those I have written will give some one a good thought and help them on their way heavenward.

As for this particular book, it is offered to the public purely as a friendly endeavor to point the way to the source, from which may be gained a better and truer idea of life than that to be found between the cradle and the grave.

HIRAM W. HAYES.

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The Man of Clay

CHAPTER I

THE NEW LIFE

FRESH upon the rain-laden air hung the odors of springtime. The pungent scent of the mold, the perfume of violets, and the fragrance of daffodils mingled pleasantly, to the senses, with the patter of raindrops and the balmy zephyr that gently stirred the tiny leaves of the budding trees, creating that subtle aroma of the woodland which is the very essence of nature. It was a perfect symphony of delightful sensations, to be enjoyed by all who might come within the sphere of its harmonizing influence.

Small wonder, then, that these subtle forces should make themselves felt above the monotonous hoof-beats of the plodding horse that came splashing along through the mud and darkness and should gradually replace the irascibility of his driver with a softer and more natural frame of mind.

To one who has never taken a ride under similar conditions, the irascibility referred to might appear to be the natural result of the existing atmospheric and barometric conditions; but one who has had occasion to undergo the experience can state, as a matter of fact, that there is nothing more soothing. Only the uncer-

tainty of what may be found at the end of the drive causes the slightest sense of inharmony, and to one who is able to realize a "divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will," such a sense of uncertainty must necessarily be lacking.

Whether or not Abijah Adams had come to realize this divinity does not appear, as the old counsellor was more prone to discuss law than religion; but in his younger days Abijah had been a soldier, and the mud and rain put him in a reminiscent mood that gradually caused him to forget his present discomfort in the pleasant recollection of greater discomfort in the past.

While it might appear that reminiscences of war, with its forced marches and untold hardships would not be pleasant, experience teaches that such is not the case —bear witness any old soldier.

So it was, as the horse splashed along through the mud, and the rain continued to patter upon the buggy top and the leather apron which had been securely fastened up in front, that the old lawyer allowed his thoughts to wander back thirty odd years, to the time when he was a comrade in arms to the man toward whose estate he was now journeying.

"This is pretty bad," he said to himself, "pretty bad; but it's nothing to those early mornings in the Wilderness. If I'd lost my way then as I did tonight, it would not have been a matter of arriving at my destination a few hours late; it would have been a matter of never arriving. Well! Well! What times those were to be sure—and he was a good comrade, too. If ever there were a born nobleman, Elmer Treadwell was one. I hope if Eugenie ever has any children, the first will be

a boy and that he will be just like his grandfather;" and Abijah gave a jerk to the reins. "There's no reason why he shouldn't."

Even from the most advanced physiological point of view this statement seemed true, for Elmer Treadwell had been a fine type of manhood, both physically and mentally. He was, as the phrase goes, one of nature's noblemen, and his life had been unspotted in the midst of one of the most sanguinary conflicts of history. His daughter Eugenie had inherited all of her father's physical perfections and many of his good traits, besides having developed the softer attributes of character that go to make up the highest type of the feminine. Refined in thought and aristocratic in her tastes, she had, during a trip abroad, met and married a son of one of those young noblemen who had followed the fortunes of the unfortunate Maximilian, when he was seated upon the throne of the Montezumas by the ambitious Napoleon III. Their four years of married life, passed partly in the United States and partly in Austria, had been ideal; and there was certainly no reason why any children who might be born to them, should not partake of those mental and physical graces which characterized both Eugenie and her husband, Frederick of Rastadt—better known to their neighbors and friends in America as Herr von Rastadt.

Among all the von Rastadt's American acquaintances, there was no more welcome guest at Edgemont, the famous old Long Island estate, than the Honorable Abijah Adams—Uncle Abijah they called him. Not only was he welcome when the advice of a legal counsellor was needed, but when it was not. Since the de-

mise of Eugenie' s father some three years previous, the old lawyer had been not only administrator, counsellor, and sole executor, but almost a father to the young couple.

"And as often as I've driven out here," growled the old man as he at length distinguished familiar landmarks in the slowly approaching dawn, "I don't see how I ever came to take the wrong turn."

But the spirit of the spring-time was in the air, and by the time he arrived at the gateway that marked the approach to the mansion—located on an eminence some distance back from the highway—Abijah was in his usual serene frame of mind.

"Well, here we are at last," he chuckled as he turned off the road and gave his steed an encouraging slap with the reins to hurry it along. "Better late than never; but I do hate to disturb everybody at such an unusual hour."

Then as the house came into sight around the bend in the driveway, Abijah uttered an exclamation of surprise, for it was ablaze with lights.

"Must be having some sort of an entertainment," he exclaimed; then, as he at last reached the house, "I'll just hitch my horse and let them know I'm here."

Suiting the action to the word he alighted slowly from his buggy and was about to tie his horse to a great stone hitching post that divided the driveway from the lawn, when an aged colored man, with a lantern in his hand, appeared around one corner of the house.

"Hello, Sam!" said Abijah, as the servant came within speaking distance. "Looks as though you were having a reception."

"Yes, suh!" was Sam's grinning rejoinder as he took the horse by the bridle, "We is!—It's a girl!"

Abijah started back in surprise. "A girl!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me there's a baby in the house and that it's a girl?"

"Yes, suh!" chuckled Sam. "You done guessed the answer de very fust time."

"Well, I'm glad I lost my way. Yes, sir, I'm glad I lost my way." Then after a moment's pause as Sam continued to emit a chuckling sound which passed for a laugh, "But I'm glad I'm here now! Do you hear, you old rascal? I'm glad I'm here now—and, Sam, I'm glad it's a girl."

Again Sam chuckled and bowed.

"And now don't keep me standing here any longer, but take this mare around and give her a good rubbing down and four quarts of oats. I must go in and take part in the reception."

With an activity not to be expected in one of his years, Abijah quickly ascended the steps and without ceremony entered the house, in his haste nearly upsetting Herr von Rastadt's German valet, who was crossing the hall with his arms full of wearing apparel.

"Donner vetter! Vot iss?" sputtered the valet as the clothing went flying from his outstretched arms. Then recognizing the visitor he seized Abijah by the arm exclaiming:

"Ach Himmell, mein herr, iss it you? Vat a calam it iss. Vat a calam!"

The lawyer stopped in surprise; but as he viewed the scattered garments on the floor said dryly: "Well, yes, it is something of a calamity, but I do not see any occa-

sion for undue excitement. It can be easily remedied."

"Easily remideed!" exclaimed the valet in consternation. "Easily remideed, mein herr! "How iss it you can turn a countess into a count—a girl into a boy?"

Abijah burst into a laugh.

"Oh, that is the calamity, is it?" he finally asked, "because it's a girl. Well I wouldn't worry about that if I were you. Probably the next one will be a boy."

The valet threw up his hands in protestation, but ere he could reply Herr von Rastadt was heard in the hall above and in another moment, having recognized his visitor's voice, he hastened down the stairs exclaiming:

"Ah my very good friend! I am indeed delighted to see you—and at this time, too!" seizing him by both hands. "And Eugenie, she will be glad. Come right upstairs. The young lady and her mother are just ready to receive."

Without giving Abijah time to reply, Herr von Rastadt took him by the arm and conducted him quickly to the chamber in which lay the young mother and her child. It was a beautiful apartment—a fit birth chamber for a princess. The furnishings, though plain, were rich. The few pictures on the walls were famous works of art, while the tapestries were of the most delicate weave. The bed upon which the mother lay was of Louis XIV design, and the little cradle by its side was of an old German pattern, that bespoke comfort, love, and care. A soft light was burning, but through the open windows the gray dawn was making itself felt, although the clouds still held back the rising sun. The same odors of spring-time that pervaded the woodland had found their way into the chamber and as Herr von

Rastadt and his companion entered, a tiny cry gave evidence that the newcomer was awake to her importance.

Although the father of sons and daughters, it had been many years since Abijah Adams had participated in an event of this kind. As a friend of the family, he had passed many a night in this very room; and while he recognized its location. there was now nothing about it that was familiar. Still, there was something in the whole scene that reminded him of the past. What it was he could not tell and he stopped for a moment, if perchance he might recall it.

Noting his hesitancy, but not knowing the cause, Herr von Rastadt left his side and, stepping forward, leaned over his wife to announce Abijah's arrival. Her eyes were filled with the new light of motherhood and as she gently stroked the little face at her side, she looked up at her husband with an expression he had never seen there before. Gently he leaned over and kissed her, forgetting for the moment the presence of the visitor. Then it was that the eyes of Abijah were opened and there rushed over him the recollection of what he had been trying to place. It was not the room—it was not the furnishings. It was the atmosphere of days long past—of a morning forty years ago when his first child was born.

How it all came back to him. The old fashioned furniture; the settee, half rocking chair and half cradle; the roses climbing in at the half open window; the kindly but anxious face of his mother-in-law; the old family doctor—

He stopped and looked about. The doctor! He had

forgotten all about him. Only a nurse here. Where could the doctor be? He could see no sign of him in the house, nor, as he now recalled, in the yard. Oh, well, he had probably put his horse in the barn—and his thoughts turned once more to the mother and baby in the bed. Why, it was only yesterday morning it seemed, and yet how long ago; for there were other times and other faces—long stretches of work, of failure and success—of children coming and children going—some never to return. How strange it all seemed and—

"Aren't you going to take a look at your new niece, Uncle Abijah?"

His niece, "Oh, yes," with a sudden start. It was Eugenie's voice, and he aroused himself and took a step forward—

"You must have been dreaming," she continued laughing softly. "Where have you been?"

"A long way back," he exclaimed, recovering himself with an effort. "Yes, a long way back."

He stepped over to the bed and looked long and earnestly at the sleeping infant so proudly displayed—so long that the mother wondered, until at last he said:

"And this is life. Yesterday I was twenty-one, today I am sixty. One comes; another goes. Here today and gone tomorrow."

A startled look came into Eugenie's eyes as she exclaimed: "Gone tomorrow! Oh, Uncle Abijah, not mine."

The nurse noted the startled tone in Eugenie's voice and drew a step nearer. The tone also seemed to call Abijah back to himself, for his face changed, and, as he

leaned down and kissed the young mother he replied in his accustomed voice:

"Not yours more than another's—more than mine; but they all go. It is life."

Eugenie fastened her eyes upon her husband's face with a questioning, pitiful look that needed not the words she spoke to convey its meaning. She read there the same thoughts that filled her own breast.

"Here today and gone tomorrow," she mused. "Born simply to die. Is that all there is to life, Frederick? I cannot believe it."

The husband seemed unable to reply and Abijah quoted: " 'Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble.' But why should we regret it. When our time comes, most of us are ready to go. But even if such is life, let us trust for the newcomer that the end is a long way off."

But the mother was not satisfied. "Even if it is a long way off," she said, "is this life?"

And the nurse standing by replied softly: "No. For 'this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.'"

A glad little cry escaped the mother's lips. "I knew it," she exclaimed. "I have known it always. And our little one shall know God, even as we are beginning to know Him. We shall teach her, shall we not, Frederick?"

Looking down into his wife's now happy face, the husband replied: "Yes."

"And," continued Eugenie, "because in us this day a new hope is born, our baby shall bear this name. She shall be our new-born Hope—shall she not, Frederick?"

Again the wife looked up into her husband's face and again he replied: "Yes," while at the same time, the sun, breaking through the clouds, sent a ray of purest white across the face of the little one as it sweetly slept at its mother's side.

CHAPTER II

LA GOLETA

DOWN where the rugged Sierras crowd close upon the friendly waters of the Gulf of Tehuantepec, extending two leagues oceanward from their base almost to the water's edge, lies the ancient hacienda of the Estradas—La Goleta by name.

It is a hacienda of fertile fields and well-kept buildings. The great white adobe mansion, located in a grove of waving palms, with an immense field of maguey growing in geometric regularity as a foreground, has none of the appearance of the adobe houses one sees strung along the Rio Grande, or of those dull gray huddles of which one catches passing glimpses from the window of his Pullman as he whirls southward from the American frontier. Built in the form of a great quadrangle, this stately dwelling place of the Estradas is a most ornate edifice. Clinging to the mountain side, it is two stories on the east and three on the side overlooking the broad plain, which stretches away westward toward the Pacific. For the better purpose of a "buena vista," as old Don Miguel explains with a wave of his hand, a broad veranda has been built clear across the western side, onto which one steps from the third story windows and over which projects the roof of red tiling.

The servants' quarters and the stables are on the side nearest the mountains, while the family occupies that portion of the dwelling overlooking the plain—that is when they are at the hacienda, which is only a few months in the year. During the rainy season they spend their time in their more modern residence in the City of Mexico, or at the hacienda of Anducatin still farther north—for be it known that the Estradas are among the wealthiest families in the republic and Don Francisco, the eldest son, is one of the scientificos, whose business it is to determine the policy of the government.

The only entrance to this ancient mansion is on the side facing the mountain—a huge double gate-way—which opens into a passage leading into the patio around which the house is built. In the center of the patio, which is of unusual dimensions, is a fountain fed by a spring located so far up the mountain that when given its full head, it causes the water to rise high above the enclosing walls. Immediately surrounding the fountain is a broad expanse of green, ornamented here and there with beds of blooming geraniums and tropical plants. Between the green plot and the porticos, which extend one story high clear around the inner walls of the mansion, is a wide pavement of mottled granite, with here and there a design in vari-colored onyx. The pillars, likewise, that help to form the portico are of granite, while the flooring to the portico is of red tiling. At intervals along the portico, great stone seats have been placed. Truly no more beautiful spot is to be found in this romantic land of the blooming cactus.

It was down the mountain side and through the gate into this restful haven, that a cavalcade of half a dozen persons rode one warm December evening; and a strange body of horsemen it was.

In the lead rode a dignified Mexican, who, from his dress and the trappings of his blooded steed, was easily recognized as a man of importance. Although slight of stature, he sat his mount with a truly military air, and it was easy to see, by the deference paid him by the servants who hastened at his call, that he was indeed a jefe, or chief.

Close behind him, as the cavalcade wound down the mountain side and through the gateway, rode his mozo —a tall muscular peon, in immaculate white shirt and flapping trousers,—after whom, riding side by side, came a girl and a young man of twenty-two or three.

The latter was plainly Mexican, and his attire was what the Spaniard is pleased to call *charo*—being freely translated, up-to-date, although should the wearer carry himself so as to repel, rather than to attract, the term carries the rather opprobrious significance of dandy. His broad-rimmed and bejeweled sombrero was worn at just the proper angle. The slashes in his trousers were just the proper length. The silver buttons with which both the trousers and bolero were adorned, the braided bridle rein and, above all, the handsomely trimmed saddle and skin of the mountain lion at his back were all in the most approved style. Even the horse he rode, a beautiful, black Hambletonian, was in accord with the dictates of Spanish-America's Dame Fashion. In fact, so correct in every detail was the young man's outfit, that he would have attracted atten-

tion even at a paseo on the Alameda, where correct attire is the rule rather than the exception.

Not so, however, the girl. She was such a modest bit of femininity—at first glance seeming hardly more than a child—that one was obliged to take a second look at her even to discover that she was not Mexican. But if one took the trouble of a second glance, a closer inspection would surely follow; for there was that in the girl's face that attracted, far more than all the fashionable apparel that so gaily bedecked her riding companion. In this second look it would have become very plain that she was Saxon, either Anglo or otherwise; but her brown hair and blue eyes indicated the English rather than the German type. When the cavalcade halted, however, and she sprang from her horse with the dexterity of a cowboy and the grace of a Diana, it was not hard to guess that she was an American.

The fifth of the horsemen was the one who naturally would and did create the most comment in the ride which the party had taken from the station that afternoon. He was tall and angular, and the skirts of his long, black, frock coat hung almost as far down over his horse's flanks as did the lion skin on the steed ahead. He rode with a slight stoop and his thin, iron-gray hair crept out here and there from beneath an old fashioned silk hat, whose ruffled surface indicated only the most distant acquaintance with the hatter's iron. Clean shaven he was, while around his neck was a collar and tie of the vintage of '48—the year when a certain gentleman named Taylor made an excursion into Mexico at the head of a considerably larger cavalcade than that in question. His mount was a mustang, and the rider's

long legs, up which his trousers had crawled nearly to the top of a pair of excellent boots, dangled almost to the ground.

A rurale of the well known type brought up the rear.

As servants came forth from the quarters to take charge of the horses, the riders quickly alighted, except he of the tall hat and long coat-tails, who, after making one or two vigorous efforts to throw his leg over the pommel of his saddle, drew both feet from the stirrups and slowly slid sideways to the ground, leaving one leg half way over his mustang's back. Seeing his predicament, the big mozo jumped quickly forward and lifted the old gentleman gently off the beast, while the girl, running up, placed his arm upon her shoulder as she exclaimed with a merry laugh:

"Now, Uncle Abijah, you know this is no place to be giving exhibitions of high stepping. Besides, that mustang is higher than he looks."

"I guess I would have done better to have gone round to the horse-block," the old man replied whimsically. "That is," he continued, "if they have such things down here."

"Oh, si, Senor, we have them," exclaimed the young man; "we use a peon's back."

"Self-adjustable," the girl laughed. "They fit any horse."

The old man shook his head. "It's too much like the slaves in the South before the war," he declared. "I'll never get used to it."

"That's what you said when we first went to Austria," the girl replied, "but you did, and you liked it over there; now didn't you?"

Abijah smiled as he looked down affectionately into the girl's face. "I like any place where you are," he replied. "Why shouldn't I? You know you are my only Hope," and his eyes twinkled.

The young man looked from one to the other with a puzzled expression. "Is that what you Americans call a pun?" he asked in his broken English.

"Pun, indeed!" exclaimed Hope with a serio-comic air. "I'd have you know, Don Antonio, that it is an undeniable truth," and then she laughed merrily at the still more serious expression that spread itself over Don Antonio's face.

Further explanation was prevented, however, by the elder Mexican, who, having given a few brief orders, now came forward and invited them indoors with true Castilian courtesy.

"Be pleased to enter my humble abode," he said, "and refresh yourselves after your long journey."

"A thousand thanks, Don Miguel," replied Hope. "It is a beautiful place."

Don Miguel bowed his appreciation. "You like it?" he asked.

"Indeed we do."

"Be pleased to consider it yours," was his reply in the stereotyped phrase of the country. "My house, my servants, my horses—they are yours."

"A thousand thanks," was Hope's stereotyped reply, "but we could not think of depriving you of such a wonderful old place. I am sure, however, we shall make ourselves at home while we are here."

These formal courtesies having been exchanged, Don Miguel led the way within, and while Abijah and his

charge are becoming acquainted with Don Miguel's estimable wife, a word of explanation as to their relationship with the Estradas may be made.

As has been previously stated, Hope von Rastadt's grandfather, Count Otto, was one of the Austrian noblemen who helped to form the court of Maximilian, one time Emperor of Mexico. It was through this sad, but most romantic episode in Mexican history, that the von Rastadts formed their first acquaintance with the Estradas. Just how it happened, the records do not show—for records of Maximilian's brief reign are neither numerous nor complete; but the fact remains that during the life of the empire, Count Otto did something for Don Miguel's father, which that gentleman looked upon as a great favor. As a result, when the empire was overthrown, and Maximilian was taken up to Queretaro and shot, it was old Senor Estrada's pleasure to assist the young Austrian in leaving the country. Some years later, when affairs in Mexico had settled down and Don Miguel, then a young man, had wished to travel and study abroad, it was to Count Otto that he went for a suitable introduction in Europe—and got it.

While the families had not thereafter seen a great deal of each other, they had kept up a desultory correspondence, and the heads of both houses had been each entertained at the home of the other in the City of Mexico and in Vienna.

When Hope was a child of ten, Herr Frederick von Rastadt and his wife desiring to spend the winter in a more congenial clime than that of either New York or Austria, had gone to Mexico and there had been cor-

dially greeted by Don Miguel and his family, consisting of his wife and five children—the two youngest only a few years older than Hope. Since that time the relations between the two families had been more intimate.

From an international standpoint, the rearing of Hope von Rastadt had been rather a complicated affair and to go into detail would be almost too much of a tax upon good nature. It is enough to know that it had been the aim of her mother, at all times, that she should have a broader idea of life than that contained between the cradle and the grave and that she should see the good in everything. As a result, her education had been along the broadest lines and so free from the taint of superstition, pedantry, and so-called society, that she was a veritable child of nature—that nature which has infinite good for its God and makes goodness, health, and happiness more natural than evil, disease, and misery.

To Hope von Rastadt everything and everybody was good. The very personification of goodness herself, she was at all times surrounded with such an atmosphere of purity that in her presence, evil slunk away and hid itself in the darkness. That she might see the life that is thus to be found in nature she had been allowed to grow up in the sunshine—under the tutelage of the nurse who had officiated at her birth and who had been practically her sole instructor up to the age of five or six. A little later, in casting about for some one able to guide and direct her, it had seemed to her parents that no one was so well qualified as the old counsellor. He had withdrawn from practice some three years after the girl's birth,

and the little one had so crept into his heart that by the time she was five he was her devoted slave. Had it not been for Eugenie's watchfulness and the careful training of the nurse, Abijah would certainly—in those early days—have completely spoiled her. But after a bit, he discovered that the nurse's way was best for the child and thereafter he was as careful as the others that only the true idea of pleasure should be taught her.

Alternate years of Hope's girlhood were passed upon the maternal estate on Long Island and the paternal domain in Austria, where she spent much of her time on horseback with her father and came to know every foot of the vast estate over which she would some day be mistress. Every dweller thereon loved her, and she became in very fact the hope of Rastadt.

At first Abijah had refused to follow her across the Atlantic; but after eleven months of separation, he bade good bye to the daughter with whom he was making his home and hastened to the mountains of Austro-Hungary where the von Rastadts were summering. From that time he had never left her.

When Hope determined a couple of years later that she would spend the summer on the Montana ranch belonging to her mother, Abijah followed her there and ambled about on a cayuse while she rode races with the cowboys and chased the cattle over the range. When she decided to spend the next years in school, it was Abijah who made the arrangements—endorsed by Eugenie, who now had other children to look after; and when the girl was established, Abijah found himself a home nearby where he stayed within calling distance until her course was finished. When the following

winter she had prevailed upon her parents to allow her to spend a season in London, it was Abijah who had taken a house and provided the proper sort of a household, and when she finally decided to visit the Estradas in their southern hacienda it was Abijah who naturally accompanied her.

It is not easy to describe Hope von Rastadt so that her real character can be understood. She had so mingled Austrian ideas of aristocracy with American ideas of equality, that it is hard to tell whether her character was American, strengthened by the austerity of the Austrian, or Austrian, flexed and broadened by her Americanism. One or two incidents of her girlhood may, therefore, be of value as giving an insight into her true character.

When a child of twelve she was out riding one day on the von Rastadt estate, when she was overtaken by a shower. Ordinarily she would have paid no attention to the drenching, but her mother had that day dressed her in a new riding-habit and, contrary to her custom, had cautioned the child to be careful of it. Accordingly, to escape a wetting, she had sought a peasant's cottage and was quickly under its sheltering roof. When the peasant's wife had discovered the child's identity, she was overwhelmed with the honor and, desiring to show her appreciation of Hope's exalted position, had turned her own children out into the rain.

"Why did you do that?" asked Hope, in surprise.

"They are not fit to remain under the same roof with the noble Countess of Rastadt," replied the woman.

"Fudge!" exclaimed Hope, "they are just as good as I am. Didn't God make them, too? Bring them

back," and, despite the woman's protests, she made her obey.

Several years later—she may have been seventeen—she was spending the summer on the Montana ranch. It was the day of the "rustlers" and one night a bunch of cattle disappeared. The next morning every man in the outfit, except one cowboy and the cook—whose wife was the only woman about the place—started out after the missing cattle, leaving the ranch in charge of Abijah.

During the afternoon Hope saddled her mustang and, with Abijah at her side, rode out to where the solitary cowboy was keeping the herd together. As they approached the place, one of the cattle stumbled upon a bumblebee's nest and the next minute the hard working insects had settled upon the animal with all the energy at their command.

Almost before the lone cowboy knew what had happened, the pain-maddened animal had charged the herd, which was quickly in a wild stampede, headed directly for the river some three or four miles away and in exactly the opposite direction from the watcher. If they ever reached the water, the chances were that they would go into, and across it—or at least some would—and with only one man to round them up the loss would be immense.

For a minute the condition seemed hopeless. Urging his horse to the top of its speed, the cowboy started in to do his best; but it was plain that in a three or four mile run he could never overtake the animals, much less head them off. The next minute, Hope grasped the situation. From where she was, she could see that it was possible to take a diagonal course that might

bring her to the head of the herd in time to turn it; but it meant a hard ride and plenty of courage to crowd the stampeded cattle from their course, even should she reach them in time.

To the left was a range of steep hills. Toward this it was her aim to turn the herd, and putting spurs to her mustang she dashed across the prairie, leaving Abijah staring after her in open-eyed wonder. It was a close race, but by a dint of hard riding, Hope won and the herd was saved. When the rest of the outfit returned the next morning, the cowboys were loud in her praise and the foreman wrote the facts to the girl's mother, requesting that the name of the ranch should be changed to the Hope. This name it now bears.

Doubtless all these things might not have occurred just as they did, had not Herr von Rastadt been burdened with what seemed to him much weightier matters. Affairs along the Balkan frontier were far from peaceful, and for more than three years he had spent most of his time there, while his wife had divided her time between him and the younger children, who were being educated in America. But conditions were now becoming more quiet and all were planning to spend the next anniversary of Hope's birth at Edgemont. In the meantime, if she wished to visit the Estradas in Mexico, why not? There were the railroads and there was Uncle Abijah. The details were merely incidental. Strange how small the globe really is to those who are continually traveling around it and how large to those who rarely, if ever, go away from the spot they call home.

So it is that we now find Don Miguel presenting the

old counsellor to his wife, Donna Maria, in their tropical mansion.

"It must have been quite a ride for one of your age," said that good lady in very fair English, as Abijah seated himself at her side.

"Age!" exclaimed Abijah in mild surprise. "Bless me; you don't think I'm old, do you? Why, my father lived to be one hundred and ten and wouldn't have died then only he fell down on the doorstep and broke his back. I'm barely turned eighty."

The donna looked at him in surprise. "But all Americans do not live to that age," she said.

"Oh no, Señora," was the reply. "They do not all know how to take care of themselves and," with a twinkle in his eye, "they do not all have Hope."

"Not all have hope!" exclaimed Donna Maria. "Why I supposed every one had hope?"

"Not the kind the Señor means, Madre mia," explained Don Antonio who, leaning over his mother's chair, had been listening to the conversation. "Señor Adams means that not every one has such a companion to make him forget his age as the Señorita von Rastadt."

"Oh, yes," laughed Donna Maria good-naturedly as she glanced out onto the veranda where Don Miguel was now showing Hope the beautiful vista. "She is even working the charm on your father. I haven't seen him so young in years."

"Then I hope she'll make us a long visit," quickly replied Don Antonio. "Father looks badly. I told him he ought not to stay down here all through the rainy season. *El fiebre* would be fatal."

"There has been much to look after, my son; but let

us not discuss family affairs before our guest. He will not be interested."

"Madam," said Abijah with a deep bow, "you are wrong. If there is anything I am interested in it is family affairs. I am a lawyer."

"Oh, *un abogado*!" exclaimed Donna Maria. "My son Francisco is also in the law."

"Tell him to take my advice and get out of it, Señora. But you have others in your family?"

"Oh, yes, other sons—one a great naturalist—and a daughter. They will be coming soon. They are wonderful children and—"

"And I hear Secundino calling dinner," interrupted Don Antonio, "which I am sure will interest our guests more, right now, than anything else."

"And still," repeated Donna Maria as she took Abijah by the arm and led the way to the dining room, "they are wonderful children."

CHAPTER III.

THE MAELSTROM.

It was early morning of the fifth of May — the Mexican's Cinco de Mayo. Looking from the veranda of the hotel Gran Sociadad out across the plaza toward the national palace, a great crowd of peons could be seen, interspersed with groups of rurales, who had already assembled to take part in the parade and festivities which are so important a feature of the national holiday.

As it was yet several hours before the parade would form, the rurales were lounging about the booths and temporary cafés that filled every available space, laughing and chatting with the soft-eyed peon maidens, while they sipped their coffee and blew clouds of smoke from the inevitable cigarette into the faces of their feminine admirers.

Around the outskirts of these little groups gathered the *cargadores*, *aguadores* and other less favored of the male population, who cast envious glances at the picturesquely uniformed guardsmen the while they made numerous efforts to join in, or at least to interfere with, what appeared to be a too confidential conversation, between the dashing soldiers and their own sweethearts.

"It only needs the toreador and the cigarette girl

to make a typical scene from Carmen," laughed a woman's voice.

"And I presume they are here, too, if you could only place your fingers upon them," replied its male escort. "Human nature, I fancy, has not greatly changed since the time of Bizet. Hey, Armstrong?"

"Since Bizet?" replied a third of the party of some half a dozen persons, which just then emerged from the door of the hotel. "Not since the days of Cain."

"Oh, come now, Armstrong, can't you start the day in a better frame of mind than that?" asked his companion.

"I suppose I could, but what's the use. It would not last the day out."

"Are you sure, Señor?" queried still another feminine voice, which, although it spoke English, gave unmistakable evidence of being Mexican. "Have you ever tried?"

"Of course I'm sure!" was the almost surly answer. "When I am enjoying myself most, something always occurs to mar my pleasure."

The young woman, one of the daintiest specimens of that land of dainty women, turned her liquid gaze full upon the speaker in the utmost surprise. In the first place, she was not in the habit of being answered in such a manner, for whatever his other failings, the Spanish-American is always courteous — some times *ad nauseam*. In the second place, she could not understand how life held anything that could interfere with the pleasure of one who had the ability to enjoy it. Her knowledge of the world did not yet reach that far.

But had she been able to read the history of Earl Armstrong's life, she would have found that he spoke what appeared to him to be the absolute truth. She would have discovered also, that some six years previous he had left college — where, as he declared, he was just beginning to have a good time — not because he had completed with honor a four years' course, but because the faculty, at a meeting held the day before, had so decided.

Had the young man's retirement been from some other institution, as, for example, the United States army, the reason accompanying such retirement, briefly stated, would have been "for the good of the service." As it was, no reason accompanied the official announcement handed to Earl one morning in the middle of his sophomore year. He was out and he knew why. That was all there was to it. The faculty did not consider it necessary to make explanations to any one else. If there were any further explaining to be done, such explanation was for Earl to make.

It may be said in passing, however, that greatly to Earl's disadvantage there was no one to whom he felt himself bound to make any explanation, nor had there been since Earl was a small boy. He had been bereft of his parents at the age of seven and his guardian was a trust company, which considered it had done its full duty when it selected a school for the boy and paid the necessary bills. When, at the age of twenty, he was finally ready for college, the company believed him quite old enough to make his own choice.

A year later he attained his majority and the trust company felt it had honorably completed its trust

when it turned over to the young man his large estate, and the probate court audited and approved its accounts. It was a financial transaction from beginning to end, and the only pity was that it had not ended before it began.

Had Earl's mother had her say about it, that is just what would have happened, for she was a woman with an inherent belief in training up a child in the way he should go; but the father had been a so-called self-made man, developed upon strictly business methods, and when he organized the trust company, he had in mind just such a possibility. That is how he came to make his will as he did; and when the time unexpectedly came for the trust company to assume the trust, it did it in just such a manner as might have been expected from such a machine.

As far as the laws of finance and the rules of mathematics are concerned, it fulfilled the trust perfectly; but that was the only rule it followed. It knew nothing about the higher law of love and the rule by which it is practiced. Being a "soulless corporation," how could it?

And so it is not to be wondered that Earl was out of college before his course was completed, although it might have been otherwise even under the trying conditions mentioned, had not the members of the faculty been so absorbed in their various professions of learning that they were unable to give the necessary latitude to their profession of Christianity; for it is to their credit, that every one of the learned professors was also a professed member of some one of the orthodox churches. To them, however, morality was something

that needed to be driven into the youth under their tutelage, and not innate goodness, which needed to be drawn to the surface to make itself felt in their lives.

Thus it was, that instead of helping the good in Earl to grow a little each day, his instructors gave it nothing upon which to subsist and it was gradually lost sight of.

To the materialist it will be no trouble at all to account for the evil propensity in Earl's nature. He will declare it inherent — a direct result of the material law of heredity; for although Earl's father had been a successful business man, he was by birth a "scrub," to use a term common with the cattlemen with whom he was raised.

"And a scrub's a scrub," explained one of these old breeders, a friend of Earl's father, in discussing the boy and his actions. "You can't make anything else outen him. Once in a while you get a good individual animal outen scrub stock, but it's just a happenstance. The next generation'll be scrubbier'n ever," which was a cattleman's way of saying that "the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge."

True, Earl's mother had been of somewhat purer strain, but even her family had not been over-burdened with what is commonly referred to as blue blood. While her husband did not even know who his father was, she could trace her family as far back as her great-grandfather. There the genealogical research ended, and well for her that it did, as each generation back seemed to have been more vicious than the other. The very fact that Earl had no family on his father's side, therefore, furnishes the materialist with all the

reason necessary for the young man's evil propensities. "Blood will tell," is the materialist's creed, and in Earl's case it seemed well exemplified.

If, however, you had told Earl that he was all wrong inside, he would have indignantly denied it. Taking the world as he saw it for his standard, he would have told you that he was no worse than other young men. In fact he would have averred that he "was a good deal better than lots of fellows he knew, who passed for models of goodness and virtue."

"I'm no hypocrite," he declared with much vehemence, in discussing his expulsion with Sidney Greyson, his only friend in college. "Whatever I do, I do in the open; and the worst they can say about me is that I do things which they would not be seen doing. That is right, they would not; but they go and do the same things on the sly, and if they happen to be found out they put up a long plea about it being their first offense. Bah! They make me sick!"

"But it is not the other fellows we are talking about," replied Sidney. "It is yourself. Why do you want to do these things, any way?"

"A man must have a little amusement," was the evasive answer.

Greyson smiled. "Oh, come now," he said, "you know you are in the wrong. Why not admit it?"

"Perhaps I am — and again perhaps I am not," muttered Earl; "but a fellow has to do something."

"There are plenty of things to do that are respectable, and they are much more enjoyable."

"You think so," replied Earl, "because you have never had a chance to know. You have never been

able to get out and do things that other young fellows do. Why, Sid, if I had to be tied down as you are, I should go plumb crazy."

The pallor in Sidney Greyson's face deepened, and his hands convulsively gripped the arms of the wheel-chair in which he sat as he replied bitterly:

"And don't you think I pretty nearly go crazy sometimes, Armstrong? Because you see me sitting in this chair day after day, do you think I am any more reconciled to it than you would be?"

Earl looked at his friend in surprise. Greyson seeing the look stopped for a moment and then continued in a somewhat calmer voice:

"But what good would it do me to try to forget my troubles by getting into more trouble? What good would it do me to drink, or gamble, or do any of the numerous things which might help me to forget this trouble for a time, but which would ultimately bring sickness and despair? Is it not better for me to become absorbed in my studies — in my work of fitting myself for the profession which will enable me to forget my pain and heartaches, in relieving the pain and heartaches of others?"

Earl reluctantly admitted that it might be.

"That is why I am devoting my time to the study of medicine," explained Greyson. "I may not be able to do as much as a physically perfect man, but I can do something; and if I, in my condition, can do something for my fellow man, just think what a man with your health and strength and money could do! Why not do it, Earl?"

Armstrong looked at Greyson in blank amazement

It was the first time in the year and a half that he had known Sidney that he had ever mentioned his infirmity to him, and this outburst on Greyson's part had been the first real insight of Greyson he had ever had; or perhaps it were more correct to say it was the first time he had ever stopped to consider Greyson from Greyson's viewpoint. Wrong as he was inside, he could see the point his companion was making; but that any one should suggest to him, Earl Armstrong, heir to a million, that he should devote his time and money, or any part of them, to doing something for somebody, so filled him with amazement that for the moment he was speechless. Then, as he noted the serious look in Sidney's face, he burst into laughter, as he echoed his words.

"Why not?" he gasped. "Why not? Why because I've got something better to do. I'm going out to enjoy life. I'm going out into the world to live, not to spend my days in doping the sick, and bandaging broken heads. No, sir! Not for me!

"But," he continued, as, seized with a sudden impulse, he arose from his chair, "I'll tell you what I will do. If you'll cut this college game for the rest of the year, I'll take you with me for a trip around the world. I'll pay all the expenses, and, Greyson,"—lowering his voice and putting out his hand impulsively —"I'll look after you so you'll forget all about this chair!"

Greyson's face, which had before been so pallid, flushed a deep red and for a moment he did not seem to notice the proffered hand. But as he gazed into Earl's face, he saw there a look that told him the offer

was honest and from the heart. Seeing his hesitancy, Earl exclaimed as he still held out his hand:

"I mean it, old man! What do you say?"

"Thank you, a thousand times," was Greyson's response as he grasped the outstretched hand, "but I can not accept!"

"What's the reason? Here you've been preaching to me about doing something for somebody, and the very first time I try to profit by your advice, the man I would do something for, refuses to let me. You do not think I can't afford it, do you?"

Sidney smiled and shook his head. "It isn't that!" he replied.

"It's not college? You know it is so near the end of your course that your absence would not affect you here, Greyson."

"Oh no, I'm up in everything."

"Then what is it?" insisted Earl.

Sidney hesitated. Then he said slowly: "I don't think you know your own mind!"

Earl started to reply, but Sidney put out his hand.

"Wait," he said, "till I explain. Right now you feel sorry for me. You think I'm up against a tough proposition, so to speak, and you'd like to ease me up a bit —"

"Sure I would!" broke in Earl. "And, Sid, I like you. You're the one fellow in college who has treated me decently. The rest of 'em, or most of 'em any way, are just as bad as I am; but they're a lot of hypocrites. They've given me the cold shoulder lately because it was policy to have nothing to do with me. But you're different. At first I thought it was because

you could afford to be — because nobody could accuse you, in your condition, of having a hand in any devilment. But I see it wasn't that. You're right, clean through, and I'd like to show you that I appreciate it."

Again Greyson smiled, and again he took the hand that was impulsively held out toward him.

"I believe you, Armstrong," he said, "but just the same I can't accept the invitation. But I'm going to Europe this summer, anyway, and if you'll keep me posted as to your whereabouts, we may see each other."

"We certainly shall," was the reply, "if steam and water don't fail."

But while steam and water did not fail, it was more than three years later ere these two met again. In the meantime Greyson had completed his college course and begun the study of medicine, reading in the office of a noted physician, a friend of his family. At the end of a year the demand upon his physical resources was more than he could endure, and upon the advice of his friend and instructor, he had taken a year from his studies and again gone abroad.

As for Earl, he had been constantly on the go since the day of his expulsion. He had literally plunged into the whirlpool of frivolity and dissipation. He had visited the capital of every country in Europe, and such of those in Asia as he was permitted by the law of the land. In each he had gone the pace and spent his money like water. Only the magnitude of his wealth and the potency of his health saved him from becoming a physical and financial wreck. But, strange to relate, he was neither. Up to this time it was only his character — his morals, that had been lost in the

maelstrom of dissipation, into which he had deliberately flung himself.

It was at the close of one of these periods of revelry, that in crossing the channel for a breath of fresh air, as he put it, he encountered Greyson on the deck of a channel steamer. Wrapped in his great coat, Greyson was sitting in his chair and watching the channel fleet of heterogeneous craft as it sailed back and forth. Glancing upward, he discovered Earl gazing steadfastly down upon him.

"Armstrong!" he exclaimed in the greatest surprise. "Is it really you?"

"And is it really you?" was Earl's reply as he grasped the outstretched hand. "I've been standing here for fully a minute trying to make sure it was before I spoke."

"Wasn't this sufficient identification?" queried Sidney, tapping the arm of his chair.

Earl shook his head. "I've spoken a dozen chairs since I began my three years' cruise around the world," he replied. "Every time I've seen one I've piped it, if perchance it might be yours. Several times I've thought I had you, only to be disappointed when I came within hailing distance. So I've come to be careful."

"Well you've located the right one this time, I am glad to say. Now sit down and tell me about yourself."

"Little to tell," replied Earl with a mirthless laugh, as he drew a steamer chair near to his friend. "You know my record in college! Write 'continued' after it, and you have my record since I left."

"At least you haven't disappointed your critics!" laughed Sidney.

"Nor my friends either, I fancy." And Earl shrugged his shoulders while the shadow of a sneer curled his lips.

"No, I really cannot say that you have," replied Greyson slowly, "although I had hoped for something better and, in fact, I still do, even after what you say."

Earl looked out over the water and for a space there was silence. Neither seemed to know just what to say. Earl with his impulsiveness was first to break the silence.

"Greyson," he said turning squarely about in his chair, "you're the only real friend I ever had! You're the only fellow that ever told me the truth about myself, and suggested that I do better. If I hadn't had so much money, I might have taken your advice —"

"But you didn't," laughed Sidney.

"No, I didn't; but if you'll take the trouble to give it again, I will."

Greyson looked at him thoughtfully. "I don't think I quite understand," he said at last. "Do you mean that you really want to reform?"

"I don't exactly know; but I do want to get married!"

The transition was so sudden and unexpected that Greyson burst into a hearty laugh.

"Well, why don't you then — if you can afford it?"

"That's the question," replied Earl with more depth of feeling than any one had ever before known him to express. "Can I afford it? Can I afford to take the chance of making some girl miserable?"

"If you think there's a chance of that," said Greyson becoming very serious, "don't do it. But why should you? Certainly you have seen enough of the world to prove that there's nothing in the life you're living."

"Do you think so, Greyson?"

"It would seem so."

"To you, yes. But do you realize, old man, that this is the only life I know? To me the dash and color of the boulevards by day and the glimmer and glare of the lights by night; the whirl, the rush, the revelry, the intoxication — yes, the very wickedness of it all, if you please, is life itself. When I drive my machine madly down the speedway, meeting or passing other flying motors, I say to myself: 'This is life!' When I sit in my box at the opera and note the animation about me, or when I join in the revelry and dissipation that comes after, I say to myself: 'This is life! Now I am living!' I glory in the dissipation of which I feel myself a part. When I am away from it I am worse than miserable. I am as one that is dead!"

Greyson regarded his friend with an interest he could not explain. This was a view of life he had never before taken. Was it possible that this existence of idleness, selfishness, and uselessness could be life to any one? Could any one consider such an existence living? Clearly his companion was an animated answer in the affirmative.

"I told you that what was life to me, was beyond your ability to understand," exclaimed Earl, after watching for a space the look upon Greyson's face, "just as your idea of life does not appeal to me; but

now that you know what I mean, would you advise me to marry?"

"On one condition, yes."

"And that is —"

"That the woman you marry has the same idea of life that you have."

Armstrong eyed him in astonishment. "That is not the kind of a wife I want," he said at length.

"It is the only kind, in the name of all that is good or holy, that you have any right to have."

"And then —" Earl began.

"And then," interrupted Sidney, "one of two things will happen. Either you will grow to hate each other, or, together, you will come to hate the thing you call life. If the first, you will be no worse off than you are now. If the second, you may be saved from the ruin which at present stares you in the face."

"No, I never do think of that, Greyson, it seems such a part of you."

"That's what hurts, Armstrong. It's because it does seem a part of me."

Then, noting the pained expression on Earl's face: "But you needn't mind me. I shall begin to practice this year and my work will interest me as much as your wife will interest you. To save the lives of others will be life to me."

Earl blew a cloud from his cigar. "Yes," he said meditatively, "it is a noble profession and it fits you. If I had had the slightest turn toward books, I should have been a doctor myself."

"It only has one drawback," said Greyson after a brief silence. "Its uncertainty; or perhaps I should say its limitations. We can only go so far and then we have to leave our patient in the hands of a higher power. Each year, however, the science of medicine and surgery is becoming more exact and my great ambition is, not only to use the medical knowledge of today, but to discover still more perfect methods and means of healing."

"It is certainly a fine ambition, Greyson. I feel sure, from my knowledge of you, that you will succeed."

"Thanks!" replied Sidney, "but at present I am not unduly concerned about that. Even the practice of what is known, will be life to me, just as your home joys are life to you. May they last forever!"

"I do not expect that," declared Earl with a light-hearted laugh. "Forever is a long time; but I am sure they will last as long as I do."

O vain man that knoweth not whence cometh wis-

dom, or understandeth not that only the joys of Spirit are eternal! Before the month had passed, all that had seemed life to Earl Armstrong had become as ashes. On the very day that he was to set sail for France to claim his bride, he received a cablegram from Julie's father stating that certain family reasons had made it seem wise for his daughter to break her engagement, and that she had that morning married an Italian nobleman, a friend of the family for years.

The weeks which followed are too painful to recall. For days Earl roamed about the estate, crushed and stunned; but the same sturdy health which had withstood the ravages of dissipation, proved potent, likewise, against the power of grief and wounded pride.

Greyson read in the morning papers the account of the broken engagement, with its sensational features, and hastened to his friend's home; but Earl refused to be seen. Moved with a desire to comfort his friend, Sidney made repeated attempts to see him, but always with the same result. About six months later, however, he received a letter from Earl dated Rio Janeiro. It read:

> I thought your advice a blessing. It has proven a curse. I am about to bury myself in the wilderness. If ever I come north again, I shall make it my business to call upon the world's most famous physician — happy in spite of his infirmity. I have to thank you for six months of happiness and a lifetime of misery.
>
> EARL.

Greyson read the letter with the greatest compassion. He felt no resentment at the sarcastic reference to his future greatness, neither did the allusion to his physical condition offend him in the slightest. But his

kindly heart, always beating with the deepest sympathy for the suffering, went out in pity to his sorrowing friend. He yearned to comfort him. His heart was filled with an overwhelming desire to heal his wounded spirit, despite the resentment which had taken Earl out of the reach of the only human voice ready and willing to speak a word of comfort to his grief-laden soul.

Could one have entered deeply enough into Earl Armstrong's consciousness to have analyzed it, however, he would have found that the young man's love affair had been quite as selfish as his life of dissipation. The prominence of his fiancée had pleased his vanity, and he had taken a pardonable pride in the beauty of his home. His loss had interfered to a large degree with his plans and his pleasures. Now, with no knowledge of the truth of being to sustain him, he was not wise enough to be thankful for whatever of good he had gained, or that a meed of happiness had come within his reach. Therefore, the experience embittered rather than purified him and he shot his venom at his friend.

After several years of travel and exploration by land and by sea, during which he became a mighty hunter and gained a still different idea of life, Armstrong arrived in the City of Mexico one morning in April, intending to spend the rainy season in the capital, because of its better accommodations. In Yucatan, on his way northward, he had fallen in with a party of archaeologists making explorations in that ancient land of the Toltecs. At the head of the party was Don Felix Estrada, and with him eminent scholars and

scientists from England, France, and Germany. There was also an American, Prof. William Carr Holman, who had been sent out by the Geographical Society, more as a compliment to the Mexican government, than with any expectation that his research would be of especial interest. Although considerably older than Armstrong, they became unusually intimate on very short acquaintance.

Later, Prof. Holman's wife had joined them in the City of Mexico, and during the succeeding days, she acted as chaperon to a party of seven, made up of herself and husband, Sir Henry Dewar, F. R. S., and his daughter Patrice, Earl Armstrong, and Don Felix Estrada and his sister Guadelupe, who was at this time visiting their elder brother.

This was the little party which had started out from the hotel Gran Sociedad early that Cinco de Mayo to visit the citadel of Chapultepec and, later, to witness the military parade which is always the feature of a national holiday in Mexico. I say National holiday, because there are so many other holidays in the year — four score and more in round numbers — that some reader who has experienced a few of them without seeing any parades, might think this a misstatement. And it was the youngest member of the party, Donna Guadelupe, who had heard with such surprise Earl's bitter expression of dissatisfaction with the world at large and his own life in particular.

For a moment after his surly answer, she eyed him in astonishment, and then, with a suggestive shrug of her shoulders, typical of the Spanish-American, exclaimed:

"Es possible, Señor; but is that any reason why you should be a bear?"

Armstrong turned upon the girl a look of surprise, while Prof. Holman burst into laughter as he said in an undertone to his wife:

"I didn't think she had it in her!" Then, aloud: "A perfectly legitimate question, Armstrong, and one you'll have trouble in answering."

Earl started to make a sharp retort, but instead tugged at one end of his short mustache, while under his breath he muttered something about a "chit of a girl." Then, as the party entered carriages to drive out to the famous citadel, he made it a point to enter the one with Sir Henry and Don Felix, leaving the Holmans and the two girls to take the other.

"You are rather severe on Mr. Armstrong," said Mrs. Holman to Guadelupe as the carriage rolled along.

"Oh, no, Señora; I hope not. Really I pity him. It must be hard to see always the dark side; and," with a sigh,—"he is such a handsome man!"

"He may have a past!" suggested Patrice, whose intimate acquaintance with the aristocracy was responsible for the suggestion.

"Es possible," again laughed Guadelupe; "but if so, why not leave it where it belongs, instead of allowing it to darken the present?"

"That's good philosophy," declared Prof. Holman.

"And good Christianity, too," said his wife. "If we would be happy, we have no time to spend in vain regrets. We must press forward, as Paul says, 'toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' No one can be happy otherwise."

In the other carriage Earl sat gloomy and silent, while his companions, both men of action and achievement in the world of scientific and archaeological research, engaged in an animated conversation over the recent discoveries in Yucatan and the possibilities of still greater discoveries in the future.

"The Toltecs have always interested me greatly," declared Sir Henry, "but there seems to be more romance connected with the history of the Aztecs, who have always been my especial hobby."

"You may be right," replied Don Felix, "but having always lived in such close relationship with the relics of their greatness, they have not proved as attractive to me as they undoubtedly would, had conditions been otherwise."

"True," laughed Sir Henry, " 'familiarity breeds contempt,' even with so immaterial a thing as the history of an extinct race."

"What a consummate ass I was," thought Earl to himself, "to get mixed up with a pair like this, who know nothing and care for nothing, but a lot of old rubbish that you couldn't sell to a builder for as much per load as good dirt. The Holmans are stupid enough, but they beat this pair."

"There is an Aztec ruin on our hacienda of La Goleta," continued Don Felix. "I have often thought of uncovering it and if you have a mind to come down after the rainy reason, we'll have a look at it."

"Nothing would please me better, Don Felix; but my daughter —"

"Bring her along!" impulsively exclaimed Don Felix, while he could feel the blood mounting to his

temples under Earl's critical smile. Then quickly recovering himself: "My mother and sister will be delighted to entertain her."

"We shall certainly consider it; but isn't that Chapultepec I see at the end of the Alameda?"

"It is indeed," replied Don Felix.

"And a beautiful place it is, too," was Sir Henry's next comment. "Why," as he noted the almost perpendicular side of the rock upon which the citadel is built, "it must indeed be impregnable."

"So it seems," replied Don Felix.

"And still it was not," declared Armstrong aggressively, "for old General Scott, with a few live Americans carried it by storm." Then as he took another look at the great rock, "But how they ever did it, I can not see!"

Don Felix's face became as ashen as a moment before it was rosy, but controlling himself with an effort, he said in a most courteous manner:

"I suspect, Señor Armstrong, that it might not have been quite so steep then and it was doubtless covered with bushes. But perhaps it were better if you and I did not fight the battle over."

Earl felt the implied rebuke, but had not the good grace to acknowledge it and the matter was forgotten when the party alighted from the carriages and scattered about the beautiful park that has been created at the base of the great rock. Strange monuments they found here — monuments of defeats instead of victories; mementos of battles lost, not won — and after some time they all returned to their carriages, Don

Felix announcing that he thought they had better be returning if they expected to see the parade.

Speeding back the Alameda, they found it thronged with hurrying crowds clad in holiday humor and attire. Here rode a troop of rurales on its way from the barracks. Here marched a company of cadets from the military academy at Chapultepec. Now they met an orderly hurrying with messages and now they overtook a party of horsemen in civilian dress, riding leisurely along, and surveying with languid interest the passing throng. The sidewalks were blocked with pedestrians, while the stands from which the parade might be viewed were already filling up with gaily dressed natives.

As they reached the Calle San Cosme, they noted that the houses occupied by the foreign legations were aflame with bunting. On the steps of the United States legation a group of Americans had assembled and received more than ordinary attention from the Holmans and their little party.

But in all the group, Earl Armstrong saw but one face. It was the face of Sidney Greyson.

So unexpected was the sight, that for the moment Earl was stupefied with amazement. Quickly recovering himself, however, he reached up to stop the carriage, but in that instant he received another surprise which caused him to stay his hand.

The wheel chair was gone and the man he took for Greyson was standing erect.

Before Earl could take any further action, the carriage had passed the spot, and horses, vehicles, and pedestrians crowded in and blocked the view. But in spite of the seemingly impossible change in Greyson's

condition; despite the fact that the means of identification which had always been so inseparable from Greyson was missing, Earl felt he could not be mistaken. As soon, therefore, as he could find a suitable place to leave the carriage, he excused himself from his companions and hastened back to the legation.

"It certainly is Sid," he kept saying to himself, "but how changed. I wonder how it could have happened!"

Then he recalled his last talk with Greyson; how he had expressed his determination to add something to medical and surgical lore, and he concluded that Sidney must have discovered some means of effecting the cure.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" he exclaimed as he hurried on.

But as he gradually neared the legation, his footsteps began to lag. Slowly and more slowly he walked — lost in thought — until a short distance from the place he believed Greyson to be, he stopped, remembering almost for the first time since he had sent it, his letter written from Rio Janeiro four years before.

In the face of such a message as that, what reason had he to expect that Greyson would care to see him? What reason had he to believe, even though it really were Greyson, that he would care to recognize him, much less to greet him? Was he entitled in the slightest to call himself Greyson's friend?

In that instant Earl realized what it meant to have lost such a friend as Sidney had been to him; and standing there in the midst of the joyous, happy throng, he cursed the folly that compelled him to say with Benedict Arnold: "I am the only American who can

honestly say I have not a friend in America — no, not one." Like Arnold, he seemed through selfishness and resentment to have thrown away the only friend he had.

"Fool! Fool, that I was!" he exclaimed under his breath, and for the first time in his life he began to hate the thing he called self.

As he mused, he slowly began to move forward again, unmindful of his progress, until he was suddenly arrested by a hand which grasped him firmly by the shoulder and, lifting him bodily off his feet, swung him backward to the curb, just as a troop of rurales dashed by.

Looking up, Earl realized what had happened, and saw that the man who had so opportunely rescued him, was a gigantic peon on horseback — evidently the mozo of one of the numerous gentlemen who were watching the maneuvers of the splendid body of horsemen. Instinctively his hand went into his pocket with the intent of acknowledging the service with a coin; but instead, prompted by something in the mozo's expression, and by a manlier impulse than he usually followed, he raised his hat with a "Gracias, amigo! The debt is greater than I can now repay. Perhaps some day I may be able."

"No hay de que, cavallero!" was the smiling rejoinder. Then as he regarded Earl more earnestly:

"Is the Señor ill?"

"Do I look so?" was the truly American reply.

The peon smiled: "The Senor looks as though he had seen a ghost!"

"I have," was the almost unconscious answer. "The ghost of a murdered friendship."

With his hand to his eyes, as though to shut out an apparition, he turned away, while the peon slowly shook his head, and crossed himself in superstitious awe as he turned to view the parade.

CHAPTER V

BEARING FALSE WITNESS

It has been sixteen hundred years since the Toltecs were the reigning people in what is now the Republic of Mexico, or Los Estadas Unidos del Sud as the Mexican expresses it, in contradistinction to the United States of the north; and it is nine hundred years since, driven southward by famine and pestilence, they resigned the land to the Aztecs, a more warlike people who came from the doubtfully located land of Aztlan and built the ancient capital of the Montezumas on the islands in Lake Chalco. But so great an imprint did the Toltecs make upon the history of their successors — their customs and their laws; their arts and their architecture — that it is often difficult to draw a distinct line of demarcation between what is Toltec and what is Aztec in the relics discovered in the excavations of long buried cities, which recently have been and now are being made. Only in the vessels and utensils pertaining to their religion, the usages of which are well set forth in the hieroglyphics that are found in the temples and elsewhere, is the difference between the two races clearly defined.

The religion of the Toltecs was a mild worship of numerous gods; that of the Aztecs a bloody sacrifice of human beings to one insatiable deity — a deity with

many evil attributes, whose anger must be appeased by the sacrifice of human life. From discoveries made, it appears that as many as 20,000 human victims were taken each year to satisfy this demand for blood, as communicated to the people through a wealthy and powerful priesthood — not as many, at that, as are demanded today by the gods of alcohol, opium, and other drugs as prescribed through another powerful priesthood.

Some recent archaeological excavations have unearthed cities of considerable size, while others have brought to light only large *casas* — ancient apartment houses as it were — a notable example of which is Casa Grande, uncovered in Arizona by an expedition sent out by the Smithsonian Institute but a short time ago, and now protected by a custodian appointed by the United States.

The uncovering of these ancient cities, or the ruins of at least parts of them, is a work of the greatest interest to students of anthropology as showing, not only the handiwork of their inhabitants, but the thoughts which were responsible for the national development, or decadence, as the case may be. In fact, to such a degree does the archaeologist become interested in this work, that it is more than a ruling passion. It becomes his very life.

Such an one was Don Felix Estrada, and although but thirty years of age, he had already won great distinction and praise by the Toltican discoveries he had made in Yucatan, and their value toward perfecting the history of that long since extinct race. Since his talk with Sir Henry on that memorable Cinco de Mayo,

it had come to him more strongly than before, that he was undoubtedly allowing his familiarity with the Aztec to greatly interfere with valuable information that might be lying at his very door. He determined that he would no longer permit distance to lend its enchantment to research, but that he would at once take up the work of excavating and exploring the ruins — Aztec he felt assured — that occupied many acres of the hacienda of La Goleta. In view of his former contributions to archaeological lore, and the further important fact that his brother Francisco occupied an exalted position in the federal government, the means for carrying on the undertaking were soon at his disposal and the work was begun.

Naturally, inasmuch as Sir Henry Dewar had expressed his interest in such a work, it was only courteous to renew the invitation previously extended, to come down and take part in it, and — of course — to bring with him his daughter Patrice.

Knowing, as all of his family and friends did, that excavating was the ruling passion of his life, no one could possibly accuse him of any ulterior motive; but, to further prevent any suggestion of the kind, Don Felix also invited Prof. Holman and his motherly wife.

"There might be some gossipy persons," he explained to his sister Guadelupe, after he had sent the latter invitation, "who might say I was more interested in Sir Henry's daughter than in the discoveries I hope to make; but of course you know that such is not the case."

"Por supuesto!" she replied with just the suspicion

of a twinkle in her eye. "How could any one ever imagine such a thing? Tell me their names, brother, and I will disabuse their minds at once."

"Oh, I am making no charges," he replied. "I do not say that any one has said such a thing, but they might, you know."

"But how could they?" Guadelupe demanded insistently, while Felix looking at her quizzically was unable to decide whether the gleam in her eye was indignation or mischief. Then, as she burst into a tantalizing laugh, she said:

"Honestly now, Felix, if some one should intimate such a thing — mind I do not believe they will, because I think it is all in your own mind — but if they should, would they really be so very far out of the way?"

Don Felix returned to his correspondence without replying; but had he admitted the soft impeachment, it surely could not have been reckoned to his discredit, for Miss Patrice Dewar — her ancestors wrote it De War — was a most fascinating young woman with an attractive personality to those whom she considered her equal. To those whom she looked upon as below her in the social scale, she was just the opposite, in her pride holding them in cold disdain. Patrice by name and patrician by nature, was the manner in which one of her most intimate friends had described her, and this epigrammatic estimate was as complete as though her characteristics could have been detailed by a Bertillon report.

Not without good and sufficient reason, in so far as the laws of heraldry and heredity govern, did Patrice assume the haughtiness of the patrician. Her lineage

dated back to the Norman conquest and the family escutcheon of crossed swords with a red rose at the honor point, was sufficient proof that her family had been ennobled through its support of the house of Lancaster during the memorable struggle so familiarly known as the War of the Roses.

It is likewise to the young woman's credit, that she had learned to recognize the aristocracy of intellect. Her father, a younger son, had been knighted solely for his scholarly attainments, and men of rank in the world of learning ranked only second in her estimation with those who held their titles through the blood that flowed in their veins. She gave no place whatever to the aristocracy of wealth. Her greatest regret was, that her father had not been the elder son, so that she might have inherited the title as well as the blood.

For more than two years Patrice had been her father's almost constant companion, whenever it was possible for her to accompany him. Along with the other things which had come down to her as a legacy, was the taint of disease; and after a severe attack, just as she was entering upon young womanhood, the doctors had told her father that her only chance of health lay in travel. The full import of their verdict had not been made known to the young woman, but recently, as she had thought of her future and its possibilities, as does every young woman — she had discovered that she was not as strong as she had supposed, and a nameless and haunting fear had begun to fasten itself upon her. Not for an instant, however, did she connect it with her absorbing belief in the hereditary rights that her family name gave her.

While not an admirer of the Spanish-American type, she had imbibed much of her father's admiration for the Aztec. She was likewise of a most romantic turn of mind, and the story of Montezuma, sustaining his empire against the despoilers from across the sea, filled her with admiration. Something in the bearing and appearance of Don Felix reminded her of Montezuma and caused her to look upon him with more than passing favor. As for Earl Armstrong, she accepted him at his face value — an American traveler of means — and she had never taken the trouble to consider whether he had any family or not. Had any one told her the facts about his ancestry at their first meeting, there is no knowing how she might have treated him. The only thing about him that attracted her at all, was the unhappiness written on his face. In her romantic way, she saw fit to look upon this as an indication that he was a man with a past — although she was bound to admit that his age precluded its being very far past.

Incidentally, too, it might also be said that had Patrice known of some of Earl's adventures in the South American jungle, she might have looked upon him with more interest, for a brave man was one of her chief delights. A brave man to her was a hero on the face of it; but she was a young woman of such peculiar disposition, that to describe all her varying moods would be beyond the limit of the ordinary volume.

Not even as much interest as was taken by Patrice, was taken in Earl by Don Felix; but because he was a friend of the Holmans and because of that same in-

herent courtesy of the Estradas, which has heretofore been mentioned, Earl was included in the invitation. Having nothing better to do — now that the rainy season was over — he accepted. He had not seen Greyson or any one that looked like him since the Cinco de Mayo; but he had later confirmed his belief in Sidney's identity by a call at the Legation, where he was told that Greyson had been one of a party of guests of President Maxwell of the South American Railroad, who had come down from various parts of the United States to inspect the road and the territory through which it passed. The information did not tend to improve his frame of mind, but rather increased his determination to keep out of the United States. The Trust Company was still looking after his affairs, so why should he bother himself about them.

Thus it was that a few days after the arrival of Hope von Rastadt and Abijah Adams at the hacienda of La Goleta, another cavalcade found its way over the mountains from the little city of Tehauntepec, the nearest point to La Goleta reached by rail or water. It is a good five leagues, even as counted by the natives — and any one who has had occasion to journey on horseback in this land of *mañana*, knows what a long distance a Mexican league is when measured by the native mind.

Having spent the five months of the rainy season in enforced idleness, the members of the party were not inured to the exercise the trip entailed and as a result they were a hungry, tired lot when they reached the hacienda. But word of their approach had preceded them, and refreshing *copas* and *aqua frescas* of pine-

apple and orange were awaiting them. It was not long, therefore, until there was as merry a house party under Don Miguel's hospitable roof as one could wish to assemble.

Hope was warmly greeted by Guadelupe and her brother, with whom she had become a prime favorite during her former visit, while the mere mention of her name when introduced to Patrice was sufficient to win the immediate approval of that aristocratic young person. The name von Rastadt — coupled with the fact that she who bore it was further entitled to a most honorable and exalted title, had not her Americanism induced her to forego it — was much more to Patrice than were Hope's physical graces, or her still greater graces of mind. She had blue blood. That was all that was necessary.

It was cool on the mountainside, and as the breeze out on the broad veranda was most invigorating, the members of the party soon found their way thither.

"And where is this wonderful ruin we are to uncover?" queried Patrice as her eye took in the long vista of mountain, plain, and sea. "I see nothing that indicates its whereabouts."

"It is just around that spur," replied Don Felix, pointing southward to a rugged break in the undulating curve that marked the border line of the Sierras. "To judge from what may be seen of its size and construction, it was built as a sort of mountain stronghold; a place to which the tillers of the plain might retreat upon the approach of hostile tribes."

"It also has about it something that suggests that it might have been a temple," said Don Miguel.

"Then it should have been doubly a city of refuge," suggested Hope, who had become much interested in the preparations for the excavations, already made.

"I am afraid," ventured Sir Henry, "that the Aztec temples could scarcely have been called cities of refuge. It would seem that most persons who sought protection in these temples, eventually became the victims sacrificed to the very god whose protection they sought."

"How terrible!" exclaimed Patrice with a shudder. "Father, why do you mention such disagreeable things?"

"Yes, it is somewhat disagreeable," admitted Sir Henry, "but sacrifice of human beings seems to have been the chief feature of the Aztec religion."

"Just as the sacrifice of all that makes life worth living is the chief characteristic of the religion of today," ejaculated Earl.

"Much the same, it seems to me," declared Sir Henry, with whom religion was but a name at best.

"To what religion do you refer by the religion of today, Mr. Armstrong?" asked Mrs. Holman, who had become an interested listener.

"The Christian religion, to be sure. That's the only one I know much about."

"And you evidently don't know a great deal about that," was Mrs. Holman's emphatic reply, "or you would not make such a statement."

"You mean it isn't true?"

"Assuredly not. Christianity asks us to give up nothing that really makes life worth living. We are only asked to give up those things which are wrong, and bow in submission to the will of God."

"Yes," declared Earl with a considerable show of feeling in his voice, "but everything that constitutes real pleasure, you class as wrong — as bad."

"Why, Mr. Armstrong!" suddenly exclaimed Hope, "nothing that is real is bad! Everything that is real must be good, didn't you know that?" and the girl laughed merrily at having caught Earl in what she considered an egregious blunder.

The merriment of the laugh as well as the words drew every one's attention to the girl, and a flush of embarrassment at the unexpected result of her almost involuntary exclamation, spread itself over her face. As for Earl, it was the first time he had even considered Hope at all, and his expression was one of such unbounded surprise that Abijah said in a low voice:

"You must remember, Hope, every one doesn't see things as clearly as you do."

"Clearly!" exclaimed Earl with an ill-concealed sneer and a decided feeling of irritation at the implied ridicule; "if you call that seeing things clearly, then what would you consider obscurely?"

Hope and Abijah exchanged startled glances, which Mrs. Holman was quick to note, and with true womanliness she came to the rescue, remarking with a smile:

"To the pure all things are pure. You should esteem it a great privilege, Mr. Armstrong, to meet one who is able to exemplify it."

"I trust I may," was the ungracious reply. For as he watched the girl, and noted that her look of merriment had now changed to one of evident compassion, he was more nettled than ever.

Abijah smiled at Mrs. Holman and moved slowly over toward Sir Henry.

To Patrice the whole conversation was uninteresting and she remarked to her father as she stifled a yawn behind her fan: "You see what a tiresome discussion your blood-curdling statement has caused. I trust you will be more careful next time. Let's talk about something more pleasant. Don Felix, haven't you something modern to suggest?"

"Assuredly, Señorita! If you will come into the library I will show you some curious bits of jewelry and dainty embroidery that were made within the year."

Suiting the action to the word, he arose and led the way indoors, followed by Patrice and Don Miguel, the latter remarking as he went that he failed to see why Felix did not "pay more attention to up-to-date affairs instead of spending his time and the government's money in digging around in a lot of dusty old ruins."

"To hear Don Miguel talk," said Donna Maria, as she drew her chair confidentially up beside Mrs. Holman, "you would think my husband didn't take any interest in our son's work; but he really has more pride in his discoveries than any one of us."

"Just like some other fathers I know," laughed Mrs. Holman casting a knowing look toward her husband, who, with Sir Henry, had suddenly become an interested listener to a most graphic description by Abijah of the opening of one of the mounds built by the mound-builders in the Mississippi valley, of which Abijah happened to have some personal knowledge.

"And what do you suppose they found in it?" he asked at the close of his description.

"I am sure I can't imagine," replied Sir Henry. "The North American Indians left some strange relics."

"Well, sir," declared Abijah in the most matter of fact way, "they didn't find a thing; not a dog-gone thing, after more than three weeks of digging."

"Rather disappointing, was it not?" ventured Sir Henry, while his face assumed a bored expression.

"You'd a thought so, wouldn't you?" replied Abijah with true Yankee quaintness. "But it wasn't — not to the man who was in charge. 'It just proves my contention,' says he, 'that these here mounds are nothing but kitchen-middens.' "

"That is most interesting, is it not, Professor?" said Sir Henry with much animation.

"Decidedly so!" replied Prof. Holman nervously plucking at his beard. "Decidedly so!"

Abijah silently eyed the two archaeologists as they speedily became involved in a discussion of the mound builders, but finally arose from his seat and, with a shake of the head as he slowly walked away, exclaimed: "They're worse than old Judge McBride! He never cared a rap whether the jury brought in a verdict according to the evidence or not, so long as he could get a chance to say, 'I told you so.' "

Left to themselves the four younger members of the party found little to talk about. Earl was nursing his offended dignity behind a cloud of tobacco smoke; Don Antonio in a fit of abstraction and with his gaze riveted on Hope, slowly rolled and unrolled a cigarette, apparently unconscious of his actions, while the two girls

gazed out over the plain to where it joined the peaceful Pacific, into whose undulating bosom the sun was rapidly preparing to submerge himself.

"You get the full length of the day here," ventured Hope, as she watched the rapidly sinking sun.

"Yes, but we miss the twilight," said Guadelupe with a little sigh.

"You surely do," declared Hope. "The sun drops into the water so plainly that you almost seem to hear it splash. But I am not partial to twilight. It's too uncertain!"

"That's why I love it," again sighed Guadelupe. "It is the hour of romance."

"It is the hour of deception," asserted Hope, "You see things in the twilight that are absurd when viewed in the broad light of day."

Behind his veil of tobacco smoke, Earl caught the remark, and blew the cloud away to get a better look at the speaker.

"What kind of a girl is this," he asked himself, "who calls nothing but good real, and scorns the glamour of the gloaming? She may be worth knowing."

So little was Hope mindful of his thoughts or actions that he had ample opportunity to answer his own question, in so far as he was able by the testimony of his eyes. But they told him nothing beyond the fact that Hope was the highest type of maidenhood contained between eighteen and twenty. Slight and willowy in build, Earl was enough of the athlete himself to discern that she possessed a physique of almost perfect proportions, in which her ample height and shapely shoulders gave abundant evidence of more

than ordinary strength. Although slightly tanned, her skin was fair and glowed with a color which seemed almost the reflection of the sinking sun. From an occasional glimpse, he judged her eyes to be the blue of Toledo-tempered steel, while her abundant hair — wound around her shapely head in a double coronet braid — was of that lustrous brown which makes the coloring of the old masters so seductive. Clad in a simple, close-fitting costume, she was a picture of simplicity — a Rubens in life, with the coloring of a Murillo.

"Aristocrat," was Armstrong's mental sneer, his plebeian instinct showing its teeth like a whimpering cur in the presence of a pure bred mastiff.

"And yet how unconscious of it," he was forced to admit. "How different from the other," and he slowly turned his head in the direction of the window, through which Patrice could be faintly seen examining with languid curiosity a pile of art work stacked up before her by Don Felix.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, as his mind went back to Julie. "They're all alike!"

He suddenly flung his cigar from him and starting to his feet turned to Don Antonio:

"Is there nothing down here in the way of excitement?" he asked.

The interruption of his reverie so startled Don Antonio that he accidentally tore the paper of the cigarette with which he was toying. The accident brought him, likewise, to his feet with a suddenness that broke the spell which had gradually been taking possession of the party.

"Excitement," he exclaimed. "Excitement! Si, Señor! There is plenty of excitement. There is a bull fight at Salina Cruz every Sunday afternoon, and a chance to hunt a mountain lion at any time."

"I would not mind taking a chance at the latter," said Earl, "I've never found any excitement in the former."

"What?" from Don Antonio in surprise. "No excitement in a bull fight?"

"Just about as much as there would be in a visit to a packing-house. The only difference is, that in a bull ring it takes thirty minutes to kill one animal while in a packing-house they kill thirty animals in one minute."

"Ah, but, Señor Armstrong, think of the danger to the toreador!"

"Not at any of the bull fights I have seen in Mexico," said Earl, "any more than in the shambles. But tell me about the mountain lions. Do they really exist?"

"Sin duda! They have been shot on our own hacienda."

"And are there still any about?" asked Hope, who had become an interested listener.

"Quien sabe!" with a shrug. "You must remember I have been away most of the rainy season. But I will ask Nicanor."

Going to the edge of the veranda he gave a shrill whistle.

"Aqui'sta Señor!" came a voice from below, and directly the same big peon who had lifted Abijah from his horse stepped into sight from under the veranda.

"Nicanor!" called Don Antonio, "have there been any traces of wild beasts about this season?"

"Si, Señor! Several panteros; and some sheep have been missing."

"Panthers, did he say?" exclaimed Earl, stepping forward to get a view of the speaker, which he had no sooner done than he gave an exclamation of surprise; for in Nicanor he recognized the man who had saved him from being ridden down by the rurales the preceding May.

The recognition was mutual, and Nicor doffed his sombrero, while Earl smiled pleasantly. His change of countenance was so unexpected that the girls both noticed it, and Guadelupe exclaimed:

"Nicanor's words seem to please you, Señor!"

"Not so much his words as his face," replied Earl. "His strong arm and presence of mind saved me from serious injury, or worse, beneath the hoofs of a troop of cavalry last Cinco de Mayo." And again Earl smiled upon Nicanor in a friendly manner.

"So it was you he rescued?" asked Don Antonio. "I should hardly have recognized you from his description."

"No?" from Armstrong interrogatively.

"No! He told Francisco, my brother, that you were crazy."

Earl looked again at Nicanor's smiling face, and his thoughts went back hastily over the incidents of that day — and farther. Raising his eyes he caught Hope's inquiring gaze.

"I expect Nicanor was right," he said. "My actions would indicate that I have always been crazy, and I am not sure but I am."

"Oh, Señor Armstrong!" exclaimed Guadelupe, starting back in unfeigned surprise. "You jest?"

"Pardon me, Señorita," he said bitterly, "I never was more in earnest. Must not a man be crazy who would wantonly destroy his best and only friend?"

"Destroy? How do you mean, Señor Armstrong? You did not kill him?"

"Yes, by a letter which must have made my friend my enemy — which must have turned his friendship into bitter resentment."

Again that feeling of desolation came over him, and he raised his hand to his eyes exclaiming: "Greyson! Greyson! I am worse than a murderer! How you must despise me!"

"Stop!" commanded Hope. "You are bearing false witness. I am sure you are."

"What?" exclaimed Earl, removing his hands from his eyes. "Do you not think I am telling the truth?"

"You no doubt think you are, Mr. Armstrong, but I am sure you are not. Any man, the loss of whose friendship would cause such deep regret, must be too big to be embittered by anything a misguided friend might write."

CHAPTER VI

THROUGH A FIELD GLASS

THERE is a rule of society, or it might perhaps be more correct to call it a rule of deportment, in force in all Latin countries, which makes it a breach of propriety for any unmarried young woman to go beyond the portals of her own home without the espionage of some elderly woman — a servant will do, but a member of the family or some intimate friend is preferable. These female watch-dogs are classed under the name of duena, which is not always to their credit. In the household of Don Miguel this rule was rigidly enforced, and now that there were three young ladies to be looked after — two of them unfamiliar with the Spanish custom — it kept Donna Maria busy lest the proprieties should be disregarded.

Whenever either of the girls desired to climb up the mountains, or gallop over the plain; to visit the ruins where the excavations had already begun, or to enjoy a quiet chat with any of the young men on the broad veranda, a duena must be present. Whenever it were possible, Donna Maria utilized her own services, or so maneuvered as to insure the presence of Mrs. Holman; but the task was an arduous one — so clearly so that its absurdity impressed itself upon Hope, who, out of pure mischief, began to create situations where such espionage was practically impossible for two duenas.

But Donna Maria was equal to the emergency and, thinking to do Hope a kindness, detailed an old serving maid to attend her wherever she went.

Then it was that the situation began to be serious. No matter where Hope went this old duena was always present — outdoors and indoors, morning, noon, and night, until Hope simply could stand it no longer. Then she went to headquarters.

"Uncle Abijah," she began, "you'll just have to tell Don Miguel and his dear, good, conventional wife, that American girls are not like Mexican girls. They are quite able to take care of themselves, and do not need to be guarded by a duena every time they put their foot out of their apartment."

"Why — why —, my dear Hope," stammered Abijah, "I can't tell them that. In the first place they would think me very — ah — very — ah —" and for the want of a word Abijah gave an expressive Mexican shrug, "and in the second place they wouldn't understand —"

"Why, Uncle Abijah you speak very good Spanish indeed — a little flat, perhaps — but on the whole very intelligible."

"But, Hope, it isn't my Spanish that I was thinking of — for I do flatter myself I *habla* pretty fair Spanish for a man born down near Androscoggin. Away back in the forties, along about the close of the Mexican war — I think it was when General Taylor was running for president — I learned quite a lot of Spanish. I always could talk good Canuck," he explained parenthetically, "and in the year —"

"But this doesn't explain what you meant by saying

Don Miguel and his wife wouldn't understand," interrupted Hope.

"I declare, I clear forgot! Well, I mean they wouldn't understand how you, a born countess, should not be looked after the same as are all well-bred señoritas."

"That's all very well, Uncle Abijah," said Hope with a little grimace, "and I believe that when you are in Rome it's a good thing to do as the Romans do; but I never had a duena, I never had to be watched, and I'm not going to begin now. I have times I want to be absolutely alone. I want to go up in the mountains away from everybody; and, Uncle Abijah," impressively, "I must have a place away from all this where I can go and pray."

Abijah's face took on a tender expression:

"Yes! Yes!" he exclaimed, "I know! Well, I'll tell 'em some way. But it's mighty wild down here, Hope. You're sure you're not afraid?"

"Afraid?" and Hope's face cleared as by magic. "Uncle Abijah, how often must you be told there is nothing to be afraid of. 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' The only thing of which I can possibly be afraid are the evil words of evil-minded people — and they really can not harm me.

"Why, Uncle Abijah," impulsively, "if all the people in the world were thinking evil about you and you were so filled with thoughts of good — thoughts of God — that there was no room for any other thoughts to get in, can't you see that these evil thoughts couldn't affect you at all?"

"I don't know about that, Hope. In my life I've seen some mighty good men and women brought in sorrow to the grave, just by a lot of lies that some one told about 'em."

"That's because they didn't keep their minds filled with thoughts of God," declared Hope emphatically. "If they had, these evil thoughts couldn't have found any place there."

"You may be right," replied Abijah, "but as I look back over my forty years of legal practice, I recall how several of my clients were hounded to death. Why," he exclaimed almost fiercely, as he clenched his right hand and raised it above his gray head, "it was lies that killed Jesus Christ!"

"Not really killed him, Uncle Abijah, for Jesus said it was life eternal to know God; and Jesus knew God. Their evil acts had not the slightest effect upon his life or his happiness — except as he felt sorrow for them.

"No, Uncle Abijah," earnestly, "Mother has taught me that if we will learn to know God — who is good — and to know nothing but good, just as Jesus did, we shall have life eternal. I know that when I pray to God, knowing that there is nothing but good, because God is good and God fills all space, my prayers are always answered."

Abijah laid his hand tenderly upon the girl's shining tresses as he said impressively: "A God who would not answer your prayers, my dear, would be a mighty strange Divinity. I shouldn't want to meet Him."

True to his word Abijah explained to Don Miguel Hope's demand for freedom, and, aided by a few words

spoken by Mrs. Holman to Donna Maria, the worthy couple was made to understand that the espionage maintained over Mexican maidens by their families, was not looked upon outside the Latin countries as just the best way to raise girls. It hampers their independence, and stunts their sense of moral obligation. From that time on, Hope was allowed to conduct herself in Mexico just as she always had at home.

While it might at first appear that this demand for freedom and seclusion was a mark of selfishness on the part of the young Countess of Rastadt, it was not so. American born, it was unbearable to her that it should even be thought necessary to watch her conduct, much less to put such a thought into action. The custom seemed to her, as indeed it is, an insult to every woman born to a Latin race.

The place which Hope selected for her bower,— or shall we call it her sanctuary?—was a great, flat rock which made a clearing in the thicket at the very summit of the mountain peak, back of the hacienda. At one edge of the rock was a huge boulder, ragged and uneven, and well up one side was a little niche, which made a most comfortable seat. While the retreat was absolutely hidden from everything below, it offered an unhampered view of the plains on both sides and the lofty mountain range, stretching away northward to the great metropolis, where the hoary youth, Popocatapetl, keeps eternal guard over the sleeping Ixtaccihuatl.

In this foliage-encircled eyrie, the girl was free to commune with Nature's God, untrammeled by any sense of human presence. In her less exalted moments,

she was able to observe the peaceful shepherds tending their flocks upon the foothills and the husbandmen tilling the fertile plain; to hear the roar of the mountain stream as it dashed downward on its way to the gulf, and, frequently, above all the noises of nature, to distinguish the shrill screech of the steam horse as it tugged at its load, and to catch glimpses of the trains as they wound their ways among the mountain passes.

To this secluded spot Hope repaired for a longer or shorter time nearly every day — sometimes on foot and sometimes on horseback; but, whichever way she went, her almost constant companion was a Great Dane, one of a family which had been on the hacienda for years. His appellation — Dinamarqués, in Spanish — had been shortened to Marqués which, in her admiration for the magnificent animal, Hope had declared should be changed to Marquis. As the change in spelling necessitated but a slight change in pronunciation, the dog was soon Marquis to every one.

Always a favorite with the ladies, Marquis had returned the compliment by a pronounced preference for the fair sex, and because Hope was the first whom he had ever met with the hardihood for mountain climbing — his favorite pastime — he deserted every one for his newly discovered affinity. Not only was he usually awaiting her appearance in the patio, but, at the end of a couple of weeks, he had to be locked outside the walls to keep him from becoming a nuisance. He was almost as big as a calf, and in his desire to get near Hope he was continually in somebody's way.

"I am glad you have acquired such a friend and protector," said Abijah, as the pair started off up the

mountainside one morning. "I feel much less concern about you."

Hope held up her finger in caution. "Just as though Marquis were more powerful than God!" she exclaimed. "Where do you think he gets his strength?"

"Oh, I know what the good book says," was Abijah's response, "and I've read the story of Samson; but a big dog like this, who would lay down his life for you, is something tangible."

Mrs. Holman who overheard the conversation laughed outright as she said: "In spite of our belief in the Bible, we are all very human, Mr. Adams. I think I have the ordinary amount of faith, but I must confess that I always have a greater sense of security for your niece, when I know Marquis is stalking majestically along behind her. There are very few beasts in these mountains, I fancy, that would care to measure strength with him."

As though to prove the assertion, the dog came bounding up, and placing his feet against the side of the horse, which a mozo was holding, nearly knocked the animal over.

"Down, Marquis! Down!" cried Hope, taking him by the collar. Then as she started to mount: "If he doesn't become more dignified than that, I can see he will become a greater menace than protection. He is likely to roll us all down the side of the mountain."

She laughed from sheer joyousness and giving her mount a pressure of the knee, and a lift of the rein, bounded out of the great gate with Marquis at her heels.

"I've asked her a dozen times to let me go along to

protect her," exclaimed Don Antonio, as she passed out of sight, "but she always refuses."

"You?" laughed Guadelupe, who was continually making fun of her exquisite brother, although he was her favorite and she loved him dearly. "Do you think there is anything in the way of protecting that she couldn't do a great deal better than you?"

"But why does she want to go wandering off all alone, anyway?" enquired Patrice, who just then appeared in the doorway. "It doesn't really seem quite proper, you know. You might expect something a little *outré* of a simple American, but the Countess von Rastadt —" and Patrice elevated her patrician eyebrows and gave her dainty shoulders a shrug in the most suggestive fashion.

"I reckon," said Abijah, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "that you'd better charge this breach of the proprieties to the Treadwell side of the house, and give the von Rastadts credit for more circumspection. The Treadwells always were a reckless lot. Why, in the assault on Petersburg I saw Hope's grandfather lead a handful of the Thirty-Second New York volunteers right up against a confederate battery and capture it — yes, ma'am, capture it, when everybody could see that he and his company were surely going to be wiped off the face of the earth. The Treadwells always were just that reckless."

"Her grandfather, did you say, Mr. Adams?" queried Prof. Holman, who had joined the group in time to hear the story.

"Yes, sir! Her grandfather!"

"And how did you happen to see him?" asked Patrice with marked incredulity in her voice.

Abijah's face flushed as he replied with a perceptible stammer: "Why — why — Miss, I happened to be one of the men he took along with him."

Half way up the mountain Hope met Earl Armstrong and Nicanor coming down. They were afoot and Earl carried a rifle which he had exhibited some days previous with considerable pride, as one with which he had killed some big game in the South American jungle.

"Empty-handed again?" was Hope's greeting. "Nicanor, I am afraid you are not a good guide."

Nicanor doffed his hat and smiled broadly, as Earl replied: "Oh, yes, he's a good guide all right, or we'd never find our way home; but I'm afraid he isn't a good hunter. I begin to think, however, that there isn't any game in the mountains that's really worthy of our ammunition. We don't care to shoot goats. Have you seen a trace of anything like a panther in your rides?"

Hope replied in the negative.

"Well," continued Earl, as he again touched his hat, "if we don't find something before many days, I shall give it up and go to digging in the ruins along with Don Felix."

"It might be more satisfactory," laughed Hope. "At least it wouldn't be any more work."

"Nor any more tiresome," suggested Earl, as he passed on.

Near the summit of the peak Hope dismounted, tethered her horse, and quickly clambered to her seat on the top of the boulder. For a long time she sat

lost in thought, while Marquis stretched himself out in the shade at the base of the rock. Having at length brought herself, as she frequently expressed it, into a proper frame of mind to enjoy the harmony of the universe, she let her eyes rove over the vast panorama spread out before her. Away to the east was a valley down which the Tehauntepec river flowed on its way southward to the sea. She could even trace its course to where, on the west of her eyrie, it crossed the railroad more than fifteen miles away and was lost behind the foothills nearer the water. In the valley, too, but nearer to the mountain range, she could see the edge of a camp of workmen, and she wondered what the work was that should bunch so many men into such a comparatively small space.

Could she have seen over the top of the next lower mountain peak — down into the little basin directly south of her — she would have seen that it was a railroad construction camp, and that the men bunched together were in a gravel pit. But she could not see this even by the aid of the powerful field glasses which she always wore slung over her shoulder, because the laws of refraction permit the human eye to see only in a straight line.

On the west, but nearer to her coign of vantage, she could see the walls of the great white *casa*, or mansion of La Goleta; while, at a little distance away, she had a still better view of the Aztec ruins upon which the work of excavation was progressing.

"What a busy world it is," she meditated, "even down here in this seemingly out-of-the-way corner, of which not a score of the millions walking the streets

of New York, London or Vienna ever heard a word." Then after a pause: "Yet to some it is the only world — the only life they know; and what a life! Surely," she mused, "there must be some life, some existence, where we shall all meet — where all the children of God shall be able to know and enjoy all the good that our Heavenly Father has provided. That must be the kind of a life that shall come of knowing God. Oh, I wish I knew Him better!"

Her eye was attracted by moving objects down near the casa. Turning her glasses thither she perceived that it was Earl and Nicanor returning from their hunt. She saw Earl hand his gun to Nicanor, and stoop to examine something by the wayside.

"I wonder what he has found that interests him?" she thought. "Something unusual I am sure, for nothing about the house or the people in it seems to arouse him. Poor man! He sees only the dark. He must be unhappy! Why doesn't he come out into the sunshine?"

She watched him closely as he examined carefully whatever it was he had picked up, still wondering what it could be. Had she been near enough, she would have seen that it was a small bit of moss agate, with the moss in it very clearly defined. It was not the first he had seen by any means, but it set Earl to thinking. How did such a formation occur? What was the process by which it was formed? Was it all chance, or was there an intelligence that fashioned it? Then to his mind there came from some inner recess the word principle.

"That's it!" he exclaimed. "It is formed by some

rule, some law of nature, working in accordance with some principle. Some one told me once that the universe was formed in the same way. I wonder if it were?"

He shook his head with a mental sneer: "Not much principle in me!" he said.

Hope could see the shake of his head, and it amused her. She could see that he was in a brown study, and out of mere curiosity she continued watching him.

Slowly he walked toward the gate, but as he reached the portal he changed his mind and took his way toward the spur, beyond which lay the ruins.

Around the base of the rock that formed the front of the spur, a narrow pathway had been hewn that turned sharply to the left and led directly up the mountainside to the little plateau, upon which the excavations were being made. As Earl turned this corner he discovered that two men were coming down the path toward him. Taking a second glance, to see which of the guests it might be, he found himself face to face with Sidney Greyson.

For a moment Earl's heart almost ceased to beat. The blood left his face and his knees trembled with the weakness of an unconscious fear. But before he could control himself sufficiently to master the situation, Greyson sprang forward and seized him by both hands.

"Armstrong!" he exclaimed. "Well, of all my friends you are the one I least expected to meet here."

Earl looked up in a dazed manner. He tried to speak, but his words seemed to choke him. His eyes filled with tears, and then his emotion manifested itself in an uncanny laugh, the sound of which broke the

spell. Controlling himself with a great effort he managed to ejaculate:

"Friend! Do you still call me friend?"

"Of course I call you friend, old chap; why shouldn't I?"

"After that letter I wrote you from Rio?"

"Oh, that?" exclaimed Greyson lightly, "that wasn't from you. It was from the man you thought was you."

"Do you mean it, Greyson? Do you mean that you do not hate me for it?"

"Of course not. I felt you were not yourself when you wrote it. Now I know it."

"You've made me the happiest man on earth!" exclaimed Earl impulsively, throwing his arms about Greyson in the exuberance of his joy.

Then for the first time he took account of Greyson's companion, who, during all this, had stood silently by with an undefinable smile playing about the corners of his expressive mouth.

"Your friend will pardon my emotion, I am sure," said Earl, as he hastily loosened his embrace, "but meeting you under such conditions, is like welcoming back one from the grave."

"No explanations are necessary," declared Sidney, "besides, there are no two men in the world whom I am so glad to bring together. Mr. Anthony," turning to his companion, "this is Earl Armstrong of whom you have often heard me speak. Earl, this is Mr. Paul Anthony, the engineering specialist, who has come down here to show these people how they can go ahead with the South American line."

"I wonder who they can be?" thought Hope excitedly,

as she watched the proceedings. Then, as if seized with an inspiration, she exclaimed aloud:

"It's his friend come back from the dead! I am sure of it!" while down on the pathway Paul Anthony was saying:

"I am afraid, Mr. Armstrong, you have been bearing false witness against your friend."

"That's just what Miss von Rastadt told me!" exclaimed Earl in surprise.

"I don't know who Miss von Rastadt may be," laughed Greyson, "but I hope that some day I shall have the pleasure of forming her acquaintance."

CHAPTER VII

A GLEAM OF LIGHT

After the first greeting between Earl and Greyson, there came a momentary reaction — a sense of embarrassment, which was accentuated by the presence of a third party. A torrent of questions rushed to the lips of each — questions on Greyson's part as to Earl's life since his sudden departure from the United States, and questions on Earl's part relative to Sidney's changed physical condition — but questions which, through fear of saying the wrong thing before a stranger, were not asked. Mr. Anthony with keen perception was quick to note the embarrassment and remarked in the most matter of fact way, that if they didn't mind he guessed he'd take a look at the western slope from a point a little higher up.

"I don't think you'll lack for something to talk about while I am gone," he laughed, and without waiting for any reply quickly took himself up the side of the mountain in the direction of Hope's lookout.

"Rather an intelligent person that," remarked Earl, as Mr. Anthony passed out of earshot.

"You'll think so when you come to know him better," laughed Greyson. "But tell me; what on earth brought you here?"

"The same thing that has taken me all over the world," was the reply, "a restless spirit. But yourself, Greyson — your changed physical condition — the loss of the chair which has always been a part of you — how did it all happen?"

"Very simply when you come to know the story. I was quickly, and to my sense, miraculously healed about three years ago. But it is too long a story to narrate now. Some time when we have an evening to ourselves, I'll tell you all about it. I will say this much, however, that it has changed my entire view of life, although I hope it will enable me to carry out my desire to relieve the sick and suffering much more fully than I ever believed it possible."

"You are now Doctor Greyson, I suppose?" laughed Earl. Then, as an after-thought: "And I'll wager you are a good one."

"I am trying to be, and am meeting with some measure of success. But Paul Anthony played such an important part in bringing about my changed condition, that when I learned that the South American Company had decided to secure his services to help in straightening out its troubles, I came along to watch him work. We've only been here a few days and this is the first opportunity he has had to inspect the lay of the land."

"What is the trouble?" asked Earl. "I knew some railroad construction was going on over in this vicinity — I noticed it as we came down on the train through San Geronimo; but I haven't paid any attention to it."

"Well," explained Sidney, "the South American Railroad has been extended this side of the Tehauntepec

crossing something like forty kilometers. This is under the plan to build northward along the western slope of the Sierras to Acapulco, and thence on, to connect with the Sonora road, which is coming south. But right here, at the very outset, we have struck a snag. I say we, because I happen to have become quite an extensive stockholder."

"A snag?" exclaimed Earl. "How so?"

"We have failed in our attempt to climb the mountain. Just as many years ago, when building the Tampico line, the engineers found themselves in a pocket, so our engineers find that they have made an error in their calculations, and we are in a pocket. At first, it was decided that the only way out was to tunnel; and the cost would be enormous."

"But they do such things?"

"Oh, yes; but it hardly seems that the present traffic would warrant such an outlay," explained Greyson.

"But," he continued, "I met Paul Anthony abroad, and learned of his achievements in the Balkans. I suggested that the company get him to come over and pass upon this work; and besides, I was satisfied from what I knew of him, that he would be able to settle the labor troubles which are continually arising — especially with a lot of superstitious workmen, who look upon tunneling into the side of the mountain as the first step toward building a road directly into the infernal regions."

Earl laughed. "I believe," he exclaimed, "they are having a little of the same kind of trouble with the peons who are excavating the Aztec ruins."

"Oh, that's what they are doing here, is it? I wondered what kind of a hole they were digging. Who is doing it?"

"I don't know whether it is the Mexican government or the private enterprise of Don Felix Estrada," replied Earl. "At any rate, Don Felix is in charge of the work. You know the Estrada family has owned the hacienda of La Goleta for centuries."

"No," laughed Greyson, "I don't know anything about it; but I shall be glad to learn the history of the locality."

"That's all the history I know," replied Earl; "but there's a big party stopping at the hacienda, made up of archaeologists, scientists, lawyers, dudes, and three pretty girls. Old Don Miguel is a hospitable old chap and will be sure to invite you over as soon as he hears there are Americans in the vicinity."

"I think we shall be very glad to accept his invitation," declared Greyson, "although I must say camp life is most fascinating. You must come over and try it for a few days, so that we can have a good long talk."

"And you can tell me all about your wonderful cure, Sidney. My curiosity is a deal greater than I show." Then, as he heard footsteps approaching over the gravel:

"I guess that's your friend returning!"

The guess was a good one, and in another moment Paul Anthony came into sight around the big boulder.

"What a glorious view one gets from the tableland!" he exclaimed. "No wonder the Aztecs built their city of refuge up here. I presume," turning to Earl, "you are making these excavations for the purpose of archaeological research?"

"The scientists are," replied Earl. "I am only a no-account spectator."

Mr. Anthony raised his eyebrows in rather a quizzical manner as Greyson said:

"Don't believe all he tells you, Paul!"

"I never could believe a statement like that," was the significant reply. "Every one is of some value. To believe otherwise were to make that one a veritable man of clay —"

"Which you do not for a moment deem possible?" interrupted Greyson with a nervous little laugh.

Something in the speaker's voice caused Paul Anthony to turn upon him a searching look, as he asked pointedly:

"Do you?"

Sidney's face flushed. Earl caught the look, and the answering flush and, realizing that there was something in the question which he had not exactly understood, said interrogatively:

"Isn't that in accord with the Biblical story of creation?"

"Not as I read it," replied Paul. "I read that man was made in the image and likeness of God —"

"Well, wouldn't a man of clay be in the image and likeness of God?" asked Earl.

"The likeness of such a god as may have been believed in by those who built this ancient city," and Paul indicated the ruins by a broad sweep of his hand; "but not the likeness of that eternal God who is man's refuge and underneath whom He places His everlasting arms. Such a God must be Spirit, and the man who

is made in His image could not be a man of clay. He must be a spiritual being."

"By George!" came excitedly from Earl, "I never thought of it like that before."

The other two smiled at the impulsive outbreak and Mr. Anthony remarked with one of those quizzical smiles which Earl noticed was one of his expressive characteristics:

"There are plenty of others who have never thought of it like that. They, like yourself, have been thinking that the clay man was the likeness. Your interest proves that the great reason for so much continued wrong thinking, is that, since the days of Jesus, mankind has never until now been put in the way of right thinking."

"Then why don't the preachers put 'em right?" asked Earl. "They ought to know how. I would if it were my business."

"In faith I believe you would," declared Greyson, for the first time in their acquaintance observing Earl with a feeling akin to admiration.

"It is to be hoped then," declared Mr. Anthony, "that the time is near at hand when you will make it your business."

Earl broke into a hearty laugh. "What is that; a joke?" he exclaimed. "Just imagine me a preacher, will you?" and again he laughed.

"Stranger things have happened," said Greyson.

"Not to a man who has been expelled from college for conduct unbecoming a gentleman, and for not knowing his Greek," was Earl's retort. "Why, I couldn't address a stockholders' meeting where I owned all the stock, let alone a crowd of people!"

"The best sermons preached are those of deeds, not words," said Paul. "However, let us have no fear. When the time comes for you to preach, if it ever does, you will not need a knowledge of Greek to supply the words, 'for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak.' "

"Well, there's one thing," declared Earl, "if I had anything to say, I shouldn't be afraid to say it; and I can't see why that idea about God being Spirit and man not being made of clay, shouldn't be put right up to the people. They ought to know it. It would do 'em a lot of good."

"It surely would, wouldn't it, Paul?" laughed Greyson, who was greatly pleased at Earl's remarks.

"In view of the fact that Jesus said 'to know God is eternal life,' I should say that it would do them inestimable good!" was Paul's smiling rejoinder.

Earl regarded the speaker intently. Here was a kind of man he had never met before — one who talked as though to know God was just an every-day kind of occupation — not a one-day-in-the-week process, necessitating a knowledge of dead languages and scholastic theology — and Earl was interested.

"I hope I'll see more of you, Mr. Anthony," he at length exclaimed impulsively. "I like your talk! Greyson here, will tell you that there is nothing of the hypocrite in me. I say what I think. Whatever I've said or done has been in the open — and the Lord knows I've done enough. The meanest thing I ever did was to write a letter," Greyson shook his head with a warning gesture — "that ought to have killed the strongest friendship that ever existed. Today I

have learned that it did not, and I'm happier than I have been in years. Up to this minute I have been a man with no aim in life — a man of clay. Your words have set me thinking. Who knows but I may find in this one idea you have just advanced — an idea of God and man entirely new to me — the solution of my life problem!"

Greyson listened in wonderment to Earl's words. He had never before thought him capable of such depth. Could it be that all Earl had been needing was a word of truth — a jar, that would set in motion a train of thoughts loaded with right desire, which should educate him out of himself? "Who knows," he thought, "but this is for Armstrong the beginning of a new life?"

And Paul Anthony, as though in answer to Greyson's thought, but really in answer to Earl's words exclaimed:

"God knows!"

CHAPTER VIII

A GLIMPSE OF LIFE

EARL'S estimate of the Estrada hospitality proved to be correct and when at dinner that evening he narrated his meeting with Greyson and Paul Anthony, Don Miguel announced at once that they must come up and make La Goleta their home as long as they were in the neighborhood.

"I am sure neither of them will accept such an invitation as that," declared Earl, "but I know they will be glad to meet such a goodly company as you have assembled beneath your roof, Don Miguel."

"Ah, Señor," laughed the old Don, "that is a bad compliment. It makes the company of more importance than my hospitality."

"Not at all," replied Earl good-naturedly. "It is the very highest compliment to your hospitality that you should have drawn together such a distinguished company, and —" casting his eye around the board,— "one in which beauty so predominates."

"Very neatly turned," laughed Sir Henry. "You are improving, Armstrong. It is the first time I have known you to bestow the slightest attention upon this galaxy of beauty."

Patrice gave her chin an upward tilt as she remarked under her breath that she didn't think it was very good

form to discuss one's personal appearance before one's face.

"I don't know of any place where you'd be able to pass better judgment," remarked Sir Henry. "I'm sure you can pass muster, Pat," and the old scientist laughed at his daughter's attempt to appear aggrieved.

" 'Handsome is as handsome does,' is the way I was taught when I was a girl," said Mrs. Holman.

"Then of course our young ladies will come under the handsome class," declared her husband.

"I hope so," remarked Donna Maria with a sigh, remembering Hope's most remarkable demand for freedom.

"Don't you wish you were a girl?" laughed Donna Guadelupe, giving her brother Antonio a sly little poke, "so you could have your good qualities discussed."

"I shouldn't mind if I were as good and beautiful as the Señorita von Rastadt," he replied with a look of such open admiration that Hope felt called upon to say in self-defense:

"How often must I tell you, Don Antonio, that it is by deeds not words that we prove our sincerity. That is why I am so fond of Marquis. He never flatters."

While a laugh went around at Don Antonio's expense, Hope turned to Earl remarking:

"I saw your meeting through my field glasses this morning and guessed at once who it was. The change in your manner would have confirmed my opinion, had you not told us." Then, as she noticed that the others were busy among themselves, she said in a low tone:

"Wasn't I right about your bearing false witness?"

"You surely were," laughed Earl, "and the funny

part of it is that Mr. Anthony said exactly the same thing."

"And your friend — Dr. Greyson, did you call him — what did he say?"

"Let's see," said Earl, stopping to think, "what did he say? Oh, yes, I remember. When Mr. Anthony made the remark, I exclaimed: 'That's just what Miss von Rastadt said,' and Sid declared he should be pleased to meet Miss von Rastadt."

Hope's cheeks grew pink. "He must think me impertinent."

"I am sure not. He really seemed grateful that some one stood up for him in his absence. Greyson's a fine fellow."

"I was sure of that before I ever saw him," said Hope. "He must have been quite an athlete in his college days."

Earl's face became pensive. "No," he replied as he slowly shook his curly blond head, "he was not an athlete. Up to three years ago he was a helpless cripple and used a wheel-chair."

"A wheel-chair?" exclaimed Hope in the greatest surprise. "Impossible!"

"It would seem so to see him now; but up to the time I caught a glimpse of him in the City of Mexico, I had never seen him without this chair.

"I used to wonder," he continued, "how he could endure such bondage. I am sure I should have gone plumb crazy. But I never heard him complain but once — and he was a good Christian, too. I couldn't have been. I am afraid I should have hated a God who could thus afflict me —"

"But God didn't afflict him!" interrupted Hope.

"No?" from Earl in amazement. "Then who did?"

Hope slowly shook her head. "I don't believe I can answer that," she replied, "but I'm sure God didn't, because God is good and, therefore, He couldn't have done it. Some day I may think it out, but I haven't done so yet."

"Well, anyway," continued Earl, "he was a cripple and he used to lecture me on my evil ways and give me advice — too much, I thought once — and I abused him. But as you said, he was too big to be offended by my insane abuse."

"And how was he cured?" persisted Hope.

"That's what I don't know — yet. He's going to tell me some day; but he is a doctor, you know, and it's some way that Mr. Anthony had something to do with. Sid says it seems almost miraculous."

"Mr. Anthony isn't a doctor, is he?"

"I don't think so. Greyson said he was an engineering specialist who had come down here to get the South American out of a hole — or maybe put them into one," and Earl laughed outright. "He may decide to tunnel this mountain; but he's the strangest civil engineer I ever met. He seems a whole lot more interested in his religion than in his engineering."

Hope looked doubtful. "I guess I don't understand," she said.

"I forget how it all came up," continued Earl reflectively, "but we were talking about excavating or something and Greyson said I was a man of clay —"

"You?" interrupted Hope.

"Well, I don't know as that is just what was said

or who said it; but anyway something was said about a man of clay and I asked Mr. Anthony if all men weren't made of clay. Isn't that the way you understand it from the Bible, Miss von Rastadt?"

"I don't know as it was clay," laughed Hope, "but it says that God formed man of the dust of the ground—"

"Yes," declared Mrs. Holman who, sitting on the other side of Earl, was attracted by the last remark, "and it says: 'He breathed into him the breath of life.'"

" 'And man became a living soul,' " finished Hope.

"A clay man with a soul inside of him. Is that it?" asked Earl.

"Exactly!" replied Mrs. Holman emphatically, pleased to hear the young folks talking about religious subjects — for Mrs. Holman was one of those good, earnest church workers who believe that to "fear God and keep His commandments is the whole duty of man."

"That's the way I always thought about it," said Earl, "but Mr. Anthony in a half dozen words showed me plainly that as God is a spirit and man is made in the image and likeness of God, man isn't made of clay at all, but of spirit — man is spiritual, I think is the way he expressed it."

"I suppose he means the soul of man is spiritual," said Mrs. Holman.

"That isn't what he said!" declared Earl.

"You must have misunderstood him," insisted Mrs. Holman.

"Maybe," replied Earl. "Still your statement doesn't seem to impress me, and what Mr. Anthony said, did."

Hope made no remark, but all the rest of the evening she continued thinking on the matter.

"I expect Mr. Armstrong is right," she thought to herself. "There is something about those words that have a familiar ring. I seem to have heard them before, somewhere."

And as the words haunted her, so did the face of Sidney Greyson. "Such a noble face," was the description she involuntarily gave it in her own mind. "He looks just like a great, big, kindly doctor — but he seems right young. He can't be much over thirty, and how different from Mr. Armstrong — although Mr. Armstrong looks well enough; or that insipid, cigarette-smoking Antonio!"

For while Hope had not been greatly impressed with Earl, he was infinitely better in her mind — surly and selfish though he had seemed — than Don Antonio with his *charo* ways.

"I hope they accept Don Miguel's invitation," thought Patrice, referring in her mind to the newcomers, "Don Felix is getting to be a terrible bore!"

As for Guadelupe, with her mild Spanish-American manners, she was perfectly satisfied to sit and watch Earl, whose blond beauty appealed to her as the counterpart of that fair god of the Aztecs of whom she had heard Don Felix and Sir Henry talking in the library but a few evenings before. Her interest in the new arrivals consisted of a very mild curiosity.

Old Don Miguel, however, had an eye to business. Not only did his hospitable nature prompt him to invite Paul and Sidney to his home, but he knew that any engineer who might be placed in control of the new

construction work, where several kilometers of the road would run right through his property, was a man worth knowing; and so, early the next morning, accompanied by Earl and Nicanor, he set out for the railroad camp.

It was a glorious day, but riding over the mountains under the glare of a tropical sun is hot work at best; and so by the time they had crossed the summit and descended into the valley on the other side, they were glad to find that it was nearing the breakfast hour.

As they approached the camp, coming up from the south by a circuitous route, they could see the peons lined up on one side of the railroad track and Paul Anthony and one of the timekeepers sitting on a handcar at the end of the line. As they drew near, the timekeeper began to call the roll.

"Filipe Lopez!" he called.

"Presente!" answered a voice.

"Well, where are you?" asked Paul.

The peon stepped out before the line.

"All right," said Paul. "Cross the track, and stand on the other side."

The man obeyed.

"Jose Mendez!" cried the timekeeper.

"Aqui'sta!" answered an athletic young chap, springing across the track.

"Juan Lopez!" was the next call.

"Ave Maria!" was the reply, and another young man stepped quickly across the track.

"Manuel Ojeda!"

"Presente!" and a middle-aged man came slowly forward.

"Agapito Solis!"

"Aqui'sta!" replied the same man as he continued crossing the track.

"Stop!" commanded Paul. "Who are you? Manuel Ojeda or Agapito Solis?"

"Agapito, Señor."

"Well, Agapito, why did you answer for Manuel?"

"Manuel's sick, Señor. He couldn't be here to answer for himself."

Paul smiled, despite his effort to appear stern.

"What do you think we call the roll for?" he asked.

The peon made no reply.

"Don't you know that it is so that the timekeeper can tell how many men are at work each day?"

"Si, Señor! But if I don't answer for Manuel when he isn't here, he won't answer for me when I'm not here, and we'll lose our pay."

"Do you think that is honest?"

Agapito looked at Paul and grinned. It was the first time he had heard the word used in railroad work in Mexico.

"You know what honest means, don't you?" queried Paul.

"Si, Señor! Justo!"

"Yes, just!" said Paul. "That's a good definition. To be honest is to be just to your neighbor and to your employer. Do you think this is just to your employer."

"Manuel needs the money, Señor Jefe!" replied the man.

"Then let him come to me and tell me so," was Paul's reply. "But you tell him that he is not just to the railroad company, nor is he just to you, Agapito;

because he is asking you to tell a lie, and the padre will tell you that is wrong. He may not tell you it is dishonest to beat the railroad company — maybe he doesn't think it is — but he will tell you you must not lie!

"Now cross the track!" said Paul sternly. "And I don't want to find any more of you answering for two men. The first man that does it will be out of work."

The roll call proceeded until more than half of the men had crossed the track and the lines on both sides were getting long. Then Paul's keen eye detected a peon trying to slip down behind the handcar and cross back to his original side of the track.

Paul called him up in front of the car. "Where are you going?" he asked.

The peon pulled off his hat. "I forgot my shovel," he whined.

"You forgot your shovel," said Paul. "Don't you think it will keep until after roll call?"

The man grinned.

"You know you were trying to get back to impersonate someone else. Now you take your place where you belong," was Paul's decisive command "and the next man who attempts to cross back until the roll call is over will lose his job."

It was the last attempt, and, in a few minutes, the calling of the roll being finished, Paul stepped down from the car and greeted his visitors.

"You seem to be having some trouble with the men," remarked Don Miguel after the introductions were over.

"I wouldn't call it trouble," laughed Paul. "They have simply been taking advantage of lax methods,

that's all. This method of calling the roll is very simple and will do away with a habit a lot of the men have of answering for their comrades to save their day's wages. This dishonesty will soon cease, as does every other error, when once we begin to handle it."

"It will cease as long as you watch them, I expect — but no longer," was Don Miguel's reply.

"No, it will cease altogether, just as soon as the men are educated up to a more correct line of thought. They have done it so long that many of them have come to think it all right — just as a lot of people seem to think it a correct thing to beat a street car company out of its nickle fare. The minute a man realizes that this is wrong, he quits."

"It must take some of them a long time to realize it," laughed Earl.

"Yes," replied Paul, "the same as it does to realize the error of a lot of other wrong thoughts."

"It looks as though stealing were more than a wrong thought. It looks like a wrong act to me."

"Well, what is a wrong act, but a wrong thought manifested; just as a good deed is the manifestation of a good thought and a healthy body is a healthy mind made manifest."

"And a clay body a clay mind, I suppose," continued Earl, his thoughts going back to the conversation of the previous day.

Paul laughed. "I hadn't supposed you had remembered our talk," he said.

"I have, though. But you haven't answered my question."

"Well," replied Paul soberly, "if you really want

the question answered from my viewpoint, I should say that a clay body did not manifest any mind. The first qualification of mind is intelligence, and there can not possibly be any intelligence manifest in a body of clay —"

"Or of flesh either!" exclaimed Earl. "You make that very plain when I'm talking with you, Mr. Anthony; but when I tried to explain it to a couple of the ladies last evening, I declare I couldn't seem to get around the idea of a fleshly body with a soul inside — which seemed to account for the breath of life. I must get you to explain this to me so that when I try to tell anybody, I won't get all mixed up."

"I shall be glad to," replied Paul. And then with that quizzical smile, "but why do you want to tell any one?"

"It looks like everybody ought to know it," was the laughing rejoinder. "But there comes Greyson. Doesn't it look good to see him walking? And upon my word if he hasn't a kid in his arms. Isn't that just like Sid! I expect it must be sick."

Then as Greyson drew near, Earl took a few steps to meet him. "Hello, Sid! What you got there?" he asked.

"Only a youngster who couldn't wait for the train to stop. In jumping off a carload of dirt while it was in motion, he bumped his head against a rock and cut this gash. I am going to clean him up a bit."

Quite a little crowd of peons were following Greyson, among them the mother of the child, a brown-eyed peon woman, not much more than a child herself.

"Oh, Señor doctor," she was crying; "will he die?"

"Of course not," replied Greyson. But as Earl got a look at the child lying unconscious in Greyson's arms, he wasn't so sure about it.

"Do you need any help?" asked Paul, and Earl noted a significant glance between them.

"It's pretty serious," said Greyson in English. "Looks like a fracture."

Paul bent upon the pair a look in which was mingled compassion and reproach as he said:

" 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt.' Take the child in and bind up its wounds, and have no fear."

Then quickly entering his tent, he closed the flap behind him.

Earl had looked from one to the other of the speakers in a most puzzled manner, but made no remark as he followed Greyson to his tent. Driving every one away but the mother and Earl, the doctor laid the still unconscious child on the table and with the deftness of the skilled surgeon, quickly washed and bound up the wound.

But fast as he worked, he had barely finished his task when the color suddenly returned to the child's cheeks, and, looking up into the faces around him, the little one smiled broadly.

"Niño! Niño mio!" exclaimed the now happy mother, her tears giving place to the most extravagant joy. "He lives! He lives! O Señor doctor, mil gracias! Mil gracias! You have saved my son!" and falling on her knees she seized Greyson's hand and covered it with kisses.

Slowly withdrawing his hand, while his face blanched

whiter than ever was the little one on the table before him, Sidney slowly raised the woman to her feet, saying: "Do not thank me, woman. Thank God. Without his saving power your child would not now be where he is."

Then lifting the little boy from the table, he placed him in his mother's arms just as the fly to the tent was thrown back and Paul Anthony announced; "Breakfast."

As Earl followed the others over to the dining tent, he was filled with an inexpressible sense of having witnessed a most remarkable incident; but still, for the life of him, he could not say that anything unusual had happened. But as he and Don Miguel left the camp to return home he said to Greyson:

"I shall be over tomorrow to hear the story of how you were freed from your chair."

CHAPTER IX

HOPE'S FIRST LESSON

On the morrow, however, every one at the hacienda was thrown into a fever of excitement by two startling pieces of news — the first, that a sheep had been carried away by some wild animal; the second, that the workmen on the excavation had broken into what appeared to be a great cave, although it might prove to be only some ancient building.

The interest of the house party immediately divided itself into two parts, as the interest of the individual members centred in the sheep or the Aztecs. The archaeologists and the ladies most closely allied with them, could talk of nothing but the possible discoveries which seemed about to be made. Don Miguel and Earl, seconded by Don Antonio and Guadelupe, could discuss only the disappearance of the sheep, and speculate upon the possible size and kind of beast which might have been the thief. Hope tried to divide her attention equally between both, while Abijah took only the mildest interest in either.

"I don't see," he declared, "what particular good will result to mankind from any discovery you may make in a ruin nine hundred years old. If there's anything in it that we've done without as long as that, I reckon we can continue to get along without it; and as

for this missing sheep and the animal that took it, there appears but one answer. There must be wild cats in these mountains.

"I remember," he continued in a reminiscent mood, "when I was a boy down in Androscoggin, that the woods were full of wild cats. We had an old bow-legged dog that some seafaring man had given to my father, and he was a terror to cats. You couldn't keep one about the place, and as the rats and mice were tolerably bad, both around the house and in the barn, we'd a whole lot rather had the cats, as I recollect, than that old dog.

"Well, sir," laughed Abijah, talking to nobody in particular, "one night we heard the biggest racket outside that ever happened. It seemed as though some one was tearing the boards off of the house and cutting 'em up with a buzz-saw. Father grabbed his gun and yelled to me to bring the lantern, and we jumped out into the dooryard just in time to see that old bow-legged dog and a whopping big wild cat in the worst mixup you ever saw.

"Well, sir, excited as I was, I had to laugh to see father trying to sneak around where he could get a shot. First they were up by the house and then they were over by the well and then they were back by the woodshed.

" 'Why don't you shoot,' I yelled, so as to make myself heard above the noise.

"'Shoot!' says father, 'I might as well try to shoot a streak of lightning!'

"Well, sir, I laughed until I cried."

And as Abijah recalled the scene, his lean sides shook with suppressed mirth and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Yes, sir," and he slowly wiped the tears from his eyes while the others, forgetful of their own affairs, laughed in spite of themselves. "Yes, sir, I'll never forget — "

"Which licked?" interrupted Earl, as he noted that Hope had not as much as smiled.

"Both," replied Abijah. "They just naturally chewed and clawed each other to pieces. But as I was saying — "

"I'm not exactly sure, Uncle Abijah," interrupted Hope quietly, "that you know what you were saying. You know you were talking about the excavation."

"Bless my soul, so I was! I clear forgot," and Uncle Abijah turned his attention to his coffee and *tortillas*.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Earl of Don Miguel, referring to the subject uppermost in his mind.

"I haven't decided," was the reply, "but I think we shall set a trap. That seems the surest and least troublesome way of getting the beast."

"I expect you're right," said Earl, "but the theft furnishes me with the incentive to continue my hunt, — provided you can spare Nicanor."

"Señor," exclaimed Don Miguel in pained surprise at the very suggestion, "I can spare him forever. His services are yours to do with as you please. Do me the favor to accept him."

"What are you going to do about exploring the cave?" asked Prof. Holman of Don Felix.

"Just as soon as we can purify the air," was the reply, "I shall make a descent into the place."

"I should like to accompany you," said Sir Henry.

"The three of us shall go," replied Don Felix. "If there is any honor to be won, we shall share alike."

The result of these conferences was that as soon as they had finished their coffee, those especially interested in the excavations repaired to the scene of their labors, while Earl, assisted by Nicanor, looked over his arms preparatory to making another search for the four-footed robber.

"You have had some experience in this line?" suggested Don Antonio as he watched the preparations and blew a cloud of smoke from his cigarette.

"Oh, a little," replied Earl as he took a cigar from his pocket. "Do me the favor of a light!" and he took the proffered cigarette from Don Antonio's fingers. "Are you fond of the hunt?"

Don Antonio shrugged his shoulders. "Poco, poco!" he replied. "If you do not object I should like to join you!"

"Of course," replied Earl. "Come right along. What have you for arms?"

Don Antonio stepped into the house and quickly returned with a 48-calibre Winchester magazine rifle.

"How will this do?"

"Fine," said Earl, "and now we're ready whenever you are!"

"Bueno, señor," replied Don Antonio. "Vamos."

Seeing that the others had departed, Hope slung her field glasses over her shoulder, and started for her look-out on the mountains.

"I do not care to explore gloomy caverns," she said to Abijah who walked as far as the gateway with her, "and I suppose it would not be just the proper thing to go out hunting panthers; but from my lofty perch I feel a good deal like the Count of Monte Cristo — 'The world is mine!' "

"As I remember," said Abijah, "Monte Cristo felt that he really owned it."

"Perhaps," replied Hope, "but he couldn't have taken any more pleasure out of it than I. That is the beauty of the good and beautiful in nature — they cannot be monopolized. They are for every child of God to enjoy," and off she tramped with Marquis at her heels.

It was a warm morning, and as soon as Hope had reached her retreat, she threw aside her wide-rimmed hat, loosened her hair, and settled herself for a quiet time with her glasses and a book. For an hour she read and then, closing her book, leaned her head against the rock and let her thoughts wander. Gradually she lost consciousness of her surroundings, and possibly, lulled by the distant murmur of the mountain stream and soothed by the balmy breeze which toyed lovingly with her luxuriant tresses, she may have fallen asleep. At any rate, she was suddenly aroused by a low growl from Marquis, who, with bristling hair and glistening teeth, stood peering out into the thicket.

"What is it, Marquis?" asked Hope leaning over and watching the dog. "What do you hear?"

Marquis gave one wag of his tail in recognition of the question, but otherwise did not change his attitude. Instead, he seemed half a mind to spring into the thicket.

But at Hope's words and as in response to her question, a pleasant voice from somewhere outside of the charmed circle replied in English:

"He doubtless hears me!"

It was a strange voice and coming, as it did, from an unknown quarter was quite startling.

At first Hope was at a loss to know what to reply, but realizing there was no reason for concealment and reassured by the fact that even Marquis seemed impressed with the voice and had lowered his bristles, she asked:

"And who are you, sir?"

"A prospector, if you please, and a fellow countryman, I judge from your manner of speech. I shall be pleased to come forward and present myself."

"I wouldn't come too suddenly," replied Hope, not entirely satisfied, and determined to be on the safe side, although there was that in the voice which inspired confidence. "I am not sure how my dog will look upon the too near approach of a stranger."

"I am sure he will not object to my presence," replied the voice. "Material as he is, a dog is still able to distinguish good from evil. Hey, Marquis?"

The dog wagged his tail.

"Therefore if I do not intrude, I will make myself visible."

"Very well," laughed Hope entirely convinced, since she noted the wag of Marquis' tail. "Come on!" and

after a couple of minutes of crashing through the underbrush, Paul Anthony came into view through the dense foliage.

"You need not introduce yourself any further," laughed Hope as she looked down upon him from her nest, "I recognize you as Mr. Armstrong's new friend."

"Mr. Armstrong's new friend?" replied Paul, "then I am to suppose you are one of his old ones."

"Not at all. I only use the term to distinguish you from Dr. Greyson, his old friend."

"Oh yes," exclaimed Paul a light of recognition lighting up his perfectly chiseled features, as he noted the innate goodness and beauty reflected in the girl's countenance, "and may I be permitted to venture a guess as to your identity?"

Hope smiled and nodded her head.

"You are the young lady who warned Mr. Armstrong against bearing false witness."

"Do I look as impertinent as that?"

"I do not consider that impertinent at all," replied Paul. "It seems to me to have been most pertinent. If we do not rebuke error when suitable occasion offers, in time it begins to pose as truth."

Hope looked at the speaker with a puzzled expression. Where had she heard some one say those very things? Away back in her childhood, it seemed; and while she could not recall the speaker, the words had a familiar ring. Paul noted the look, but mistook its meaning.

"Perhaps you do not believe that?" he said.

"Perhaps I do not understand," replied Hope eva-

sively, anxious that he should go on, if perchance she might solve the mystery.

"Well, take your dog here as an example," replied Paul as he pointed to Marquis who had lain down at his feet in perfect confidence. "He was bearing false witness against me, not knowing who nor what I was. Had he not felt rebuked by something in my voice, he might have tried to assert his dogship in a most unpleasant manner. But realizing the truth, he became amenable to it. Do you see?"

"'Si, Señor!' as our friends down here say."

"I had a dog once," continued Paul in a sort of reminiscent way, "and he was a good dog, too, as dogs go; but he was so continually bearing false witness that I left him with a band of savages in the heart of Africa."

"How was that?" asked Hope leaning intently forward.

"He was always seeing danger where none really existed," explained Paul. "You know nothing is dangerous to the man who realizes his God-given heritage of dominion over all the earth — "

"And makes God his refuge," interrupted Hope.

Paul looked at the girl in pleased surprise. "That's better than I could have expressed it," he said with a smile.

Hope's face grew pink. "Pardon me," she said, "I didn't mean to be rude."

"Rude!" exclaimed Paul. "Why you couldn't be rude. I'm sure of it. It just bubbled out of you, that's all. You are fortunate to have learned it so soon."

"I guess I always knew it," replied Hope soberly. "My mother taught it to me when I was a baby. She taught me that God was all and that God was good, and that if I made good my refuge, evil could not harm me. It's a beautiful thought, isn't it?"

And then Hope stopped, wondering what there was about the man that induced her to tell him all these things.

"It surely is," replied Paul, studying the girl for a gleam of something he failed to catch.

"But lately," continued Hope meditatively, "things begin to come to my mind which I cannot explain."

"There do to most of us. What is it that troubles you? Perhaps I can explain it."

"You won't think I'm too confidential on short acquaintance?"

"Not at all!" laughed Paul. Then as an afterthought: "People seem to get confidential with me on short acquaintance."

"I noticed that."

"Yes?" interrogated Paul wondering where and when.

"Yes, from what Mr. Armstrong said. He seemed to get acquainted with you right off.

"But," she continued, "it was in a talk I had with Mr. Armstrong yesterday that I couldn't explain something about his friend Dr. Greyson." Then in explanation: "You know he used to be lame!"

"I've heard so," was Paul's reply.

"Oh, yes, I forgot! Mr. Armstrong said you had something to do with getting him cured. Well, Mr. Armstrong said if he had been Dr. Greyson, he would

have hated God because He had afflicted him. I replied that God didn't afflict him, because God, who is good, would not do such a thing. Then Mr. Armstrong asked me who did afflict him and I couldn't tell him."

"Did you try to find out in your book?"

"Book?" queried Hope. "I have no book." And then, as she noted the look of surprise on Paul's face, she again exclaimed:

"Oh, you mean the Bible? Does the Bible tell?"

"It surely does!"

"I know it says that God does not 'willingly afflict the children of men,' said Hope, "and of course He couldn't do anything unwillingly — that is that He didn't want to; but where does it tell who does send these afflictions?"

"In Luke for one place," was Paul's reply. "Do you remember where they accused Jesus of healing on the Sabbath and He said, 'and ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day?"

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Hope. "Then it was Satan who bound Dr. Greyson to his chair."

"It would seem so, wouldn't it?"

"But how, then, was he cured?" she asked.

"How did Jesus heal the woman?" asked Paul.

"Why, I don't know," very seriously, "unless it was because he knew that God was more powerful than Satan."

"Would that heal her?"

"It might have helped"

"How?" queried Paul.

"Well," declared Hope, "if Christ were the Son of God and knew that God was more powerful than Satan, he would know that He, as the Son of God, was also more powerful. Knowing this, He could with a word free her from her bonds."

"Isn't that just what He did do?" asked Paul. "Didn't He say, 'thou art loosed from thy infirmity'?"

"He did! He did!" exclaimed Hope. "And if I knew it as well as Jesus did, maybe I could do the same."

"Why not? Jesus said we could, and ordered us to do it."

"But how can I know these things?"

In her great interest in the subject Hope had arisen from her seat and come down from the rock to where Paul was standing.

"How much do you know now?" asked Paul. "I can see that you have, unconsciously maybe, absorbed some great truths. What do you know about God?"

"Not much, I am afraid," was the somewhat timid answer. "I know He is good."

"That is a lot," Paul rejoined. "How, good?"

"Awfully good!" answered Hope earnestly.

Paul smiled. "I do not mean how much, in quantity," he said, "but how, meaning in what manner."

"Oh!" exclaimed Hope opening her eyes. "God is good, therefore, of course good is God."

"And by that you mean that good is all powerful?"

"Oh, of course."

"And do you think God made man in His likeness?"

Again was the answer in the affirmative.

"Man is in the likeness of good then, isn't he?"

Hope nodded.

"And God is likewise perfect, isn't He?" asked Paul.

"The Bible calls Him the Perfect One," declared Hope.

"Well then," said Paul, "if God made man all goodness and perfection, and God is all powerful, how could anything make him imperfect?"

"It couldn't," replied Hope emphatically. "But how then, Mr. Anthony, could Satan bind the woman?"

"He couldn't, when Jesus knew the truth about her!

"But," he continued, seeing that the girl was greatly interested, "we must learn what Satan, or the devil as some call it, really is. Jesus in speaking of the devil said, 'he is a liar and the father of it;' also, 'there is no truth in him.' Even a child knows that anything that has no truth in it, is nothing, just as darkness is nothing — only the absence of something. But because we have given it a name — darkness — we look upon it as something, just as we have come to look upon nothing as something, because we have also given it a name.

"Satan, devil, evil is but a name, signifying the absence of GOOD."

"Oh I see! I see!" exclaimed Hope joyfully. "If good is all, evil is nothing but a name —"

"Used to express a condition of thought," explained Paul.

"And if God, who is good and all powerful," continued Hope, "didn't bind the woman, she couldn't be bound and Jesus knew it. She was only bound by —

what?" she asked, not exactly sure she had followed his reasoning.

"By a false condition of thought — a belief in a power apart from and greater than God — infinite good.

"Can't you see, my child," and Paul's face beamed with enthusiasm, "that if God is good — as you in your purity have come to know — and if God is omnipotent and omni-present, there is no place for evil. To be free from the power of evil we have only to know God."

Hope's face fairly radiated with joy and purity as she exclaimed: "O Mr. Anthony — you see I know your name — I am so glad I met you. And you must teach me more. I seem to have heard it all before, but it was such a long time ago! I seem to have known this sort of good all my life."

" 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' " quoted Paul, " 'for they shall see God.' "

"Isn't it a beautiful thought!" exclaimed Hope, "and that other verse in the Bible, that 'this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.' You must explain this to me some time. I seem to know it in a vague sort of a way, but I can't even explain it to myself. I am sure —"

She was interrupted by a shot which rang out near at hand and a bullet went singing through the leaves above their heads. It was quickly followed by another and a cry as of some animal. Then came a great crashing through the bushes at their left.

Marquis sprang to his feet and despite all Hope could do to restrain him, dashed off through the brush.

"I expect it is Mr. Armstrong and Don Antonio," said Hope. "A sheep was carried away by some wild animal last night and they are out hunting it."

Even while she spoke, the hunters appeared in hasty pursuit of their wounded prey. They came to a sudden halt as they saw Paul and Hope, and Earl exclaimed in the greatest surprise:

"Well, wherever did you two people meet?"

Don Antonio said nothing, but his looks indicated his surprise.

"Right here," laughed Paul. "Marquis stopped me as I was passing. What have you shot?"

"Nothing, I'm afraid," was Earl's reply. "At least we didn't bring it to bag. Did you see anything?"

"No, but we heard it," said Hope. "What do you think it was?"

"From the glimpse we had," replied Earl, "it looked like a big spotted cat with short legs. I never saw anything like it before, did you, Tony? Oh, pardon me, Don Antonio, this is Señor Anthony."

Don Antonio inclined his head in acknowledgment of the introduction, but said nothing.

"From your description," said Paul ignoring Don Antonio's manner, "I should say it was a jaguar. What does your mozo think?"

Nicanor doffed his sombrero: "I think the Señor is right. I have heard my father tell that one was once killed in these mountains."

"They are fierce beasts," said Paul. "For the safety of your flocks you had better rid the place of it. But I

must be going. I am out on a little tour of personal inspection."

"We'll all walk along with you as far as the excavation," said Earl; "that is if Miss von Rastadt is ready to return. There is no use following that beast any farther at this time."

"Oh, yes," laughed Hope, "I'm quite ready for breakfast." And picking up her field glasses and book, she led the way down the mountain where they shortly met Marquis returning from an unsuccessful quest.

"What's the matter with Tony, I wonder?" mused Earl, as he noted him eying Paul and Hope alternately. Then he smiled, as he whispered to himself:

"Jealous!"

CHAPTER X

MOULDING IN CLAY

When the little party reached the "city of refuge," as they had all now begun to call the ruins where the excavations were being made, they found those engaged in the quest of archaeological and anthropological lore in an even greater condition of excitement than had been the animal hunters but a short time before. Professor Holman had just emerged from underground to say that it was indeed a cave which had been discovered, but that it had evidently been greatly enlarged and fashioned by human hands. It was impossible yet to judge of its extent, but because they could distinctly hear the rushing of a subterranean river, the explorers were inclined to think it must be of wondrous size.

"You are quite sure that it is not simply a room in some large structure, and that its cavernous appearance is not due to the earth that the centuries have piled around it?" asked Paul.

"Oh absolutely," replied Prof. Holman. "I should judge, however, that these ruins of which we see but a few crumbling walls, are part of a superstructure built over the great cavern. I think we shall find more entrances as we come to explore further."

And so, indeed, it proved; and in passing it might be well to note that some months later, when the excava-

tions had been completed, it was determined that the ruins were those of a series of stone dwellings, surrounding an acropolis built over and guarding the entrance to this vast cave.

"Where are father and Don Felix?" asked Patrice with some concern. "Nothing has happened, has there?"

"Oh, no," laughed the professor, "only that they are less sensible to the demands of their stomachs. I came out because I am looking for something to eat. The ruins will keep, but I am not so sure about breakfast."

A laugh went round and Mrs. Holman remarked that in the twenty-five years of their married life, she had never seen her husband so interested, so worried or so sick that he forgot to eat.

"And a mighty good reputation it is for any man," declared Uncle Abijah, whose interest in the discovery had only been sufficient to draw him to the excavations when he found there was no one left at the house with whom he could talk.

"I remember," he continued, "before the battle of Shiloh that we were just beginning to get breakfast when the enemy opened fire on us. I heard General Sherman say years afterwards, that it wasn't a surprise; but if it wasn't a surprise to him, I'll bet he was the only man on the field to whom it was not. But, anyway, what I started to say was that we had to go into the battle without our breakfast. I reckon that was one of the fiercest battles of the war, but do you know, there never was a minute all day that I wasn't wishing I had some of that hard tack I was just getting ready to fry in a pan of bacon—and, sir, the first thing I did when I got

where I could, was to finish getting the breakfast that Johnson had interrupted."

"Well, Señor Adams," said Don Antonio, "if you and the Señorita will come back to the house with me, I'll promise that no one shall interrupt your breakfast this morning."

But the promise was not kept, for the party had only just begun the meal, of which Don Miguel had insisted that Paul partake, when they were interrupted by the appearance of Don Felix and Sir Henry, the latter bearing in his hand an image of red clay which he placed in the center of the table that all might see. The figure was that of a man about eighteen inches in height, wearing a robe of fur thrown over one shoulder and extending down across the body. It bore a striking resemblance to the idealized North American Indian and was so fashioned that it stood alone. With one foot advanced and with clenched hands, its attitude was one of confident strength.

"There!" exclaimed Sir Henry as he drew back and observed it, "what do you think of that for a morning's work!"

"The discovery, not the moulding, I suppose you mean?" said Earl.

Sir Henry not appreciating the humor, turned upon him a withering look but disdained to reply, while Hope with an engaging little gesture exclaimed:

"Wonderful! How old do you suppose he is?"

"More than a thousand years at least," replied Sir Henry. "Possibly two thousand."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Donna Maria.

"Quite possible," laughed Don Felix. "It begins to

look as though we had all been much mistaken in our ruin, and Sir Henry and I have come to the conclusion that it is Toltec instead of Aztec. Two thousand years may easily be his age."

"He doesn't look it, does he, Mr. Anthony?" asked Hope.

"By no means, as ages go. Thirty-five would appear about right; but why call it He?"

"Why, it's a man, isn't it?" asked Patrice. "It looks like one."

"Well, maybe so," laughed Paul, "but IT seems a better classification."

"Not much like the man you were telling me about the other day?" suggested Earl.

"No," was the quizzical rejoinder. "More like the man of clay you were asking about."

"But the strangest thing about our discovery," continued Sir Henry, unmindful of the side remarks about him, "is that there is another figure in the cave, an exact counterpart of this, only of immense stature. I should say it is fully twenty-five feet in height, perhaps more."

Again there was an exclamation of surprise and Paul remarked in an aside to Earl: "A god in man's likeness, I suppose."

Sir Henry caught a part of the remark and replied:

"Yes, it is evidently one of their gods, for it is placed on a pedestal, while the little figure—the man—was standing at its feet."

"Where do you suppose the Toltecs could have acquired such an idea of God as that?" asked Earl.

"The idea of God and man in his likeness must have been in the minds of men since the days of Adam,"

explained Mrs. Holman. "This seems a most excellent proof of it. Of course this is only a clay god and a clay man, but that was the best they knew."

"Of course," said Paul, "as we look at this figure we can see plainly where they obtained their idea of man—because this figure bears a striking resemblance to mankind at that period; but where did they ever get such an idea of God?"

"What a foolish question!" exclaimed Mrs. Holman. "If they had any idea at all of the relation of God to man, they could see what man looked like and so would know—" she stopped as a new idea began to dawn upon her.

"And so would know," said Paul finishing the sentence for her, "how to make a god in man's likeness. I should say that is just what they did; and this man-made god was about the only idea they had of that God, whom we have come to know as the All-wise and Ever-living. With an absolutely material knowledge of man, they had only a material knowledge of God, and it was just as easy to make a clay image of such a god as of such a man."

"How peoples' ideas of God have changed," said Mrs. Holman meditatively, having finished her mental survey of herself.

"Since when?" asked Earl.

"Why, since the days of the Toltecs!"

"I'm afraid mine haven't."

Mrs. Holman looked shocked. "You surely do not believe in a god made of clay?" she asked.

"No, and I do not suppose the Toltecs did either, any more than they believed that that image was a real man.

Of course they could see that man was made of flesh with a mind within him. I imagine their idea of God may have been the same—like man, only bigger."

Again Mrs. Holman stopped to think. "I declare," she finally said, "I'm not sure but that's a good deal the kind of God I've been thinking about all these years."

Earl was about to reply, but was interrupted by a general moving around the table to make place for the newcomers, so as not to disturb the image. For a few minutes the conversation became more general, during which Earl asked Paul when he would return to camp.

"Immediately after breakfast," was the reply.

"Then I believe I'll walk over with you. I told Greyson I'd come over. I want to hear all about how he was cured. By the way, I understand you had something to do with it."

"Well, yes, perhaps I did," replied Paul. "I told him who to go to."

Despite the fact that it was only a few minutes past twelve when Paul and Earl left La Goleta for the camp, three miles away, they stopped so many times en route to discuss the lay of the land, that it was nearly four o'clock when they arrived. In the meantime, Greyson had made up his mind that something had probably delayed Earl until the following day, and had mounted his horse and gone on a little prospecting tour himself. As a result, it was six o'clock before the friends finally met. Then Greyson suggested that Earl take dinner and spend the night at camp, and the invitation was gladly accepted.

The site of the camp was not only well selected as a matter of utility, but it was picturesque as well. The

tents occupied by Paul and the other Americans—four in number—were located on an eminence overlooking a gravel pit, from which material was being taken to ballast the entire division. On the other side, the knoll sloped gradually toward the valley in which something like twelve hundred peons, their families, goats, and dogs were encamped in rude shacks made of cactus and roofed over with palm leaves. The tents on the hill were ten in number, consisting of a dining tent, a kitchen, an office, and seven sleeping tents of smaller size. All were floored and furnished with all the conveniences of modern camp life.

It was a beautiful moonlight night—and a moonlight night in the tropics is something worth while—and so, after a most enjoyable dinner, they all sat around in front of the dining tent, watching the campfires in the greater camp below and enjoying the medley of sounds borne to their ears. It was a fascinating scene, and as Earl puffed contentedly at his cigar, he felt more kindly and better satisfied with life than for a long time.

At length Paul excused himself on the ground that he had some work to do, the roadmaster and his coworkers announced that they "guessed they'd turn in," and Earl and Greyson were left alone.

For some minutes they sat in silence, each busy with his own thoughts, and then, for the first time, Earl noticed that his companion was not smoking.

"Excuse me," he said, taking a cigar from his pocket. "Have a smoke?"

"No, thanks," laughed Greyson, "I haven't smoked since I learned to walk."

"Why, you used to smoke!" exclaimed Earl in surprise.

"Yes, but I didn't walk."

"Oh, I see! The cure killed your taste for tobacco."

"Exactly."

"Well," laughed Earl, "I guess you were willing to make the change. I know if I could do but one, I'd rather walk."

"You'd think I'd rather walk than do most anything, wouldn't you, Armstrong?"

"I surely would."

"So would any one; but do you know, sometimes I find myself even wishing I were back where I was four years ago."

"What?" exclaimed Earl in the utmost astonishment, scarcely believing his ears, "You are not losing your mind, are you?"

"Do I impress you that way?"

"Not at all."

"Nor am I; but, Armstrong, in spite of all that has happened to me—in spite of all that God has done for me, I find myself at times unwilling to do the things which I believe God is calling me to do. In other words, I have become so bound up in my material beliefs that I am unable, just when I ought, to trust God, or to give Him credit for what He has already done—as in the case of that child yesterday."

Earl took his cigar from between his teeth, and, leaning forward, scanned Greyson's face closely. At length he said: "Whatever you are talking about, Greyson, is all Greek to me. I knew there was something out of the ordinary in the case of that child, but I don't see any

connection between it and your being cured of lameness. If you want me to understand, I guess you'll have to begin at the beginning."

"I expect you are right, Armstrong; but I'll have to stop and think a few minutes to determine what was the beginning."

CHAPTER XI

HOW GREYSON LEARNED TO WALK

"In order to get a starting point," Greyson at length began meditatively, "suppose I were to ask you what kind of a man you have heretofore thought me to be—that is, have I appeared to be a decent sort, with a kindly feeling for my fellows, or have I been selfish—"

"Oh come now, Sid," interrupted Armstrong, "no one not even your worst enemy, could accuse you of being selfish."

"And you have always looked upon me as a Christian—that is from your viewpoint?"

"I surely have. I told Miss von Rastadt only yesterday that you were a good Christian."

"And, Armstrong," said Greyson impressively, "I thought I was, too. I thought so up to a few months after you left the United States and then, suddenly, I was shown that I didn't even know the meaning of the word. This, to my mind, was really the beginning of my healing; but probably you may want more detail and so I will begin with the trip I took to Europe about the same time, I imagine, that you were on your way to South America.

"I was on my way to Paris to study in the hospitals for a few months, prior to opening an office of my own. On the way across, one of my fellow-passengers was Paul Anthony. It was the first time I had ever met

him and you will understand from your own experience, how quickly and easily I became acquainted with him.

"I think it was the second morning out, when most of the passengers had business below, that in wheeling myself about the deck I bumped into him, as a lurch of the ship gave me a sudden pitch forward. I apologized, saying that I was a pretty helpless man under such circumstances. His reply was that man in God's image was never helpless.

"His answer was so unusual that for a minute I failed to grasp in the slightest what he was talking about. A feeling of resentment that any one should make such an absurd statement caused me to say curtly:

"'I suppose that is your way of saying that my apology is not accepted.'

"'I beg your pardon,' he exclaimed in a voice that indicated his sincerity, 'I should have known better than to have said such a thing under such conditions. My only excuse is that I was so busy with my own thoughts of man as a spiritual being, that I did not for the moment stop to think that you and I were probably not considering man from the same viewpoint. And now, won't you allow me to make amends for my seeming rudeness and assist you to a less exposed spot?'

"His words, as well as his manner, proved to me that not only had I misunderstood him, but, further, that I had come into contact with a man whose method of thinking was diametrically opposed to my own. Being a student of human mentality as well as physiology, I was naturally anxious to become better acquainted. Evidently he was a metaphysician, and as a physician I foresaw a chance to engage in an interesting discus-

sion which would while away many a tedious hour on the way across the Atlantic. With the best grace possible, I accepted his offer to wheel me to a spot where I could anchor my chair, as it were, and we were soon engaged in a most interesting conversation.

"It did not take him long to discover from my conversation that I was a physician. I was too much interested in my proposed visits to the hospitals to make any secret as to where I was going and what my purpose. I further explained to him that I was much interested in the latest surgical developments in the treatment of congenital infirmities and that I hoped, some day, to discover a method of effecting my own cure. He was apparently much interested in my conversation, and I thought to myself what a good listener he was. I can see now," said Greyson parenthetically, "that he was simply denying, mentally, the reality of any such conditions."

"Denying," interrupted Earl. "How do you mean?"

"You will see as I progress with my story, for of course all I am telling you did not become clear to me for many months. In the course of our first conversation, however, he discovered that I was entirely wrapped up in my profession, the advancement and practice of which I had come to look upon as the greatest thing in the world—and I told him so.

"'Greater than your duty to God?' he asked.

"'Why,' I replied, 'I think that healing the sick and caring for the injured, is part of our duty to God. Jesus,' I said, 'healed the sick, gave sight to the blind, and caused the lame to walk.'

"'He surely did,' was Paul's emphatic reply, 'and I

don't recall a single case where he used a surgical instrument; do you?'

"I was so surprised at his reply that for the space of several minutes I simply sat and eyed him in astonishment, noting which he said with a smile:

" 'And I believe, too, that he healed at least one case of so-called congenital infirmity—a blind man. But Jesus did not allow any belief in heredity to interfere with his work, for when asked which had sinned, the man or his parents, Jesus declared neither, but that the will of God might be made manifest, or words to that effect.'

"I suppose we talked for a couple of hours, and when we separated for dinner I was so full of his words that I couldn't tell exactly what he had said; but two things impressed themselves upon me: One that Jesus had never used a surgical instrument and never needed an anesthetic, and the other his first words—words which had been surprised out of him as I afterward discovered —that man in God's image is never helpless. They so filled my mind, that I spent all the afternoon trying to find him, but was unable to do so until the next morning, when, at the first opportunity, I asked almost the same question you asked of him the other day, only in a different form, namely: 'What do you mean by man in God's image?'

" 'Spiritual man,' was his reply, 'because God being Spirit, His image must be spiritual.'

"'Then what do you think the man is, over whom I have spent my years of study?' I asked.

"'What do you think he is?' was his reply. 'You have dissected many human bodies and witnessed

many operations. In all your investigations with knife and scalpel have you found any part of the man you have been working over, which you considered immortal?'

"I was forced to admit that I had not.

" 'And still,' he continued, 'being a good Christian, you believe in immortal man, I suppose?'

"I replied that I did.

" 'I am afraid, doctor,' he continued, 'that you will have to gain a better knowledge of man than is to be found on the dissecting table, before you will be able to realize *man in God's image*, or to heal as did Jesus and the early Christians.'

" 'Do you think any of these early Christians, as you call them, could have healed me?' I asked.

" 'Peter and John healed a man crippled from birth,' he replied 'and the history of the first three hundred years of Christianity shows that others performed similar works.'

" 'Then how,' I asked, 'has this phase of our religion been lost?'

" 'Because the medical schools have been more consistent than the religious. They know but one thing and they stick to it, while religious teachers, not having the faith to prove the scriptures, have come to believe that Jesus was simply a wonder-worker and not the master metaphysician; to believe that Christ was the way, the truth, and the life only for a limited time and not for eternity.'

"To give you all our conversation during the week, would be impossible, but it is sufficient to say that while Paul Anthony's words set me to thinking, I was not by

any means ready to accept them as the truth. The human body was altogether too wonderful an object, and I was too familiar with its intricate anatomy and organism, to permit me to believe it was not the handiwork of God—the God I thought I knew. As for faith healing, I had little or no belief in it, although I was familiar with a few cases, so-called, and attributed the change in the patient's condition simply to some great nervous shock.

"I remember of asking Mr. Anthony once if he believed in faith healing."

"What did he say?" asked Earl as he changed his position and lighted a fresh cigar.

" 'Yes, if it is the faith born of understanding.' "

"I suppose he meant by that," said Earl, "that if any one—a doctor, say—had knowledge enough of a disease to heal it, he had faith enough to do it."

"I don't think he meant it that way at all," replied Greyson, "but I must get along with my story.

"I think it was the last day but one of the voyage, that in trying to start an argument with Paul, as I now recollect, I said as a sort of challenge: 'Well, I shall continue to believe that the days of miracles have passed until I see one performed.'

" 'You may still see performed plenty of what you are pleased to call miracles, if you will go to the right place,' he replied, 'and,' taking a Bible from his pocket, 'here are a few suggestions as to where to go.' Then he began to read some of the following: ' "For I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord."—"Who forgiveth all thy iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases."—"Then shall

the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing." From these words,' he continued, 'you know where and to whom to go.' And again he read: '"All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."'

"I looked at him in blank amazement, but as he went to put the book back into his pocket he was obliged to take therefrom another book whose appearance at once attracted my attention.

" 'What is that?' I asked.

" 'It's a commentary upon the Bible,' he explained, '"Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" is its name.'

"'Oh,' I said with a sneer, for the name had become familiar to me through the attacks made upon it by the medical societies and the stories about its author that I had read in the papers and magazines, 'that's Mrs. Eddy's book.'

" 'I am glad you recognize it,' he said.

" 'Only by name,' I replied. 'But,' I exclaimed in amazement, 'you are not a Christian Scientist, are you?'

" 'I am trying to be,' was his answer.

" 'You don't talk like one,' I insisted. 'Why, they do not believe in prayer.'

" 'What do they believe in?' he asked.

" 'I've never been able to find out,' I replied. 'I only know they deny everything you say to them and make the most absurd statements.'

" 'In what respect?' he asked.

" 'Well, here's an example,' I replied. 'I was in the office of a friend of mine one day who was suffering from a bad attack of grip. He ought not to have been

out, and any one looking at him could see that he was sick enough to be in bed. But he had no one to look after his business and so had to be there. I was urging him to go home, when an acquaintance of his came in. Hearing my words he exclaimed: "'He doesn't need to go home. There's nothing the matter with him." That man, my friend told me, was a Christian Scientist, 'and that,' I said to Paul, 'is a fair sample of the absurd statements they make.

" 'Why, Mr. Anthony,' I continued, 'if I had known you were a Christian Scientist, I wouldn't have wasted my time talking to you.'

" 'Still,' he replied, 'the truths I have spoken appealed to you as long as you were not prejudiced by a name' Then after a moment's hesitation he asked: 'Do you think it fair to condemn an entire subject, because one student happens to make an inopportune remark?'

"I admitted that it was not.

" 'Neither should you judge my understanding of the truth, by what you hear some one else say. I have only talked to you as one man to another—not as the disciple of any teacher, for while I am trying to be a Christian Scientist, I do not unload my religious beliefs upon any one. I do think, however, that it is the duty of every Christian to sow the seed of truth wherever he finds the soil ready. But,' he declared emphatically, 'as a Christian Scientist I have more faith in one, who, having little or no understanding of what God really is, acts in a God-like manner; who, having no clear conception of the Christ, lives in a Christ-like manner, than I have in that man who, knowing what God and His

Christ are, spends his time in an attempt to argue others into accepting his ideas, instead of trying to advance God's kingdom and uplift his fellow man by the doing of good deeds and the living of a pure and consistent life.

"'The reason I have never mentioned Christian Science to you, Dr. Greyson, is that you would have rejected it by name, although its teachings appeal to you. I could see it, and I expected when the time was ripe, to suggest to you that you try it. I know you can be healed if you will turn to God in the right spirit. If you will accept it, I shall be pleased to give you this text book.'

"Because I did not want to appear churlish or narrow-minded," continued Greyson, "I accepted the book with no intention whatever of reading it. I took it to my stateroom and threw it into my trunk where it lay for several weeks. Then, one night, in plundering about for something to read, I came across it. It immediately reminded me of my traveling companion and more out of curiosity than anything else, I began to read.

"If you can imagine what it would mean to you, Armstrong, to begin to peruse a book which told you that black was white and that vinegar was sweet instead of sour, you may have some idea of my amazement upon reading the first chapter of that volume. But it was an agreeable shock, for, little as I understood what I read and greatly as I disbelieved it, there was still in it the hope that comes to a drowning man when he seizes upon the smallest thing that floats. It told of a possibility of freedom from that dreadful chair, and as I hastily turned over the leaves, after reading the first

chapter, I ran into pages of testimonies of persons who had been healed.

"The next morning I sat down and wrote to a friend of mine in Boston to see if he could get the names and addresses of some of these people and to find out if their testimonies were really true, or were simply like a lot of patent medicine advertisements. In due time I heard from some of them, but in the meantime I had continued reading the book, and was forced to admit to myself that I could handle my legs better than I had ever before been able.

"At the end of my three months in Paris I returned to the United States, where I at once began to make some real inquiries into this new religion—new to me, although as I soon found out, it was old to many, for there are Christian Science churches in every city of any size in the United States. Some cities have as many as half a dozen with a membership of many thousands. I learned, also, that there were practitioners, just as there are medical practitioners—but," suddenly,—"perhaps you knew all this before?"

"No," replied Earl, "I never did. The most I know about the subject is the jokes I've seen in the papers or heard on the stage. But I'm interested now, all right."

"Of course, with my belief in medicine," continued Greyson, "I had little faith in such a metaphysical system of healing, and even when I did commence to notice an improvement in my condition, I attributed it to other causes. I was just beginning to get a little practice, and of course I could not risk my reputation by going to Christian Science for my own healing. Therefore I never consulted a practitioner.

"But I continued to read the text-book and gradually I was forced to admit that, however much I might disagree with the author regarding her belief in the efficacy of her system to heal sickness, she had certainly developed a beautiful religion. Doctor or no doctor, why should I not accept this spiritual idea of God, which I could plainly see was a practical way of salvation? I had doctor friends in pretty nearly every known religious denomination from the Scotch Presbyterian to the Universalist, and I could not see why I couldn't be a Christian Scientist, and still practice my profession.

"Accordingly, having business in the city one Saturday, I decided to stay over Sunday and attend one of the churches. The more I thought it over the more pleased I was, and when church-time came I was as happy over the prospect as a man going to meet his sweetheart. I had gotten so much out of the book, that I was expecting a great, spiritual uplift out of the church services—and I got it.

"Yes, Armstrong," said Greyson impressively, "I got it, and I got a good deal more. I went into that church in a wheel chair and I walked out—as you see me now. The thought that I encountered in that church,—the prayers of every member of which are for the congregation, healed me."

"Healed you!" exclaimed Earl, starting from his seat. "How? I do not understand. Explain!"

"I do not know that I can," replied Greyson; "that is, so that you will understand. But I will explain that a short time before, I had been reading the testimony, given under oath, in a case in Los Angeles similar to mine. That woman was also a cripple, unable to walk.

While in church one evening, she had received such a spiritual uplifting that she felt that she could walk; she made no effort to do so, however, until she returned home. Then she sent for her practitioner and told her that she felt as though she could walk. 'Then why don't you?' asked the practitioner. Upon making the attempt, the woman found she could walk and has been completely cured from that time.

"While I sat in that service," explained Greyson, "that same impulse—that same feeling came to me, and remembering this woman's experience, together with the words of Jesus when he healed the man sick of the palsy, I made the effort—and walked.

"At first I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses; but when I did, I grasped the hand of the man nearest me in a perfect ecstasy of delight. I thanked him and I thanked every member of the church I met. All were pleased, but none was surprised. They were expecting just such things. I asked the janitor to store my chair in the basement till I should send for it,—and I expect it is there yet."

For some minutes after Greyson ceased speaking there was silence, and then Earl exclaimed:

"Yet after this, Sid,—after experiencing such a miracle as this, you say you sometimes wish you were as you were before your healing! You must be beside yourself!"

"It would seem so, wouldn't it?" replied Greyson sadly.

"It certainly would!" and Earl looked pensive. "Why, the story has almost converted me. Had I undergone such an experience, I should have devoted the rest

of my life to finding out how it all happened and in practicing what I knew."

"You would?"

"I certainly would!" with emphasis.

"That's just what I'm trying to do," said Greyson, "but you don't know what hard work it is. I don't seem to have any faith."

"No faith? What on earth more do you want to give you faith?"

"Understanding. For a time I worked with a sort of blind faith. I did make some cures; but lately I seem to see nothing but material conditions, just as in the case of that boy yesterday. I could see nothing but the fracture, and it did not seem possible that he could live; but Paul Anthony, with his clear, spiritual understanding, healed him."

"So that was what happened?" exclaimed Earl nodding his head as was his wont when deeply interested. "A miracle was performed before my very eyes, and I did not know it. But I felt it, Greyson. Yes, sir, I felt it."

Then, as an afterthought, "If Mr. Anthony knows all this so well, why don't you get him to teach you?"

"He has tried—yes, and I have thought I understood. Immediately after my healing I wrote to him. He was then in Pennsylvania, looking after some coal mining problem. He invited me to come and see him and I went. We spent a month together and I have visited him several times since. I have studied, but as I now come to look back over the past three years, I don't seem to have made any headway. I almost know the text book by heart. I can repeat pages of the Bible

containing passages most familiar to students; but some way I fail to get the spirit."

Earl regarded his companion earnestly, the while his mind went back, trying to recall something that Greyson's words seemed to suggest. Then all at once, somewhere out of the deep recesses of his mind, it seemed to come forth. He remembered himself in school—in chapel, and as though but yesterday he could hear the old rector reading, and aloud he began to quote from the revised version:

" 'Though I speak with the tongue of men and of angels and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; and though I have the gift of prophesy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.'

"That's it, Sid," he exclaimed, "you have no love."

Greyson had listened to the quotation, pale and immovable, and in reply to Earl's impetuous exclamation replied sadly:

"That's just what Paul Anthony says;" and, looking at his friend earnestly," never fear, Earl, should the time come when you might be called upon to preach, that you will not be able to do it."

Without further words the two slowly arose and took their way to their quarters, noting as they passed the light in Paul Anthony's tent, where the shadow it cast showed its occupant busy with his books.

For a long time after Earl had laid himself on his cot, his thoughts were busy with the strange story he had heard. Through the quiet that now brooded over the

camp on the hill and the valley beneath, there came to him as the voice of a time long past:

"Except ye receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, ye shall in no wise enter therein."

CHAPTER XII

SOLVING A MYSTERY

Coyle, the roadmaster of the northern end of the San Geronimo division, was a big, burly Irishman, who had received his railroad training in the early days of the Santa Fe, when his own countrymen were considered the best railroad hands in the world. It was before the days of Italian and Greek labor in the United States, and Coyle had worked his way up from section hand to section boss and finally to assistant roadmaster of one of the toughest pieces of road in New Mexico. While he knew nothing of civil engineering and could no more locate a curve or establish a grade than he could sail an airship, what he did not know about elevation, ballasting, and the maintenance of way, once the steel had been laid, was not worth knowing. He could tell you to a dot the length and grade of every tangent. He could give you the exact location of every culvert and kilometer post. He could describe the approach to every switch and the construction of every frog, and some one had once offered to bet that he could tell the exact position of every fishplate from Albuquerque to Santa Fe.

When the gap in the Mexican Central was being closed up from Aguas Calientes to Lagos, in the earlier days of that road, Coyle was sent down to take charge

of the Jilao division. Here it was that he had his first experience with peon workmen.

Because the Mexicans never talked back, as had been the custom with his own countrymen, Coyle came to the conclusion that they had no spirit, and began his rule with a rod of iron. Considerably addicted to drink, he treated his men as though they were a lot of cattle, and when one day they openly rebelled and some two or three hundred of them started after him with picks, shovels, and machetes, he made discretion the better part of valor and took to his heels.

But his cowardice resulted in his losing his position, for, failing to maintain his authority, he ceased to be of value. As he was not the only American who had failed to get along with Mexican workmen, and as he was a good railroad man, he found no trouble in getting a place on the South American, which was so far away from the scene of his discomfiture that no one down here knew it. His natural tendency to bully had not changed, however, and frequently he allowed liquor and his temper to get the better of him. At such times he took long chances on making his threats good.

When Paul Anthony came down at the request of the South American management to investigate the engineering problem, he was also asked to investigate the labor conditions. That he might be able to institute any reforms he saw fit, he was given absolute authority regarding both the work and the workmen. At the same time Coyle was notified by the engineering department of Paul's coming and his powers.

During the first few days of his arrival, because Coyle was on his good behavior, everything appeared to be

running smoothly and Paul paid little or no attention to the men, confining his attention exclusively to the engineering problem. The first time he had occasion to interfere at all with the men, was when he discovered, by chance, the lax method used in taking the time. This he had quickly remedied, as has been related.

Coyle had not been present at the time, but when told of it by one of the *cabos* he was considerably nettled, and declared with an imprecation:

"He had better attend to his own affairs, and not be meddling with mine."

On the morning following Greyson's narration of his healing, Paul arose earlier than usual, and, after some time spent with his books, started out with his mozo and theodolite to make a few notes. On the previous night he had gone over the notes of the original survey, and without ever having established a level or run a line, felt assured that a mistake had been made. Busy with his calculations, he paid little attention to what was going on around him, until, as he came down by the peons' camp, he heard voices. Above all he recognized Coyle's, making dire threats against a quartette of inoffensive peons because they had dared to lift a handcar on to the track without asking his consent. The language was so abusive that it had attracted quite a gathering to where Coyle stood with a shovel in his hand, threatening to annihilate the whole lot of them if the handcar were not speedily taken from the track.

As Paul came around the end of the tool house where he could see what was transpiring, he noted Coyle's belligerent attitude and also that, despite his blustering words, not a move to obey was being made by a single

man. In fact Coyle was in a place where he would have to make good his threat, or retire ignominiously from the field.

Paul took in the situation at a glance, and stepping hastily forward said quietly in English: "That is no way to handle these men, Mr. Coyle, and you ought to know it."

Coyle turned upon him like a flash and raising the shovel in a threatening manner exclaimed with an oath of rage:

"This is my affair! You get out of here and mind your own business, or I'll take it out of you instead of them!"

Paul did not even change color, nor was there the slightest tremor in his voice as he replied:

"This is *my* business, Mr. Coyle—to see that the workmen on this road are treated as men—and I'm going to do it. The sooner you and I understand each other the better."

Coyle was fairly beside himself with rage. With his shovel raised he stepped forward as though to strike his opponent, but as he did so he caught a gleam in Paul's steel gray eye that caused him suddenly to change his purpose. For a moment he hesitated, then, lowering his hand, he threw the shovel to the ground and walked rapidly away toward the gravel pit.

Turning to the astonished peons Paul said in a voice that commanded respect and obedience: "Boys, take that hand car off the track and do not ever attempt to use it without asking Señor Coyle's permission."

Without a moment's hesitation half a dozen sprang forward to execute his command, while Paul passed on

toward the lower end of the camp, pausing long enough, however, to say with a pleasant smile: "Gracias hombres," at which expression of thanks the men doffed their sombreros and held them in their hands, until he was out of sight.

"What was the trouble between you and Coyle?" asked Greyson, when an hour later the three friends were taking their coffee in the dining tent.

"Why?"

"Oh nothing special," replied Greyson. "We just happened to see him raise his shovel on you, and Armstrong was about to take a wing shot at him as he dropped it and went away. We sort of wondered what the trouble was."

"No trouble at all," replied Paul. "He did not understand me, that was all."

To prevent further misunderstanding, when the work train returned to the camp that morning for breakfast, Paul sent word to Coyle that he wanted to see him in the office. For just a moment the roadmaster had it in his mind to refuse, but remembering Paul's look he hastily put the thought away and went to him. Paul greeted him as though nothing had happened and after a few moments' talk about certain features said:

"By the way, Mr. Coyle, I don't want you to get a wrong impression of my mission here. I am not here to interfere in the slightest with your work. But you and I are citizens of one of the most enlightened nations on earth. Instead of seeing how harshly we can treat these poor, ignorant peons, it is our duty and privilege to show them by our example, how to live. I am sure you will agree with me if you will think about it a little."

"I have to do things my own way," replied Coyle gruffly.

"That's so, too," exclaimed Paul, "but you can make the best way your way in handling men, just as you have learned the best way in making railroads."

Coyle's face somewhat relaxed as he replied: "It's pretty hard work, sir, to teach an old dog new tricks."

"Your comparison is a bad one," laughed Paul, "because there is a whole lot of difference between a dog and a man. An old dog has passed his day of usefulness; but man, who manifests the highest intelligence—the great Mind which is God—should exhibit more intelligence the older he grows.

"No, Mr. Coyle," he continued, "you can handle these men by kindness and by example, better than with curses and clubs."

But Coyle wasn't convinced. "Maybe you can," he said, "but you and I are different. You do it your way and I'll do it mine."

"Very well," replied Paul calmly, "but there must be no more scenes like that this morning and," he added as Coyle turned to leave, "I do not believe there will be."

"Not if I can help it," mumbled Coyle, "but I'm pretty quick-tempered at times."

Paul watched him out of sight remarking to himself as he turned again to his desk, "Quick-tempered and proud of it! What a strange mixture is the human concept of itself—Armstrong's man of clay. Proud of his foibles, his ailments, and his shortcomings—yes, even of his sins. But the day has come when the world is getting a clearer concept of man in God's image—when

some shall become pure enough in heart to catch at least a faint glimpse of God."

Hearing a little noise behind him, he turned to find Hope von Rastadt, with Marquis at her side, standing in the door of his tent. Recalling the insight he had been given of her clear, pure thought, her presence seemed an answer to his statement, and as he arose to greet her he said to himself: "Yes, the night is far spent; the day is at hand."

Noting the preoccupied expression upon his face and not knowing its cause, Hope exclaimed with some trepidation and with an apologetic little laugh:

"This isn't too much of a surprise, is it?"

"Not at all," was the reply, as Paul extended his hand. "But I was wondering to what good fortune I owed it."

"To my feminine curiosity," was the laughing reply. "I wanted to see what a railroad construction camp really looked like,—especially since Mr. Armstrong deserted us for it last night."

"Not for it, but for his old friend. I am sure it was that and not the fascination of camp," declared Paul.

"But now that I am here, you'll show it to me, won't you?" asked Hope coquettishly,—not that she was an adept at the art of coquetry, but this trait of the feminine seems to be developed along with the first teeth, if not sooner.

In response to the request, Paul conducted his fair visitor all about camp. He showed her the office and the dining tent; let her peep into Dr. Greyson's private quarters and gave her a glimpse of the kitchen, and then

took her to the highest elevation about camp and let her view the laborers' homes spread out below.

"How picturesque, and" sniffing the air, "how appetizing," declared Hope as the odors from many fires and steaming kettles were wafted to her nostrils. "I should like to come over and take dinner with you some time myself."

"And so you shall," replied Paul. "The whole house party shall come over Shall we make it dinner or breakfast?"

"Oh, breakfast by all means," exclaimed Hope in delight. "But first," she continued soberly, "you must bring Dr. Greyson up to the house to dinner. We are just dying to meet him."

Paul laughed: "I trust there will be no fatal result from the delay, but I leave you to arrange all the details. You should have no trouble, with Mr. Armstrong's assistance. If you'll pardon my saying it, neither of you appears very busy."

"Why, Mr. Anthony," exclaimed Hope, "I'm just as busy as I can be all day long."

"Doing what?"

"Why, just being happy and—and—well trying to make others happy."

Paul's face flushed. "Pardon me, Señorita," he said, "I am very human in my judgment. You are busier than I."

"But I don't know about Mr. Armstrong," said Hope.

"After one error of judgment I am not going to make another," laughed Paul. "Unless I hear from Mr.

Armstrong's own lips that he has nothing to do, I shall try to know that he is busy, too."

"That will be holding a good thought for him, I am sure."

As before when he had talked with her, Paul regarded her in surprise.

"Pardon me," he said, "but you use some unusual expressions. Where did you learn them?"

"Like what?" asked Hope.

"Why, holding a good thought for some one."

"Is that unusual?" asked Hope, and then as answering herself, "Come to think of it, I don't know but it is. But I've always said it whenever I've thought that way," she added in explanation.

"And what do you mean by thinking that way?" asked Paul.

Hope wrinkled her nose in an odd little manner, peculiar to her when puzzled, as she replied slowly:

"You have such a way, Mr. Anthony, of pinning one down to what one means. It isn't always easy to explain."

"Pardon me," said Paul hastily, "I expect maybe I am too inquisitive; but your answers interest me."

"Oh I don't mind explaining," Hope replied with a rippling little laugh as she rested her hand on Marquis' head and bored the heel of her riding boot into the ground, "but it isn't always easy. As near as I can explain, however, I feel that I am holding a good thought for some one, when I am knowing something good about them, which they hardly know themselves."

Again Paul looked at her with a puzzled expression.

"And you say no one ever taught you that?" he asked. "That you always knew it?"

"I suppose some one must have taught me," she replied, "and I have always thought it was mother. Still, as I think of it, I know that it wasn't. She has simply been echoing words that have always been in my ears."

For several minutes neither spoke. Then Paul said suddenly: "Excuse me for a minute, I have something I wish to show you."

He stepped quickly to his sleeping tent, returning in a few minutes with a little, black, leather-covered book. Handing it to her he asked: "Have you ever seen that before?"

Hope took the book in her hand and after a hasty glance exclaimed:

"Where did you get it?"

"Then you have seen it before?"

"Yes," replied Hope, "or at least one just like it."

"It couldn't have been this one," laughed Paul, "for I purchased it directly from the publisher."

"It must have been one just like it!" Then suddenly —"And, oh, Mr. Anthony, now I know where I learned these strange expressions—from my old nurse. She had a book just like this!"

The puzzled look in Paul's face gave way to one of pleased intelligence as he said laughingly: "So the mystery is cleared. It didn't seem possible to me that it should have been otherwise, and still when you told me the other morning that you had no book—and this is the book I had in mind—I couldn't understand it. But tell me more about your old nurse. I am deeply interested."

"I do not know that there is much to tell," she replied with a faraway look in her eyes. "And as I come to think about it I am not so sure that she was old—she just seemed old to me then. I think she largely brought me up until I was six or more. Mother had the greatest confidence in her; and as I think of her now I recall that she had the sweetest face—next to mother's—that I have ever seen. Nothing ever seemed to bother her, and as a child I remember that her speech was different from other of my childish acquaintances. But I liked her odd expressions and I am sure I understood them. They just seemed the most natural things in the world to me.

"My father is not what you would call a Christian. That is he is not much of a churchgoer and I am afraid has some very heterodox ideas about God. He doesn't take much stock in God and in the Bible, as he puts it, but the idea of God as infinite good, always appealed to him. As a result, he and nurse, as I remember, used to do a good deal of discussing and I remember hearing him say to her one day: 'Teach the child all you are a mind about good, but never mind teaching her about a God who is good today and changes His mind tomorrow.' "

Again Paul smiled: "He wouldn't be considered as heterodox today, however, as he would have been a few years ago. But tell me; did the nurse read to you?"

"Oh, yes, that is what I was going to say. Almost every night she would read this book out loud and then she would tell me the stories in the Bible—and they seemed to mean so much more to her than they did to mother."

"But your mother must be a good woman," Paul said earnestly. "None other could have such a daughter."

Hope's cheeks grew pink as she replied earnestly: "She is the best woman I ever knew, Mr. Anthony; and she used to come in sometimes and listen to nurse read, but the words didn't seem to mean the same to her that they did to nurse. Only once can I remember of hearing her ask a question. I was supposed to be asleep, but I was not, and after leaning over and kissing me mother turned to nurse and asked: 'Are you teaching her what life really is?'

"I listened intently to hear what nurse's answer would be and although I could not have been more than five I have never forgotten it.

" 'I hope so,' she replied, 'I am teaching her the best I can, to know God.' "

"A wonderful answer," said Paul, "Surely her understanding must be great."

"I do not know just what you mean by that, Mr. Anthony, but I am sure she was good and she surely cared for me. Mother says I never was sick a day while she was with me."

As she spoke, Hope had been turning the little book over and over in her hand with a tenderness that was touching, and now as she handed it back she said softly:

"It brings back pleasant memories. How I wish I had one. I should so love to read it!"

Paul's face expressed the deepest pleasure as he said: "It isn't all sentiment then? You really would like to know what it contains?"

"So much!" was the earnest reply.

"If you will accept one," he said, "I shall be most pleased to make you a present of it."

"Accept it," replied Hope, "I never received a gift that would give me greater joy. But, Mr. Anthony, I fear I ought not to deprive you of what you evidently consider such a treasure. You may not be able to get another down here."

Without so much as apologizing, Paul disappeared into his tent with such abruptness as to cause Marquis to arouse himself from his nap at Hope's feet and gaze after him with wild-eyed surprise. He reappeared almost immediately with a little package which he handed to Hope saying:

"Do not be afraid of robbing me, for, as you will read in the book, 'what blesses one blesses all.' I always aim to have a few extra copies on hand. Its circulation is one of my chief occupations."

CHAPTER XIII

THE CALL OF TRUTH

On her way back to La Goleta, Hope overtook Earl, who was strolling leisurely along and enjoying the beautiful vistas afforded by the breaks in the mountain range. Noting his elastic step and his care-free demeanor, Hope could not help remarking to herself the great change that had come over him in the past few days.

"How much unhappiness even one wrong thought can cause," she mused. "Mr. Armstrong has been miserable, for I don't know how long, just because he had a thought about his friend which was not true. How funny!" and as the absurdity of the thing broke upon her she burst into a laugh.

The sound of the laughter caught Earl's ear and he turned hastily to discover its source.

"It is only I," said Hope as she cantered up to his side and pulled her horse down to a walk. "While I try never to laugh at the blunders of my friends, I could not help laughing at the really foolish aspect of your absurd mistake."

Earl looked perplexed. It is unpleasant to be laughed at, and especially so, when the laughter falls, no matter how lightly, from the lips of a charming young woman. At first, therefore, Earl was tempted to be angry, but somehow that seemed impossible today and so, instead, he also laughed, from sheer good humor.

"Do you see it, too?" asked Hope.

"Oh no," he replied, "I'm simply laughing because you laughed. But maybe now that you've had your laugh, you'll tell me the joke?"

Hope looked pleased. "How you have changed!" she exclaimed. And then she blushed at her boldness as she said earnestly:

"Please pardon my impertinence, Mr. Armstrong; but it just came out before I thought."

"The implied compliment in your speech is so evident, that a man would be less than human who would take offence," was Earl's gallant reply.

Hope unconsciously brushed a fly off her horse's neck as she continued: "Well, the joke isn't really a joke. I was just laughing as I thought how foolish you were to grieve over the loss of Dr. Greyson's friendship, when you hadn't lost it at all."

"It was foolish, wasn't it?" said Earl very gravely, "and as I think of it now, I should have known better."

"You certainly should."

"But the unexplainable part about it to me," continued Earl, "is how a man can suffer as I did for something that isn't so. Now why should I have suffered?"

He reached up and laid his hand on the horn of Hope's saddle to steady himself as they climbed the hill.

"Because," she replied, "you so far doubted your knowledge of Dr. Greyson as to believe your wrong thought of him to be true."

"I was suffering for my fear, wasn't I?"

"Exactly," replied Hope nodding her head, "and your belief in the falsehood you were telling yourself."

Earl laughed: "A belief in a falsehood must be a kind of a false belief; no?"

"That would seem a good name for it," she mused.

"But tell me, Mr. Armstrong," she suddenly exclaimed, "Did you enjoy your night at camp?"

"Fine."

"And did you have a good breakfast?"

"Excellent. But why do you ask?"

"Because," laughed Hope, "Mr. Anthony has promised to have the whole house party take breakfast with him some morning and has left the arrangements to you and me."

"Great!" exclaimed Earl. "What shall I do?"

"Well, in the first place," said Hope, "we must get Donna Maria to invite both Mr. Anthony and Dr. Greyson up to dinner, so that we can all get acquainted with them."

"Don Miguel has already invited them."

"Then you must see to it that they come as soon as possible."

"All right," replied Earl, "I can do that."

"And then," said Hope slowly, "and then—why I guess that's all. I guess Mr. Anthony will do the rest. He seems equal to almost any occasion."

Thinking of Greyson's remarkable story Earl replied: "He surely does."

"And do you know," said Hope in a burst of confidence, "the funniest thing happened when I went to call on Mr. Anthony today—"

"When you went to call upon Mr. Anthony?" exclaimed Earl.

"Certainly! Why not?"

"Well, it's a little unusual in Mexico."

Then as he caught the look on the girl's face: "But it's all right with me. I was just thinking about Donna Maria. If she knew it, she would certainly have a fit."

"Poor Donna Maria," sighed Hope as she gave her head a vigorous shake and her horse a dig with her heel that caused him to spring forward, and jerk Earl, who still had his hand on the saddle horn, almost off his feet.

"You said that as though you felt it," declared Earl as he regained his poise and again took his place at her side. "But finish your story. I'll not interrupt again."

"Well, what I started to say," resumed Hope, "was that when I was over to see Mr. Anthony, something that I said reminded him of a little book he had. He went and got it, and do you know it was exactly like one my nurse used to read when I was a baby."

"That was rather strange, wasn't it?" remarked Earl because he felt called upon to say something.

"Wasn't it? And when he saw I was interested in it, he gave me one. See, here it is," and Hope held out her treasure.

More out of politeness than because of any interest he felt, Earl took the little book and drew it from the pasteboard in which it was encased. Then, as his eye caught the design on its cover, he hastily opened it exclaiming:

"Why, this is the same kind of a book he gave Greyson. It was through reading this and going to Mr. Anthony's church that Greyson was cured of his lameness."

"You don't mean it?" said Hope.

"I certainly do." And then as they sauntered on toward La Goleta, Earl told her the story of Greyson's healing.

"And what did you say they called this denomination?"

"I didn't say," replied Earl, "but it is known as Christian Science, and this," handing her back the book, "is its text book. Didn't you ever hear of it before?"

"Oh, yes; but I never thought much about it except that it was something that I wasn't interested in, just as I'm not interested in why the earth doesn't revolve toward the west or whether baptism means to sprinkle or immerse."

Earl laughed: "Then I reckon the book will not interest you."

"Oh, yes, it will," earnestly, "because I know that somewhere in it my nurse learned that God is infinite good and that life is to know God. I know these things as I now remember, because nurse told me and my mother impressed them upon me. But neither mother nor I knew them from our own personal knowledge. Now I want to learn myself."

"And I'd like to read the book, too," said Earl, "because I'm interested to know what there is in it that healed Greyson—or at least led him to be healed."

"You don't think that the knowledge it imparts about God could have healed him, do you?" asked Hope earnestly, as she grasped the book tightly in her hand.

"I don't know," replied Earl. "In fact I don't seem to know anything clearly at this particular moment. I've had so much told me in the past few days that I

never even dreamed of before, that my brain seems in a whirl. If any one was to tell me I am not myself, I don't think I should be prepared to dispute them.

"And still," he continued, "there is something in what Paul Anthony told me about the man of clay and man in God's image—something about Greyson's healing and—and that other healing, that rings true."

"What other healing?" asked Hope excitedly.

In reply Earl told her of the little peon boy and what Greyson said about his recovery.

"Did Dr. Greyson say that?" asked Hope.

"He did."

"And he said that all this knowledge was in this book?"

"That and the Bible," replied Earl.

"Do you believe it, Mr. Armstrong?"

"I don't see any reason to doubt it, Miss von Rastadt. I never knew Greyson to tell a lie in his life, and as a physician he ought to know what cured him. Doesn't it seem so?"

"It surely does."

Then after a long pause in which they picked their way to the summit of the mountain, where they stopped for a minute to view the glorious scene, Hope said earnestly:

"Mr. Armstrong, if these things are really true, I must know it, for it is the secret of Christian healing—the healing practiced by Jesus and the apostles. If others are today able to follow Jesus' example, so can I—and I will! It shall never be said that a Countess of Rastadt had such an opportunity offered her for doing good and refused to accept it."

As she spoke her countenance was illumined with a new light, and her form seemed to expand and take on a new dignity, while through her expressive eyes shone the presence of that greater aristocracy—the aristocracy of the soul.

Armstrong eyed her in speechless admiration, while Marquis, recognizing in her face something which he did not understand, uttered a deep-chested bay that awoke the echoes from many a beetling crag.

The dog's tribute aroused both Hope and Earl to a consciousness of their surroundings and for a moment they regarded each other earnestly. Earl was the first to speak.

"Miss von Rastadt," he said with great earnestness, "I've been a dissipated and selfish man; but with all my faults I have one redeeming characteristic. I am not a hypocrite, and, like you, should I find that these things are true about God and man, I could not help myself. I should have to accept them, and to the best of my ability preach and practice them.

"At this moment I am almost afraid that I shall believe them. I have money enough to live on all my life and do as I please. I do not now seem to want to lead any other than the life I am leading; but I know myself well enough to know that if I really come to believe that through this knowledge I can heal the sick, I shall simply have to do it. You can see what that would mean for me, can't you?"

"Yes," replied Hope earnestly, "I can. It would mean to give up all and to follow Christ."

CHAPTER XIV

BREAKFAST AT CAMP

Hope's announcement of Paul's invitation to breakfast at camp was received with gusto by every member of the house party with the exception of Don Antonio. Small in mind, as he was in body, he did not seem to have a thought outside of his personal appearance and personal desires. When he had met Hope at the station the day of her arrival he had expected to dazzle her with his clothes, his horse and his equipment and had thought that she would prove an easy conquest. In the family circle, prior to her arrival, she had been thoroughly discussed, and Don Miguel had dwelt at length upon the position occupied by her family and the details of his visit to the von Rastadt estate years before.

With this in mind, it had seemed to Don Antonio that a matrimonial alliance between the von Rastadts and Estradas would be quite the proper thing and that he and Hope would be quite the proper pair to form it.

For the first few days after Hope's arrival at La Goleta, before any of the others came, Antonio had basked in the sunshine of her presence and in company with Abijah had shown her all over the hacienda. He had been quick to note her beauty and her aristocratic bearing, for in spite of his foppishness and egotism he was by no means lacking in what we are pleased to call wit.

By the time the remainder of the party arrived, he felt quite elated over his apparent success and likewise quite sure of his position. He was further strengthened in his opinion by the close friendship that sprang up between Hope and Guadelupe and the fact that his brother Felix was so clearly paying all his attention to the stately but rosy-cheeked Patrice. As he noted Armstrong's lack of interest in everything, that gentleman's presence did not disturb him; and when later he perceived that Earl was the object of unusual interest to Guadelupe, the whole party seemed to be comfortably and suitably paired.

But the coming of Dr. Greyson and Paul Anthony had entirely upset his plans and calculations. It was bad enough, to his inherited ideas of propriety, when Hope set aside the custom of the country by roaming over hill and plain without a duena or any escort, other than her canine protector; but when he encountered her on the mountain, chatting confidentially with Paul Anthony, he became at once the victim of a most foolish jealousy. Erroneously believing that he had won at least the favor, if not the affection, of the fair-faced American, it now appeared to him that he was being treacherously supplanted by a perfect stranger. He could not fail to see Hope's interest in her new acquaintance, and being too shallow to understand the real cause of that interest, he put upon it his own selfish interpretation.

When a few evenings later—in accordance with the plans made by Hope and Earl—Paul and Sidney were entertained at dinner at La Goleta, Don Antonio was so sulky that Guadelupe twitted him with his jealousy.

This so enraged him that immediately the dinner was over, he suddenly left the house, mounted his horse and rode away to San Geronimo where he remained for several days, much to the annoyance of his father and anxiety of his mother. It was not until after the breakfast at the camp that he returned to the hacienda.

"What do you suppose is the matter with Tony?" asked Patrice of Earl beside whom she happened to find herself a little later. They had all fallen into the habit of calling him Tony because his sister did so.

"Can't you guess?" laughed Earl as he cast a significant glance across the room to where Paul and Sidney were deeply engrossed in conversation with the young countess, while Guadelupe with her arm about Hope's waist was drinking in every word with the most absorbing interest.

Patrice elevated her patrician eyebrows as she replied: "I suppose he thinks his nose has been put out of joint by the newcomers. But where did he ever get the idea that any girl could admire him?"

"I'm not good at answering riddles," was Earl's reply. "But how do you like my friend Greyson, Miss Dewar?"

"I've hardly had a chance to get acquainted with him, he's been so monopolized."

"Oh, come now," laughed Earl, "that won't do. Come right over and break up that quartette. I want you to know Greyson well. You'll find him a fine fellow,—not much like me."

And laying aside her little sense of pique, Patrice discovered, before the evening was over, that Earl's words were true.

On the day before the visitors were expected at camp, Paul had taken Jose, the cook, into his confidence, and after telling him how many there would be, suggested to him that he prepare something nice and palatable.

"I wouldn't give them a lot of mutton," said Paul pointing to a cactus on which the remains of half a sheep were hanging, "but something a little different."

"Si, Señor," replied Jose. "What?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly; I'll leave that to you, Jose. But you might have some chicken and—and—oh, anything else you can find over at San Geronimo."

"Bueno, Señor!" exclaimed Jose with a grin, "I understand."

Jose was such a faithful fellow and always so anxious to please, that Paul felt sure everything would be all right and gave the matter no further thought, but went on about his other arrangements for entertaining his guests. Going to Coyle he asked him to arrange a couple of hand cars and a push car so that those who wished could be given a short ride over the new track. Coyle gruffly agreed and taking a large push car he cribbed up a lot of railroad ties after the manner of a log house, making a row of seats clear around the car with a place for the passengers' feet inside. To this car he attached a hand car, both in front and behind, thus making a very presentable train.

The expected day was a beautiful one, as are all days in Lower Mexico at that season of the year, and as soon as they had their coffee the members of the house party started, Donna Maria deciding at the last minute that she would not go, as her avoirdupois made horseback-riding a bit tiresome.

"I don't know but I'd better stay and keep the Señora company," said Abijah, "I'm as lean as she is fat, and I don't enjoy horse-back-riding any more myself."

"Oh that would never do," laughed Mrs. Holman. "I am sure Donna Maria is just taking this way of getting a quiet day all to herself, and it wouldn't please her at all to have a man pottering about the house."

"And, besides," exclaimed Hope, "you are down here to look after me and it's your business to do it."

"A nice busy time he'd have if he did," said Patrice sarcastically. "Poor man, I don't wonder that he's thin!"

"Oh, that isn't what makes me thin," replied Abijah dryly. "It's the acid in my system. Take my advice, young lady, and don't let it get into yours. You have no idea how uncomfortable it will make you feel."

Patrice's face flushed and her father, who was standing beside her ready to mount, said in a low voice: "I don't see what has come over you, Pat. That sharp tongue of yours will get you into trouble first thing you know."

She made no reply, but gave her head a toss and dug her spurs into her horse with a vigor that caused him to bound through the gateway as though shot from a catapult; but she was a good horsewoman and quickly brought him under control, although she kept at the head of the party until overtaken by Don Felix, who hastened on to join her.

Arriving at the camp they were warmly greeted by Paul and Dr. Greyson and shown about the place, after which they were loaded on to the cars for a ride over the extension.

"There isn't any danger of meeting a train, is there?" asked Sir Henry as Paul motioned him and his daughter to a seat on the car with himself.

"Oh no," replied Paul, "the only train that comes down here is the gravel train and that is working at the other end of the division. We'll meet it down there and ride home with Mr. Coyle in the caboose. Miss Dewar, you sit in the middle, and your father and I will sit on the ends to keep you from falling off."

"Who's Mr. Coyle?" asked Patrice as she took her seat.

"He's the roadmaster," replied Paul as he noted that all were ready and motioned the peons, who furnished the power, to go ahead.

"It sounds right Irish," she laughed. "It reminds me of home. You know our country seat is in the south of Scotland."

"And I believe Coyle was born in Ulster," laughed Paul, "so you may have been neighbors."

"Hardly neighbors," exclaimed Patrice with a toss of her head, "I don't consider any one my neighbor who is not my equal by birth."

Paul looked at her out of the corners of his eyes as he asked quizzically: "Isn't that rather a poor standard to go by,—'the accident of birth,' as some one has so tersely put it?"

"It's the only standard I care to consider," she declared in a manner intended to be convincing.

"You must remember, Pat," said Sir Henry, thinking to soften the effect of his daughter's speech, "that in the United States birth and ancestry do not count for as much as they do with us."

"Oh yes, they do," quickly replied Paul. "I think ancestry is everything."

Patrice turned upon him a look of ill-concealed disdain as much as to say: "A poor attempt to curry favor."

"But," continued Paul noting the expression and waiting long enough that she might get the full meaning of his words, "I always realize that God is the Father of man—the only Ancestor—and therefore, all of His offspring are not only equal, but are brothers and sisters."

The look of disdain on the girl's face faded into one of astonishment and she gripped the seat upon which she sat.

"Isn't that rather a strange idea of ancestry, Mr. Anthony?" asked Sir Henry whose study of the sciences had not taken him deeply into the science of being.

"Perhaps," replied Paul, "but if we believe in the Bible, we must acknowledge that it is the only correct idea. Jesus said: 'Call no man your father upon the earth; but one is your father, which is in heaven,' and he seems to have known."

"And do you not believe in the aristocracy of birth?" asked Sir Henry.

"Most assuredly," was Paul's emphatic answer, "that true birth of which John writes; 'which were born not of blood nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.' And again: 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit.' Neither I, nor—I am sure—do you, Sir Henry, give any precedence to what might be termed mere fleshly aristocracy, else the great hulking savage,

with a powerful form, would be the greatest aristocrat. It is the noblest spirit, as we say, that is the greatest nobleman. This nobility is man's heritage from God."

While Paul was speaking, Patrice never for an instant took her eyes from his face. She would have liked to have asked him a question, but her ideas seemed so scattered that she could not frame words to express them. While she hesitated, the conversation was interrupted by a shout from Earl who, pointing to where the track was lost sight of around the curve, called attention to the smoke which seemingly came from a locomotive.

"It can't be possible," said Paul, "that the train is returning to camp so soon."

But to be on the safe side he quickly put on the brakes and started a peon down the track with a red flag. It proved none too soon, for the flagman had not gone an hundred yards before he caught sight of the approaching work train. He was in time to signal it, however, and it came to a standstill a short distance from the handcars. The incident had given the little party quite a shock and every one, including Abijah, had scrambled off and was standing at the track side when the train came under control.

Stepping quickly forward to the engine, Paul asked for Coyle.

"He's back in San Geronimo," replied the engineer, a young American named Baldwin.

"Didn't he tell you I was going to bring a party over the road this morning?"

"He did say something about a pleasure party; but he said he couldn't have work stopped on that account."

Then as Paul was about to speak he continued: "I

think he's been drinking too much this morning. I noticed him around the cantina with a dapper-looking young Mexican, and they both appeared a little the worse for liquor."

"Well, never mind now," said Paul looking at his watch. "Back down to the siding so that we can sidetrack the hand cars and we'll ride back to camp with you. If Coyle means anything wrong, we'll know that nothing will come of it—just because it is wrong."

The train quickly backed up about half a mile, while the hand cars were switched off, and climbing into the caboose, the sightseers were soon back in camp, quite as pleased as though they had gone the whole distance and as hungry as school children.

"It was quite an adventure," said Mrs. Holman as they walked up the hill toward the dining tent.

"Yes," declared Abijah, "and it gives us something to remember the trip by. You know, where everything runs smoothly you soon forget it; but just the minute something happens out of the ordinary, you always remember."

Breakfast was ready when they arrived at the dining tent and they were speedily seated and discussing in a most appreciative manner some excellent chicken soup.

To those who have passed any considerable time in the Republic of Mexico, the question of what to eat is not nearly so important as where; for you know that with the very slightest alteration you will get the same thing at each particular meal. The only reason for asking where, is that in some places the food is a little better cooked, there is a little more of it and the prices are a little different. But there is a sort of

national menu which serves for every day of the three hundred and sixty-five that go to make up the year.

At the first meal, which is served immediately upon rising, coffee and bread are the only edibles. The meal is known as coffee. Along toward noon, anywhere from 11 o'clock to 12.30, a more elaborate meal known as breakfast — almuerzo — is provided This is not as heavy a meal as dinner — comida — which is served from 6 to 9 o'clock in the evening; but like all meals in Mexico it is served in courses of one dish at a time. Breakfast does not usually begin with soup, but otherwise it is much like dinner, where soup is followed by something fried, then something stewed, after which comes the roast — some sort of salad going with each course. Last in the way of substantials comes the inevitable frijolles — black beans — which are always a part of a Mexican meal. Dessert consists of dulce — something sweet — and coffee. A dry wine, red or white as desired — is served with every meal if you have money to pay; if not you may have pulque, if you are far enough south to be in the pulque belt.

Desiring to make the present meal a bit more elaborate than a simple almuerzo, Jose had therefore led off with a very palatable plate of chicken soup, and Paul was complimented upon his cook.

He was properly pleased and remarked modestly that he had "found him very good."

When the second course was brought, it proved to be fried chicken served with crisp lettuce and small but nicely browned potatoes. It seemed to touch just the right spot and again Jose was complimented.

Next in order came a steaming dish, which, when

sampled, proved to be stewed chicken with a mixture of fresh vegetables.

By this time Paul had begun to wonder if Jose had anything but chicken and would have asked him, had he not been prevented by hearing Greyson say in an aside to Earl, who was gingerly inspecting his new dish:

"I'm afraid you don't like chicken!"

"Oh, yes I do," replied Earl as he manfully tackled the stew. "I'm very fond of it."

A smile went around and Paul's face changed color for a moment; but he quickly put the embarrassment aside and launched into an elaborate description of what the railroad company was trying to do. When, however, after re-dressing the table, Jose bore in with an air of triumph, an immense platter on which rested four beautifully baked chickens, and set it down in front of Paul, the company could contain itself no longer and exploded with a perfect shout of laughter.

"Jose must have a chicken farm," declared Greyson.

"Or at least a contract with one," replied Earl.

"Perhaps," laughed Mrs. Holman, "he is only a chicken cook. You know these are the days of specialists."

"More likely," said Abijah as he wiped the tears of laughter from his eyes, "he is in the same fix we were when we marched with Sherman to the sea. We couldn't find much of anything to eat but chicken."

In the meantime, Jose not understanding the cause of the merriment — all the remarks being in English — was simply beaming with pleasure, until Paul asked in a dry voice:

"Is this all, Jose?"

"Oh, no, Señor," was the reply. "I have a chicken giblet pastel."

"No frijolles?" asked Paul, almost unable to make himself heard above the roar of laughter that followed Jose's announcement.

"Si Señor! Frijolles, tortillas and —"

"Never mind the rest," laughed Paul. "Bring on the frijolles."

It was a merry party that finished Jose's chicken dinner, the humor of the thing having made them all better acquainted than they might otherwise have become in many weeks.

"Mr. Anthony is certainly a good host," declared Sir Henry to Mrs. Holman, as they passed out of the tent.

"Yes, and a fine man, too. I was most interested in his religious views expressed up at the house the other day."

"He has some odd ideas about ancestry," continued Sir Henry. "I must confess I hardly understand them."

"What are they?" asked Mrs. Holman.

"He declared this morning that all men were equal, as they were all sons of God, who, as he put it, is our only Ancestor. The only rank he recognizes — the only nobility, is the nobility of the soul, which is our heritage from this only Ancestor."

"A wonderful idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Holman enthusiastically. "It seems the height of Christian teaching."

"But," said Sir Henry, "I never thought about God in that way, don't you know. In fact, I guess I've always been a good deal of an infidel — or at least an agnostic."

"For shame, Sir Henry! Why, for a man of your position and intelligence to doubt the Bible is positively wicked! It is the word of God."

"Do you believe that?" asked Sir Henry.

"I certainly do."

"And that the whale swallowed Jonah?"

"Certainly!"

"And that God sent all the plagues on the Egyptians, and divided the Red sea and threw down the walls of Jericho and rained manna in the desert and all that foolishness?"

"Every word of it," declared Mrs. Holman, properly shocked at Sir Henry's irreverent manner.

Hope had caught the last part of the conversation as she followed along out with Guadelupe and Patrice and exclaimed joyfully: "I'm so glad to hear you say that, Mrs. Holman. I now know to whom to go when I want to ask questions about the Bible."

"Any time you wish, dear," replied Mrs. Holman, "I shall be only too glad to help you."

"If you can answer half her questions," laughed Abijah, "you're a heap smarter than I am."

"Perhaps you are not a Bible student, Mr. Adams."

"Well," replied Abijah, "I'll admit I'd rather attempt to settle a question of law than of religion."

"Inasmuch as religion teaches of God's relation to man, it would seem that the only real law is God's law," suggested Greyson, who having stopped to ask the young ladies if they would not like to visit the laborers' camp had overheard the remark.

"I suppose that applies to the law of physic, too," quickly retorted Abijah.

"I'm afraid it does," was Greyson's reply.

"Why afraid, Dr. Greyson?" asked Hope.

"Because for me," he replied soberly, "it means the learning of an entirely new method of practice — a method which somehow I do not seem to grasp."

"I guess we'll all have to have some lessons," laughed Hope. "But where is Mr. Anthony?"

Before any one could reply there was the sound of a pistol shot from over in the gravel pit, followed by the shouts of many men and in another minute Coyle, hatless and apparently greatly dazed, with a revolver in his hand, came running up the hill from the other side of the camp, with a mob of more than a hundred shouting peons in full pursuit.

Reaching his tent, he turned upon the crowd and, flourishing his weapon, shouted: 'Go back! Go back, or I'll shoot!"

But the mob paid no attention to his threats and pressed fiercely on.

Seeing that his words were without effect, and in fear of his life, Coyle raised his revolver to make good his threat. But at this instant Paul Anthony, who had heard the disturbance and had hastened to the scene, appeared around the corner of the tent and with a sharp blow struck the weapon from Coyle's grasp.

Taken entirely by surprise, Coyle threw up his hands, reeled into his tent and fell heavily across his bed, while Paul, standing in the doorway, faced the angry workmen.

So sudden had been the action and so wild the pursuit, that the men were right upon Paul ere those in front could stop sufficiently to hold back those pushing

on from the rear. Seeing him, therefore, in what appeared to be such a perilous position, Earl, Greyson, Don Miguel and Felix sprang forward to his assistance, followed by Jose and Nicanor, who at this moment appeared from the kitchen.

It was some distance from the dining tent to where Paul was standing, however, and before the others could reach his side he was addressing the men. With a look of determination upon his face, which they had already come to understand, but in a manner which they had also come to recognize as the very best of humor, Paul was asking in the most matter of fact way what the trouble was. Fifty voices began at once to explain in fifty different ways, which brought a smile to Paul's face as he raised his hand and exclaimed:

"There! There! One at a time! You know I do not speak Spanish very well."

A laugh broke from the men as several shouted: "No! No! Señor! You speak well."

"I may speak it well enough to understand one of you, but I can't understand all of you at once.

"Here, Agapito!" he called to the man whom he had once had occasion to rebuke. "Come here and tell me about it!"

Doffing his sombrero and with a flush of pleasure on his face at being so well remembered, Agapito came forward, while all the others crowded around to hear what he had to say. In a very few words he explained that Coyle had become angry with one of the water boys because he had not brought some fresh water when he wanted a drink, whereupon Coyle had knocked the boy down with the heavy iron dipper. He was about

to kick him when the men interfered. At this he had flown into a terrible rage and drawn his revolver. Then the men had picked up their tools and started after him.

"But I heard a shot," said Paul.

"Si, Senor," said Agapito twisting his hat as though unwilling to say it, "but he was drunk, and when he tried to run he fell and his revolver went off. Then he got up and ran. You know the rest."

"Is the boy hurt?" asked Paul.

"Not if the Señor wants a drink," called out a shrill voice from the crowd, and the water boy with a big bump on his forehead came forward, bucket in hand.

Paul laid his hand tenderly on the lad's head, covering the swollen spot, as he said: "You're a good boy and I'm going to turn you over to Jose to give you a good breakfast. And now, men," turning to the crowd, "go back to your work and leave this in my hands. Take my word for it, there will be no more trouble."

"Bueno! Bueno!" shouted the men. "Viva el Jefe!" And laughing and chatting they filed slowly down the hill and back to the gravel pit.

"The easiest lot of workmen in the world to handle," said Paul turning to his friends. "They are just like a lot of children. You only need to gain their confidence and they'll do anything you ask them."

"But how do you gain it?" asked Earl. "You've only been here two weeks."

"By showing my confidence in them," laughed Paul. "That is the law of love.

"Why, hello," looking down at the lad at his side, "that bump has all gone. Here, Jose, give the aguador

his breakfast!" and he pushed the boy toward the smiling cook.

As the house party wound its way back to La Goleta, the disturbance and Paul's action in quelling it was the sole topic of conversation.

"Only a brave man could do a deed like that," said Guadelupe looking shyly at Earl.

"Or a noble man," suggested Sir Henry.

"Or a Christian," declared Hope. "One who knows the omnipotence of good and has no fear of evil."

Patrice for once in her life said never a word; but to herself she thought: "He must be descended from a good family; for blood will tell." And from that moment her interest in him began.

But while all this was being said by his admirers, Paul sat beside the bedside of the one responsible for the trouble, praying.

CHAPTER XV

A TURNING POINT

PAUL'S meditations by the side of the unconscious roadmaster were interrupted by the entrance of Greyson, who, as an interested stockholder as well as a friend, came to join in what he thought was probably a conference between Paul and Coyle. Noting Paul's attitude, however, he was about to withdraw when Paul raised his head and bade him be seated.

"There is a double claim to be met here," he explained. "A condition of thought that nothing but the greatest love and compassion can heal."

"Why should you undertake the work?" asked Greyson. "He evidently does not want your compassion, and my understanding is that we should not intrude our thoughts where our help is not wanted."

"How do you know it is not wanted here?" asked Paul. "How do you know that this wild debauch is not the effort to silence a longing for this very compassion—a longing which, to a mind hardened by contact with only the rough side of life, appears to be a sign of weakness and effeminacy? The man's condition moves me greatly and I would help him to escape that thing he calls self.

"But," continued Paul, "in addition to the desire to bind up the broken-hearted, which we must learn to do

ere we can heal the sick, I must protect myself. The attitude of this man is a menace to my peace and harmony."

"Then why not discharge him, as you have the authority to do, and send him away?"

"Oh, Greyson! Greyson!" exclaimed Paul. "Why will you be so unmindful of the action of the human, mortal mind? Can you not see that such action as you suggest, would not only fail as a remedy, but would prove, instead, an aggravation?"

Greyson's face flushed at the rebuke and he slowly nodded his head in affirmation.

"To protect myself," explained Paul, "and prove my understanding of the words of the Master, I must destroy my enemy by making him my friend; and the only way to do this effectually is to know the truth about him — to see him only as that spiritual man in God's likeness, in whom is neither malice, animality nor hate. It is not the man of clay lying there that I am now dealing with; it is that condition of mortal mind which is responsible for the man of clay. Because that mind is mortal, or a false sense of mind, it can be destroyed and in its place may be substituted the reflection of that mind 'which was also in Christ Jesus' — a consciousness filled with good. Then, as the Apostle Paul says, he will be transformed 'by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.' Do you understand?"

Again Greyson nodded his head as he replied: "I seem to."

"And as he is transformed," continued Paul, "he

will lose his craving for drink. You are sure of that much, are you not?"

"Yes," said Greyson, "I am sure and always have been that drunkenness is a mental, not a physical disease. We seem to have a perfect right to argue a man out of the drink habit, because we appeal to his common sense; but other ailments seem different."

"Just seem, Greyson. That's all. Surely a man whose physical ailment was healed by the transforming of his mind as was yours, should never doubt."

"And still," exclaimed Greyson fiercely, "I do. I am so full of my long cherished beliefs in — in my, what shall I say —"

"In your belief that knowledge of disease, error, is knowledge," declared Paul; "in your belief that with such knowledge you are powerful, and in your belief in your own ability to do something. In your pride of intellect you are unwilling to admit that without God you are nothing."

Greyson's eyes fell. "Do you think as badly of me as that?" he asked, stroking his beard meditatively.

"Badly, my dear fellow," and Paul laid his hand on Greyson's knee, "I do not think badly of you at all. But my heart goes out to you in your struggle. And it is a struggle, Greyson, because it is a problem which no one can work out for you but yourself. Yours is a harder case than that of the poor chap lying there.

"But see," he exclaimed, "Coyle is awakening. You had better go. I must have it out with him alone; but I do not think the struggle will be a hard, or a long one."

Coyle opened his eyes just in time to see Greyson's form silhouetted in the opening of his tent. He sprang

to his feet, not noticing Paul in the evening shadows which had already begun to gather.

"Who is it?" he cried.

"Only Dr. Greyson," replied Paul quietly from his seat in the rear of the tent.

Coyle put his hand to his head as he slowly looked around to see whence came the voice.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he at length said gruffly; then as his thoughts began to gather, his eyes took on a startled expression and after a minute or two he asked slowly:

"Did I kill any one?"

"Did you try to?" asked Paul calmly.

Coyle still rubbed his head and looked about.

"What do you want?" asked Paul.

"I'd like a drink, if I could get it."

Paul arose and handed him a dipper of water.

"I had the boy bring it. I thought you might want it," he said grimly.

Coyle drank a long draught. Then he stopped and took a good look at Paul and again put the dipper to his lips and drained the last drop. Without a word he handed Paul the dipper and then with his elbows on his knees he buried his face in his hands. For several minutes there was silence, each busy with his own thoughts, and how different they were — Coyle's filled with pain, fear and remorse, and Paul's with compassion, love, and truth.

At length Coyle raised his head. "You didn't answer my question, Mr. Anthony," he said. "Did I kill anybody?"

"And you didn't answer mine," replied Paul. "Did you try to?"

"No, I don't think I did."

"Nor did you. You gave the aguador a pretty bad knock and you shot once, but were saved from getting yourself into any further trouble."

"Who saved me?"

"Well, I was the instrument; but, Mr. Coyle, it was God, divine Love, who really interposed."

Coyle looked up in a startled manner. Then he said slowly: "That's the first time any one has spoken to me about God — in that way — in a good many years."

"Then it's no wonder you are unhappy."

"How do you know I am unhappy?"

"Because," answered Paul decisively, "no man can do the things you do and be happy. No man is happy doing evil. Only the friends, not the enemies, of mankind are happy."

"I don't do anything very bad," said Coyle by way of excuse.

"Our opinions on that point may differ, Mr. Coyle, so we will not discuss it. You surely do not consider your deeds this day as particularly good. Why, Mr. Coyle," he continued impressively, "you might have killed, or at least crippled those innocent girls by sending that train back as you did. Suppose one of them had been your daughter, or sister!"

Again Coyle's face assumed a startled expression: "My God!" he exclaimed, "I'd forgotten that! But that wasn't all my fault. It was that devilish young Mexican — and the brandy," he added. "Why,"

starting to his feet, "you know I wouldn't hurt a woman!"

"I'm sure of it," replied Paul, "and, Mr. Coyle, I'm going to do you the justice of saying I do not believe, when you are in your right mind, you would hurt any one."

Coyle looked at Paul interrogatively.

"I mean it," declared Paul. "I believe you have in you a whole lot of good. I am sure you are a man with a big heart. But you have led this rough life so long — away from refining influences — that you have stifled your kindliness, for fear some one would think you weak. To make yourself even more rough, you have taken to drink, and I want to tell you right now — and I've been through it down to the very dregs — no man who gets drunk, or even drinks that which intoxicates, is ever safe. He never knows what he may do."

"I wish I didn't drink!" said Coyle humbly. "I know it is a bad thing; but I just can't help it."

"You can help it," quickly corrected Paul. "With God's aid, man can overcome all the evil which seems to control him. If you really want to stop drinking, I'll tell you how to do it; and if you want me to, I'll help you?"

"You will?" in surprise. "And you won't fire me?"

"I have no thought of discharging you," was Paul's emphatic rejoinder. "I want to make a man of you. I want to see you lay the track over these mountains. I want to make you superintendent of the San Geronimo division — and I want to make you my friend."

Coyle started forward.

"Wait!" said Paul. "While I am willing to help

you, it is up to you to do your part; and that part is to determine in your own mind what you really desire. If you want to reform just for the sake of the advancement it may bring, I fear you will fail. You've been looking for that all your life and it hasn't made you a one bit better man. But if you want to turn completely around, because you want to be a better man, you will succeed. Stop and think which it is."

For several minutes there was silence and then Coyle said thoughtfully:

"Mr. Anthony, I don't know as I can explain it, but I'd like to be just the kind of a man I take you to be."

CHAPTER XVI

WHAT'S IN A NAME

"WHICH way this morning, Miss von Rastadt?" asked Earl as he encountered Hope crossing the patio one morning, several days after the breakfast party. "I had expected to meet you on the mountain rather than down here."

"Are you still hunting that terrible cat?" she asked, "that you are so much on the mountains?"

"Yes, but it keeps itself hidden. I guess we must have given it a pretty bad fright the other day, even if we didn't wound it more severely than we thought. But you didn't tell me whither you are bound?"

"Oh, I am going to ask Mrs. Holman some questions about the Bible. She said I might."

"How are you getting along with your new book?"

"Beautifully!" was the enthusiastic response. "It certainly does help one a lot."

"And when am I going to get a look at it?" asked Earl.

Hope hesitated, then exclaimed impulsively: "Any time! Here, take it now! Really I begin to see I am right selfish!"

"No, indeed!" declared Earl. "It is I who am selfish. I shall not take it!"

"Oh, please do," said Hope. "I already have received so much that I want to share it with some one.

I have already learned from it that the more we give the more we have."

Still Earl hesitated.

"And besides," the girl continued, "I shall not be using it today and I can get it from you before I go up to my mountain study tomorrow morning."

"If you'll agree to divide it with me," said Earl, "I am more than willing; and in order to make headway I'll cut out my hunt for the jaguar this morning."

"I am sure your forenoon will be more profitable," said Hope as she passed on toward Mrs. Holman's apartment, where she found that lady in and very glad to see her.

"I am absolutely alone this morning, you see," was her greeting. "The Professor and Sir Henry have again gone down into that dismal place along with Don Felix. In order that they might lose no time, they have taken a mozo along with a big basket of luncheon, so we shall not see them until dinner time.

"And now what can I do for you, dear?" she asked, "I see you have something on your mind."

"It's something we were talking about at camp the other day," began Hope timidly. "I heard you tell Sir Henry that you thought Mr. Anthony such a good Christian."

"He surely must be," declared Mrs. Holman. "He talks pure Christianity."

"And," continued Hope, "that you believed every word of the Bible and thought it wicked to doubt —"

"As I most certainly do," broke in Mrs. Holman.

"So I knew that you could help me," Hope went on eagerly. "Now the thing that has been bothering me

is this: Why is it that none of us who profess to be and are trying to be Christians, do the things Jesus said we should do if we believed in him?"

Mrs. Holman began to look a little nervous, but said nothing.

"Now, Mrs. Holman, believing as you do everything in the Bible, you must also believe the words of Jesus."

Mrs. Holman nodded her head and Hope continued:

"I could see the other day that you didn't have a single doubt. You just believed everything from Genesis to Revelation; but — " and Hope hesitated.

"Go on!" said Mrs. Holman.

"Well," said Hope desperately, "if you lay your hands on the sick, do they recover?"

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Holman greatly relieved. "That is what is worrying you! No, I cannot heal the sick by laying my hands upon them, nor do I know of any one who can. I think Jesus meant those words only for his disciples."

"Well, aren't we his disciples?" asked Hope. "I try to be."

"So do I," replied Mrs. Holman meditatively, "I guess the reason that we don't do these things, is because we don't have the faith."

"What is faith, Mrs. Holman?"

"Faith?" interrogatively. "Why faith is — well — to believe what some one tells you without being really sure it is so — that is, I mean without having proved it."

"Just as we believe in heaven without knowing much about it," suggested Hope.

"Yes, just like that," declared Mrs. Holman with a sigh of relief.

"Why do we believe in heaven, Mrs. Holman?"

"Why, child? Because the Bible tells us about it. Jesus told us about it."

"Well," insisted Hope, "so does the Bible tell us that we can heal the sick. If we have faith enough to take us to heaven, because of Christ and Him crucified, why haven't we also faith enough to heal the sick if we believe in Christ?"

"I don't think I can answer that," replied Mrs. Holman; "but nobody does, nowadays."

"Yes, they do!" declared Hope emphatically. "There are a lot of people who do. Mr. Anthony does; and Dr. Greyson, who never walked until four years ago, was healed by the prayers of these people."

Mrs. Holman dropped her sewing in surprise. "Bless me, child! Who told you that?"

"Mr. Armstrong. He doesn't know much about it, but he's trying to find out more and — and so am I!" declared Hope with much trepidation.

"It's wonderful, isn't it?" exclaimed Mrs. Holman. "Did you say Mr. Anthony cured Dr. Greyson?"

"No, but people did who think just like he does. They call themselves Christian Scientists. I am reading their text book and it is just wonderful."

At the name Christian Science Mrs. Holman became rigid and as Hope paused, exclaimed:

"I don't believe it! I don't believe a word of it! I don't believe Dr. Greyson was ever cured in any such way; and I'm surprised that you should believe it! Don't you know you shouldn't read such books as that? I'm surprised your uncle allows it."

If the jaguar of the mountains had suddenly sprung

into the room, or if the clay image from the cave had started to walk, Hope could not have been more surprised than at Mrs. Holman's words. She started to speak, but Mrs. Holman didn't give her a chance.

"Mr. Armstrong ought to know better than to tell such tales, or to introduce you to such men as Dr. Greyson and that Mr. Anthony. I was sure there was something queer about them. My instinct rarely fails me. They're a couple of schemers."

While Mrs. Holman was speaking Hope arose. The prejudice and folly of the accusation had aroused her sense of justice, and the timid girl gave place to the fearless and discerning woman.

"Mrs. Holman," she said with a quiet dignity and nobility that for the moment quite awed the elder woman, "instinct is an animal sense — a sense which I have already learned is invariably wrong. But it is no more incorrect than your estimate of Dr. Greyson and Mr. Anthony. Why should you doubt that Dr. Greyson was healed by the prayer of righteous, right thinking people? Have you a single bit of evidence to the contrary? No! But instead, you have the word of the Bible which you profess to believe in so implicitly that these very signs shall follow those who really do — not profess to — believe."

Then as she turned to leave: "As for the book which you so condemn, have you ever read it? Have you ever taken the trouble to know what it teaches?"

"No!" exclaimed Mrs. Holman. "Nor do I want to. I know I want nothing to do with Christian Science, or any religion started by a woman."

"And still you are a woman," said Hope, "and if you

would read the book you would find out that almost the first thing which it teaches is love for God, love for our fellowmen and charity toward all who may differ with us in our understanding of what that implies. From my short study of it, I can recommend it to you. I am sure it will do you good. I sincerely regret having annoyed you."

Without further words Hope left the room, and Mrs. Holman made no effort to detain her.

The first person Hope encountered on her way to her apartment was Abijah, who sat on a big granite seat facing the fountain and watching the antics of a couple of wild canaries, which were disporting themselves in the splashing water.

The change in the girl's demeanor quickly attracted the old counsellor's attention. Although fourscore years had dimmed his eye and thinned his locks, they had otherwise rested lightly upon him and his perception was as keen and his spirit as undaunted as in the days when he was helping to put down the greatest ring rule that ever burdened a great metropolis. Always a close student of human nature, his years of legal practice had made him able to detect the slightest change in those with whom he was thrown into close contact, and so, as the girl approached and seated herself at his side, he turned upon her a searching glance as he asked with much concern:

"What is it, child?"

"Uncle Abijah," replied Hope earnestly, "I shall never be a child again."

The old man looked at her in a startled manner.

There was something in her face that confirmed her words and Abijah exclaimed hastily:

"You haven't fallen in love, have you?"

Hope smiled and shook her head. "It's worse than that, Uncle Abijah. My faith in the omnipotence of good has been shaken."

Abijah drew a long breath. To him this did not appear so bad. He had never believed in it.

"And who is the shaker?" he asked with solemn mien, but with a twinkle in his eye.

"I do not believe it is a person at all, as I come to think of it," was her meditative reply. "I think it is my first real glimpse of the malice of mortal mind."

Again Abijah regarded her intently. "What in the name of common sense are you talking about?" he finally asked. "Mortal mind! What do you mean?"

"Perhaps you would call it human nature," explained Hope. "I have frequently heard you talk about the perversity of human nature, and I don't see that names count for much, although I have just discovered they do with some people. Anyway, that's what I mean."

"Yes," mused Abijah, "human nature is perverse. I recollect a case I had in the year —"

"Please don't recollect, Uncle Abijah," put in Hope, as she laid her hand gently on his arm, "but help me to know that in spite of all appearances, there can be nothing but good, because God is good and He is everywhere."

"Of course He is, child! But tell me all about it."

And there beside the cooling fountain, with the sweet notes of the birds as an accompaniment, the beautiful patio as a setting, and the lofty mountain as a back-

ground, Hope told her aged friend and protector all that was in her mind. Told him of her earliest recollections; of her belief in the allness of good; of her lack of the understanding to explain seeming contradictions; of her meeting with Paul Anthony; of the healing of Dr. Greyson; of her study of the text book and the shock caused by the unwarranted attitude of Mrs. Holman.

Abijah listened patiently until she had finished. "I can't see anything serious about it," he commented. "If you believe these things, what do you care what any one else believes?"

"But I am not sure yet that I do," was Hope's reply. "That's the trouble. "That's what makes me unhappy."

"Unhappy?" interrogated Abijah. "Not really unhappy?"

"Yes, Uncle Abijah, really unhappy."

The old man's face assumed an expression of deep distress which almost immediately gave place to one of determination. The one thing with which he was most deeply concerned was his ward's happiness. He loved her better than any child he ever had, and if any one or anything or any condition of circumstances were conspiring to make her unhappy, Abijah knew that he proposed to make it his business to break up the conspiracy. Therefore it was with more than his usual alacrity that he suddenly arose and gave himself a shake that reminded Hope of Marquis when arousing himself from a nap.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"What am I going to do?" he repeated after her. "I am going to put a stop to whatever it is that is making my little girl a woman before her time."

"You can't do that, Uncle Abijah," said Hope earnestly, "because it's too late. I am a woman now; but what you can do is to help make me a happy woman instead of a troubled one."

The old counsellor regarded her intently for a moment ere he replied: "Yes, my little girl has become a woman. She has grown up while I have been asleep; but I am awake now and I expect to stay awake until my trust is ended."

Without more words he turned and strode into the house while Hope called Marquis and took her way to the mountain.

Going directly to Mrs. Holman's door, Abijah found that estimable lady about to come out.

"How fortunate," she exclaimed. "I was just coming to hunt you. I want to talk to you about Hope."

"Madam," replied Abijah, adroitly concealing his purpose, "I appreciate your interest in my niece. I shall be pleased to hear what you have to say."

Seating himself in a chair which Mrs. Holman brought forward, he set his tall hat upon the floor, crossed his long legs and with his elbows on the arms of his chair and with the tips of his thumbs and fingers pressed together, awaited Mrs. Holman's words. His attitude savored so strongly of the lawyer's office and his bearing was so clearly judicial, that for the moment Mrs. Holman was greatly disconcerted and scarcely knew how to begin.

"Well, Madam?" said Abijah interrogatively, indicating that he was ready to listen.

"Well," began Mrs. Holman, "I don't think the matter has as yet become very serious, but I am greatly interested in your niece because of her goodness. She seems to me to be the very highest type of Christian character."

"Madam," said Abijah gravely, "I appreciate your estimate of my niece's character and can assure you of its correctness."

"But," continued Mrs. Holman, with an impressive nod of her head and a tightening of her lips, "in a conversation I had with her today I discovered that she is being led away from the truths of the Bible by a teaching that is from below, not from above."

"You surprise me, Madam!" exclaimed Abijah.

"I thought I would," replied Mrs. Holman in a tone of satisfaction, "I thought I would!" and she spread her hands placidly across her lap.

"But tell me," Abijah interrupted, "what is this — this peculiar teaching which smacks of the lower regions?"

"They call it Christian Science; but it is not."

"No?" again queried the lawyer.

"No!" was the emphatic reply, "It is directly opposed to the Bible."

Abijah looked surprised. "You are sure of this?" he asked. "You are familiar with its teachings? You have investigated?" Then as Mrs. Holman was about to reply: "Remember, Mrs. Holman, this is a serious charge."

"Well," she replied with some hesitation, "I cannot

really say that I have investigated it — personally," and she gave her head another emphatic nod, "but I know they claim to perform miracles — and — and I don't believe it!" And again her chin went up into the air and her lips tightened.

"You don't tell me," said Abijah scratching his chin. "That surely does look questionable. But how do you know this?"

"Why, those two men over at the railroad camp — that Dr. Greyson and his friend Anthony — claim that Dr. Greyson was miraculously healed of a lameness that had kept him in a wheel chair all his life. Why, Mr. Adams, you know that can't be so!"

"Oh, do I?" exclaimed Abijah. "I —"

"Well, don't you?" Mrs. Holman interrupted.

"No," replied Abijah, "I don't know anything about it. But I'm making it my business to find out. What do you know about these two men?"

"What do I know?" ejaculated Mrs. Holman, "I know they are no kind of men to be associating with a fine girl like your niece. My woman's instinct tells me that — and I never make a mistake."

"No?"

"No, sir!" repeated Mrs. Holman. "Now there is Mr. Armstrong; he was cross-grained and disagreeable; but as he himself says, he is no hypocrite. He is just what he claimed to be. But this Mr. Anthony, I'm sure he's bad. I can't tell so much about Dr. Greyson as he doesn't put himself forward; but Mr. Anthony is too good. Nobody can be as good as he claims to be."

"Does he claim to be so good?" asked Abijah.

"Of course he does. Just ask Sir Henry what he told him."

Abijah hesitated. Then with a grim smile: "I can't get at Sir Henry very well right now. Can't you tell me just as well?"

"Certainly; but I thought you might rather get it from Sir Henry."

"Oh, no, Madam! Your word is quite as good as Sir Henry's."

"Well," said Mrs. Holman with a great show of firmness, "he told Sir Henry that he recognized no father but God. Why, Mr. Adams, those are the words of Jesus."

Abijah looked startled. "Really you surprise me, Madam."

"Well he did," replied Mrs. Holman. "Sir Henry and Patrice both told me the same thing. I went and asked her and she is sure he said it. And then he goes and gives your niece the book used by these people, which is full of all sorts of nonsense."

"You have read it then?" asked Abijah.

"Indeed I haven't. Do you think I would allow myself to be so contaminated?"

Abijah looked puzzled but managed to reply: "Of course not! Of course not! But if you haven't read it how do you know what is in it?"

"People have told me," was Mrs. Holman's emphatic answer. "But if you don't believe me, why don't you read it yourself," she continued icily.

"I think I shall — if you think it won't contaminate me," replied Abijah dryly. Then noticing the glitter in Mrs. Holman's eye he hastened to say: "Not of

course that I doubt your word, but just out of curiosity."

Then as he picked up his hat: "I am much obliged to you for your interest in my niece and your thoughtful warning. I shall most certainly look into the matter further."

Outside, in the patio, Abijah again seated himself on the stone bench to think the matter over. His trained legal mind saw clearly all the weak points in Mrs. Holman's arguments and statements; but as a matter of fact he was not so greatly concerned about the truth or falsity of Christian Science as he was about Hope's happiness. If its teaching would make her happy, he was perfectly willing that she should have it; but if it were going to weaken her faith in God — in that great good which had always meant so much to her — and cause her to doubt her fellowman, Abijah was fully determined she should have none of it.

His meditations were interrupted by the return from the excavation of Patrice and Don Antonio, who had gone out to see the explorers make their descent. As they approached Abijah caught the name of Paul Anthony and pricked up his ears.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Patrice as they came near enough for him to hear exactly what was said. "The Countess von Rastadt would not do such a thing."

"But Señorita, she did," was Antonio's reply. "The men at the camp are talking about it. She went there to meet him. A friend of mine —"

They passed out of hearing and Abijah heard no more, but springing to his feet he started to follow and demand an explanation. Ere he had taken half a

dozen steps he bumped into Earl, who came hastily out of his room with Hope's book in his hand.

"Pardon me," exclaimed Earl. Then looking about: "Which way did they go?"

"In there," replied Abijah pointing to the passageway leading to the floor above. "Did you hear what they were saying?"

"Yes, and I want to set Miss Dewar right. Tony is making a mountain out of a molehill."

"What do you know about it?" demanded Abijah.

"The truth," replied Earl, and he proceeded to tell Abijah exactly what Hope had told him.

"And you've known Dr. Greyson for years, haven't you?" queried Abijah.

"Yes, sir!"

"Is it true that he used to be a cripple?"

"I never saw him out of his chair until six months ago," replied Earl.

"What do you know about this Christian Science?"

"Only what Greyson has told me and what I've read during the past hour. It looks good to me!"

"But is it?" queried Abijah. "That's the question?"

"Here's the book," said Earl, "you can read for yourself."

"Not right now," said Abijah. "But I'd like to talk to somebody that knows."

"Then why don't you talk to Mr. Anthony?"

"That's just exactly what I propose to do," replied Abijah emphatically. "There's a lot of things I want to tell him. I'm not going to have him or any other man making Hope unhappy as long as my head's above the ground."

CHAPTER XVII

ABIJAH TAKES TESTIMONY

It must have been a couple of hours after breakfast, at least every one else about the hacienda was enjoying his or her siesta, when Abijah Adams came out of his room clad in an unusual costume. Instead of his tall hat, he wore a wide-rimmed sombrero that he had borrowed from Don Miguel. He had removed his long frock coat and vest and was in his shirt sleeves. Around his neck he had tied a red bandanna handkerchief, while his trousers were tucked into his boots in true cowboy fashion.

Looking out into the patio and around the portico to see that he was not observed, he made his way quickly to the stables. Here, too, every one was asleep, but Abijah soon aroused Nicanor and bade him saddle the mustang he was accustomed to ride, and to "be quick about it."

"Bueno, Señor!" said Nicanor hastily doing as he was bid. "Does the Señor want me to go with him?"

"Oh no!" replied Abijah. "I'm fully able to go alone," and mounting his horse with more alacrity than Nicanor had supposed him capable of, he was soon climbing the mountain on his way to Coyle's camp — as the place was commonly known.

When Hope awakened an hour later and went to

call him, as was her wont, he was not, of course, to be found. There was his long tail coat and tall hat, but no one about the house could tell where he had gone. Considerable excitement ensued for a few minutes until Earl found Nicanor and learned from him of Abijah's departure.

"Where do you suppose he has gone?" asked Hope.

Earl felt pretty certain but only replied:

"Just prospecting, I guess. He was saying the other day that he must get better acquainted with the country."

Still Hope was not satisfied, and she might have been less so had she known that at this particular time the old lawyer was alighting at Paul Anthony's tent in quest of information.

Busy at his desk, Paul turned his head at the sound of the horse's tread, but not recognizing his visitor in his strange attire, continued at his work. It was not until Abijah had entered the tent and removed his sombrero that Paul saw who he really was. Then he hastily arose and with extended hand, greeted him cordially. Abijah refused the proffered hand saying:

"No, Mr. Anthony, I do not know whether I want to shake hands with you or not, and until I find out, I won't."

The surprise expressed in Paul's face was so evident that Abijah hastened to add: "I'm putting it this way because I want to be absolutely honest with you and I hope you will be with me. I am going to give you plain words and I want plain words in return. That's the only way we'll ever get at what we both want to know."

"That is surely the scientific way," was Paul's non-committal reply.

Abijah looked puzzled. The use of the word "scientific" in connection with the subject in hand, was so unusual that it interrupted his train of thought and interfered with his carefully prepared speech to such an extent that for the moment he was unable to proceed. But his long legal training stood him in good stead and he shortly continued:

"The thing I came to ask you about is this: What is there in this new teaching of yours that makes my niece unhappy and —"

"Wait a minute!" interrupted Paul. "One question at a time. You ask me what there is in the teaching of Christian Science that makes your niece unhappy! Before I answer that I must ask if you are sure that she is unhappy."

"She says she is. She says it is causing her to doubt the honesty of her fellowman."

"I don't understand!" said Paul. "In what respect?"

Abijah rubbed his chin. "Well," he began slowly, "as near as I can answer, because some one to whom she spoke about it, said that it was from below — not from above."

Paul's face cleared. "They said that of the works of Jesus," he declared, "charging that he healed through Beelzebub. Is that the only reason she is unhappy?"

"No! She's unhappy because her mind is disturbed."

"That is more to the point, Mr. Adams; but," moving his chair near to Abijah, "you are a lawyer and

able to follow a line of reasoning. Let us see if that is not really a healthy condition of thought."

Abijah assumed a judicial attitude, which contrasted strangely with his attire, as Paul proceeded.

"I will put a short hypothetical question," he said. "We will suppose that you are a hard-working mechanic and for years have done your work to the best of your ability, with the means at hand. But one day you discover that the machine you are working with — say a hoisting crane — involves a principle, which if correctly understood and applied, would enable you to do much more than you ever had done. You, therefore, set about mastering the principle, that you may use it in making a better machine. For a long time you are unable to accomplish your purpose. Not only that, but you get no encouragement from the other mechanics with whom you talk? Do you follow me?" asked Paul.

Abijah nodded his head.

"Then," said Paul, "I am going to ask you what would be the result of your failure?"

"It's hard to tell," replied Abijah thoughtfully. "I might get discouraged and quit, or I might work harder."

"But in either event," laughed Paul, "you would become dissatisfied with your old machine and greatly disturbed in thought."

"Without doubt!" said Abijah.

"And if your belief in the principle were strong enough, you would continue your efforts until you had succeeded?"

"Very likely"

"That," said Paul, "is exactly the condition of your

niece. She has been given nothing new. I learned from my little talk with her that her first knowledge of what is a living reality to her, came through this teaching. Now, for the first time, she is learning that there is a divine Principle which governs all these things and she is striving to understand it. Spiritual as her thought has been, she now discovers how much more so it might be, and she is in the position of those of whom Jesus said: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' "

"Hold on, Mr. Anthony! Hold on!" exclaimed Abijah suddenly. "Hope isn't poor in spirit. She is rich!"

"Yes?" interrogated Paul. "Whom do you consider poor — not in Spirit, but in this world's goods?"

"Why," replied Abijah, "the man who has little or nothing."

"And the man who has much is rich? is that your idea?"

"Well, not exactly," replied Abijah, "because what might seem plenty to me, might seem mighty little to you."

"Exactly," replied Paul. "The poor man is one who wants more of something. So the poor in spirit are those who desire more spirituality. Being in this condition of thought, they strive to obtain more and this enables them to attain at last to that perfect spiritual condition and harmony, which is heaven.

"Be thankful, Mr. Adams, that your niece is perturbed. It will help her to advance."

"You talk well, Mr. Anthony," observed Abijah. "You'd have made a mighty good lawyer."

"I am one!" laughed Paul.

"Is that so?" with much interest. "You're not practicing now, though?"

"Yes," again laughed Paul, "all the time, to the very best of my ability. But," he continued more seriously, "the law I am trying to practice is not in human statute books, although the best of such laws are patterned after it. The law I am striving to practice is the law of God."

"Isn't that rather idealistic?" queried Abijah meditatively, his talk with Paul having brushed away the cobwebs which had been forming over his lively intellect.

"Perhaps," replied Paul, "but isn't Christianity the height of idealism? Christ Jesus was the greatest idealist that ever trod this earth; but He made His idealism practical by His deeds. The reason He advanced the kingdom of God here, was that He lived the precepts that He taught. He brought heaven within the grasp of all and made no attempt to raise others until He had first raised Himself, hence His words, 'For I, if I be lifted up, shall draw all men unto me.'"

"If you live up to your words, you have an exceedingly high standard of religion," declared Abijah, "but I thought that Christian Science was simply some sort of a mind cure."

"Not some sort of a mind cure," said Paul, "but Mind cure — the healing action of that Mind which is God; which is omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent Life, Truth, and Love."

"Um-m-m!" said Abijah slowly nodding his head. "So that is it?"

"Yes, that is it!" Paul continued earnestly. "Christian Science stands today in the same relation to the world that St. Paul stood in relation to the men of Athens to whom he said: 'Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you'

"Christian Science is today declaring to the world that God whom it has so long been ignorantly worshipping, and this correct knowledge of God is health, happiness, and life eternal, as Jesus declared."

"It's a pretty big subject, isn't it?" remarked Abijah meditatively.

"The greatest in the world!"

"And by the way," continued Abijah, "in that hypothetical question, you mentioned a principle. Do you think there is any principle involved in this sort of healing?"

"Do I? Why, Mr. Adams, Christianity is founded on Principle, the application of which is by the Golden Rule of 'love thy neighbor as thyself.' It is the application of this Principle that destroys darkness with light, hate with love, fear with trust, and error of every name and nature with truth. Our spiritual perception of this Principle comes as a revelation, and at once we are aroused to its possibilities. This is the condition in which your niece today finds herself. Our ability to use this Principle comes slowly. It is only as we apply, each day, the little we do comprehend, that we

finally reach those heights of Spiritual understanding attained by the master."

So interested had Abijah become in Paul's words, which were clearly those of an honest and educated man, that he had practically forgotten the object of his visit until the reference to spiritual heights recalled Mrs. Holman's words. Then he said with a grim smile:

"You evidently do not consider that this teaching comes from below?"

Paul caught the dryness of Abijah's humor and replied: "You would hardly expect me to when Jesus said: 'Go ye into all the world; heal the sick, cast out devils!' I have learned that you cannot destroy darkness with darkness, hate with still greater hatred, nor error with error."

While Paul spoke, Abijah's thoughts had taken a new turn. The reference to the words of the Master had given a new trend to his meditation and as he let his gaze wander out over the mountains, he recalled a picture he had once seen of Jesus preaching on the hills of Galilee. Paul noted his abstraction and remained silent while the old counsellor sat for some moments lost in thought. At length he spake, his mind evidently more effected by the mental picture than by his immediate surroundings:

"It was a strange life," he said slowly and without the slightest change of expression — "that of Jesus Christ! Who can form the slightest idea of what was in his mind — his concept of man and of God that caused him at one time to call himself the son of man and again the son of God."

Then as he withdrew his gaze from the hills and again became conscious of his surroundings:

"Have you ever considered these things, Mr. Anthony?"

"Often, Mr. Adams."

"And how do you account for his words?"

"By the duality of his nature. Jesus, as I understand from my study of the Bible in the light of Mrs. Eddy's explanation, was the son of man — the son of Mary. Christ was the son of God — the divine idea of sonship; 'the way, the truth, and the life' through which we are able to arrive at our unity with God, just as did Christ Jesus."

"U-m-m!" said Abijah, "Then how do you explain your statement to Sir Henry that you recognize no father but God?"

Paul smiled broadly: "So you have been talking with Sir Henry?"

"No," admitted Abijah with a quirk of his mouth. "I got it second-hand."

"Just hearsay evidence," said Paul.

"That's all," laughed Abijah.

"And like all hearsay testimony a bit distorted," continued Paul. "What I really said was, that God was man's only Ancestor, because Jesus said, 'call no man your father on earth for one is your father which is in heaven.' This is hardly saying that I recognize no father but God. However, I do not mind telling you that I am trying, through divine science, to reach such an understanding, just as through natural science I am learning that what we term matter — even to our physical senses — is but a combination of forces.

"The apostle John must have come close to this understanding when he wrote, 'now are we the sons of God, but it doth not yet appear what we shall be,' meaning as I understand it that while we know through the teachings of Christ Jesus that man is the son of God — not a man of flesh with a soul inside — it is not yet clear to us what that term 'son of God' really means."

Again Abijah regarded the speaker intently. "You are a strange man, Mr. Anthony," he at length said, "but I am sure you are an honest one. I should be a poor student of human nature if, after more than forty years of legal practice, I could not see that; but are you sure you are not misguided? Are you sure that it is this religion — this knowledge of God as you put it — that heals the sick, as I can see it would heal the sinner?"

"Mr. Adams," replied Paul, "do not consider me in the slightest as a flatterer, when I say it is a pleasure to talk to a man like you, whose mind is trained to an appreciation of what is and what is not evidence. Much, however, of what seems evidence to me, may not seem evidence to you, as we are looking at this matter from an altogether different viewpoint. But there is a common ground, I believe, from which we may view the testimony — namely our belief in the works of Christ Jesus. Do you believe that his works proved anything?"

"I certainly do!" declared Abijah. "They proved his understanding of the higher, I might say, the divine law."

"Exactly!" acquiesced Paul. "And you do not, then, look upon them as miracles?"

"I never have!" replied Abijah. "I have always looked upon them as the operation of a higher law, setting aside what we have called natural laws — just as in legal practice the law of supersedeas suspends the operation of some common law. I believe that is Bishop Channing's definition of miracles."

"I think it was Huxley," said Paul, "who in discussing miracles made this statement: 'If by chance you should let slip a hammer and, instead of falling to the ground, it should remain suspended in the air, in place of calling it a miracle, the obvious thing to do would be to discover what more powerful force, or law, had made inoperative the law of gravitation. So it is in trying to understand the works of Jesus. Instead of calling them miracles, we should try to discover the higher law which Jesus demonstrated."

"That's the word," exclaimed Abijah. "He demonstrated — He proved these laws! The best evidence in the world that he understood them!"

"That," said Paul, "is the evidence that Christians should always be able to offer and which the science of Christianity enables them to do. That is the evidence that I have been able to offer many, many times. All over the world today, the students of this science are proving their knowledge of God and His laws by their healing works."

"And do you mean to tell me," queried Abijah with the most intense interest, "that the method of healing used by Jesus has been reduced to such a science that any one can learn to practice it?"

"Such is my most sincere belief," was Paul's emphatic reply.

"Do you think my niece could learn it?"

"My dear sir," was Paul's unexpected answer, "I have no doubt that she knows it now. The fundamental knowledge of this science was taught her before she had ever learned anything else. It is a part of her nature. All that she now needs, is to realize the answer to her prayers."

"Prayers!" exclaimed Abijah. "I do not understand. What has prayer to do with it?"

"The Christianly scientific treatment of the sick is prayer," replied Paul. "The prayer of affirmation born of an understanding that all things are possible to God; the prayer that realizes its answer ere it is asked, just as Jesus at the tomb of Lazarus gave thanks for the answer to His prayer before He bade Lazarus come forth, or even there was the slightest manifestation of an answer."

Abijah shook his head.

"I thought at first that I saw it all," he said. "Now I begin to see that it is too great a subject for a single lesson."

"Indeed it is," said Paul. "The only way to learn it, is to live and grow into it; and as for instruction, I am sure that within a very few days your niece will be able to teach you much better than I. She will certainly be able to give you some practical demonstrations."

Abijah picked his sombrero from the floor and arose to go.

"You must pardon me for taking up your time, Mr. Anthony; but the happiness of my niece is my greatest

concern. From our talk I feel that there is nothing to fear."

"Not only is there nothing to fear, Mr. Adams, replied Paul earnestly, "but there is much to be thankful for. She is just now beginning to learn what Jesus meant when He said: 'I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.' "

He followed Abijah to where he had tethered his horse.

"You'll have a warm ride home," he said.

"But not as hot as it was coming over," remarked Abijah. "I feel considerably cooler than I did then."

Paul smiled at the implied condition of the old counsellor's thought and the smile broadened as Abijah turned suddenly and extended his hand.

"I hope you'll take it," he said.

Paul seized it with a hearty grasp, exclaiming:

"You didn't have any doubt of it, did you?"

"Not enough to hurt me," replied Abijah with an attempt at levity; but as he mounted his horse and rode away, he surreptitiously wiped a tear from the corner of his eye.

"And I'll declare," he suddenly exclaimed as he neared the hacienda, "I never asked the other half of that question."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER

Mrs. Holman could hardly wait for her husband to return home from his day's exploration to tell him the news. Putting two and two together, as the phrase goes, she was satisfied from her talk with Abijah that his absence from La Goleta was for the purpose of seeing Paul Anthony and, as she expressed it to her husband, "telling him a few things."

"What on earth," asked Prof. Holman, "did you want to get mixed up in this thing for? What business is it of yours what these people believe?"

His wife stopped short in the midst of dressing for dinner, and, with a look that should have made him ashamed of himself, but didn't, exclaimed: "William Carr Holman, do you think I could sit quietly by and see that poor, deluded girl started straight on to the road to perdition, without raising my hand to prevent it?"

"She appears sufficiently intelligent to me, to know right from wrong!" was the professor's reply.

"Ordinarily yes," said his wife. "But this is an extraordinary matter. While Hope is perfectly able to protect herself from any wolf which might assail her in its true character, she has had too little experience with the world to detect the wolf which appears in sheep's clothing, seeking whom it may devour."

"Oh, pshaw, Cornelia! you're too melodramatic. Nobody wants to devour her, although I'll admit," said the professor as he plucked his beard with an attempt at humor, "she does look good enough to eat."

"Professor Holman!" exclaimed his wife severely, "this is not an occasion for levity; and besides," she added parenthetically, "a man of your age might be in a good deal better business than paying such close attention to young women!"

"Close attention," he exclaimed, his temper getting the better of him, "you don't have to pay close attention to a girl like that to discover her good points; you can't help seeing them unless you are blind — and I'm not!" he added.

Seeing that she was on the wrong tack, Mrs. Holman adroitly changed her course by saying: "Well, it's not Hope von Rastadt that we are discussing anyway. It's that designing man Anthony and his satellite, Dr. Greyson."

"I'm not even discussing them," declared the professor. "It's your folly in getting mixed up in something that doesn't concern you that I object to. What's Anthony ever done to you?"

"Nothing!" snapped Mrs. Holman, "but there's no use in talking to you until you've had your dinner. A hungry man's like a hungry bear, — there's no living with him!"

Later in the evening, however, Mrs. Holman returned to the subject. It was after most of the others had retired and Don Felix and Sir Henry had stopped to ask the Professor what time he wished to start for the cave on the following morning.

"Oh, whenever it suits you, Don Felix," he replied; "that is if I don't have to stay at home and look after my wife!"

"The señora is not ill?" asked Don Felix in deep concern.

"Oh, no, just busy!" laughed Professor Holman.

"I suppose you mean I'm too busy," said Mrs. Holman tartly, after Don Felix had passed on, "but I'll leave it to Sir Henry if he doesn't think Paul Anthony a dangerous man?"

"Why," was Sir Henry's somewhat hesitating reply, "I hadn't noticed it."

Mrs. Holman looked up in startled surprise.

"Didn't you tell me over at camp the other day that he called God his only father?"

"Well, something like that," replied Sir Henry, "and you said it was the height of Christian teaching."

"What! Me? Never!" exclaimed Mrs. Holman fiercely, in her sudden antagonism to a name having forgotten how well she had previously thought of Paul's views.

Sir Henry grew very red in the face as he stammered: "Why — why, that's the way I understood it!"

"I'm afraid," interrupted Patrice coming to her father's rescue, and still not wishing for reasons of her own to antagonize Mrs. Holman, "that father is too absorbed in his explorations right now to pay very close attention to anything else."

Mrs. Holman fairly beamed on the girl as she replied: "I know these scientific men. They forget everything when they get busy with some interesting

subject. They not only forget what they hear and say, but they even forget their wives. Don't marry one."

"I never shall," declared Patrice with a toss of her head.

"What?" exclaimed Prof. Holman. "I've been expecting to hear something different for the past couple of months. And besides —" with a quizzical smile, "the new discoveries promise still greater honors."

"All of which doesn't interest me," replied Patrice. Then with a little attempt to turn the matter aside: "A girl must have a little entertainment, you know, and when there's small choice takes the best she can. But now —"

She stopped abruptly and her flushed cheeks took on a rosier hue. If either of the gentlemen noted it they thought it the result of Prof. Holman's quizzing; but as the girl and her father passed on and the Holmans also arose to retire, the better half of the family, or at least the most observing half, said to herself: "I wonder which of the two it is?"

At first Mrs. Holman thought she would discuss it with her husband, but her recent experience was too fresh in her mind to permit her to take any chances, so she kept her own counsel; but so strong was the good lady's curiosity that she determined to make it her business to find out. Accordingly, the next morning at coffee she proposed to Patrice that they go for a stroll, trusting that a few adroit questions would give her a clue. Much to her chagrin Don Antonio overheard her invitation and suggested that he should be pleased to accompany them. Mrs. Holman would have nega-

tived the proposal, but for some reason Patrice gladly accepted his offer.

"I haven't been out a great deal," she said, "and there are many things I wish to ask about that Don Antonio can explain," and she beamed upon him in a manner that for the moment drove Hope out of his mind.

"Now, what is she up to?" mused Mrs. Holman, for she knew Patrice's opinion of Don Antonio and her quick wit told her there was something back of this unalloyed sweetness.

"Which way shall we go?" asked Don Antonio.

"Oh, up the mountains!" exclaimed Patrice without giving Mrs. Holman a chance to speak. "There's nothing to be seen on the plain."

"But let's be careful," said Mrs. Holman, determined not to be led into any ambush, "not to go near Miss von Rastadt's retreat."

"I don't even know where it is," replied Patrice. "Do you, Don Antonio?"

"Yes," he replied. "Señor Armstrong and I stumbled upon it while out hunting one morning."

"How nice!" exclaimed Patrice.

"I'm afraid she didn't think so, Señorita," and an ugly scowl appeared on Don Antonio's face. "We interrupted a very interesting tete-a-tete."

"What! Up here in the woods?" asked Mrs. Holman in surprise. "With whom?"

Don Antonio looked at Patrice, but said nothing.

"Do you know, Miss Dewar?" insisted Mrs. Holman noting Don Antonio's look.

"With Mr. Anthony, I presume. Wasn't it, Don Antonio?" and Patrice smiled sweetly.

"Si, Señorita," was the almost angry reply.

Mrs. Holman stiffened, likewise her demeanor as she asked:

"What was he doing up there, I should like to know?"

"Quien sabe!" replied Don Antonio. "He said he was getting the lay of the land. I believe he comes up here every day."

"Oh, he does!" exclaimed Mrs. Holman. "I see!" and she suddenly bent on Patrice such a look that that usually cool and haughty young person blushed to the roots of her hair. "And I see other things," she thought to herself. "This is too easy!"

Out loud she said: "Well I hope we won't meet him here. My opinion of Mr. Anthony has considerably changed within the past few days. I think he's a dangerous man!"

Don Antonio's face brightened while Patrice tried to appear unconcerned, but failed ignominiously.

"He is dangerous," said Don Antonio, "in more ways than one. In these days of internal troubles in Mexico, we cannot be too careful of these Americans who, in the guise of railroad constructors, gain a great influence over a large number of the ignorant peons."

"I think you are quite right," acquiesced Mrs. Holman, "a man with his religious principles, is a dangerous man to gain an influence over any one," and the speaker cast a significant glance at Patrice. "Already his influence over Miss von Rastadt is most alarming."

"Bueno!" said Don Antonio. And then assuming a

more confidential manner, "But I have taken steps to prevent him from doing any mischief and if necessary to have him taken out of the country."

"What?" asked Patrice in a startled manner, "You wouldn't harm him?"

"Oh no, Señorita, not unless he compelled us to use force."

"But do you really think he would go so far as to incite a revolution?" asked Mrs. Holman, her curiosity again getting the upper hand of her dignity.

"Perhaps not to incite," replied Don Antonio cautiously, "but to encourage one. You know the railroads, built largely with foreign capital, all have a leaning to the United States of the North."

"How romantic," said Patrice, who had by this time regained her composure and had taken her mental bearings, as it suddenly dawned upon her that Don Antonio's charges were undoubtedly due to his jealousy. "I shall watch developments with the greatest interest."

Then as another and more subtle thought entered her mind: "But I wouldn't mention this to Miss von Rastadt. If she has been attracted to him at all, as Mrs. Holman suggests, the very danger which threatens him will but make him more attractive. Don't you think so, Mrs, Holman?"

Mrs. Holman admitted that she did, but having discovered that Patrice was, herself, much interested in that quarter, she thought she saw through the motive for the suggestion.

For some minutes they clambered up the mountainside. Finally they reached a spot where they could get a good view of the surrounding country. Here they

paused to enjoy the scenery and among other things to note the activity in the vicinity of the camp, which could be distinctly seen some two miles away.

"That's Mr. Anthony now, isn't it?" asked Patrice pointing to a lone horseman riding toward the camp some little distance away."

"No," replied Don Antonio, "I should say from his back it is Dr. Greyson."

"So it is," said Patrice with an air of assumed indifference, "but by the way, Don Antonio, what are you going to do to prevent Mr. Anthony from encouraging a revolution?"

"Ah, Señorita," he replied blowing a cloud of smoke from his cigarette, "that is a secret."

"You'd better tell us," laughed Mrs. Holman, "or we might accidentally interfere with your plans."

"No danger!" he laughed. "There's only one person who could interfere and he's out of the state."

Having found out all she could, Mrs. Holman suggested that they return to the house. Patrice full of a new determination was perfectly willing, and as they walked slowly homeward her mind was busy developing a plan whereby she could get this secret from Don Antonio and divulge it to Paul, around whom she was now more than ever weaving a glamor of romance, with herself as the heroine. So far, she had not stopped to consider that there might be another. When she did, the possibility changed her from a sentimental girl to a designing woman.

CHAPTER XIX

HAVING DOMINION

For several days after the events narrated in the preceding chapters, an atmosphere of abstraction pervaded the household of La Goleta to such an extent that Don Miguel remarked to his wife that he feared that their guests were not enjoying themselves. But he need have given himself no concern, for each in his or her own particular way was extremely interested. The archaeologists were reaching a point in their research where the developments from day to day were most absorbing. Don Antonio and Patrice were busy with their plottings. Mrs. Holman and Abijah had their own problems to work out and Hope and Earl had been so absorbed in their reading, that for nearly a week the latter had entirely given over his interest in the hunt, greatly to the anxiety of Guadelupe who, seeing him so changed in demeanor, feared that he was ill.

She had no reason for her anxiety, however, for Earl was never in a healthier condition of mind and body; and when one morning Nicanor brought him word that the jaguar, as they were all now convinced it was, had again visited the sheepfold, he at once prepared for another tramp in search of it.

This time the animal had not been so careful in covering up its tracks as before, and when they started

out directly after coffee, the trail was fresh, and it seemed as though they would be led directly to its lair. But in this they were woefully disappointed, for at a point directly overlooking the hacienda, the trail ended at the foot of a huge tree and there was nothing to indicate in which direction the animal had gone.

"It must have climbed the tree," exclaimed Earl, "and that is the reason we have had such a hard time locating it. You don't see it up there, do you, Nicanor?"

"No, Señor, but I can see where it sprang from the tree to that overhanging rock. Don't you see where he tore the dirt away? He must have missed his footing."

"Sure as you live," declared Earl, "and there's no way we can follow him without going a long way around. We might as well do it and take up the trail again at the top of the crag."

"I hope we shall not meet it up there, Señor!"

"It would be pretty close quarters, wouldn't it?" said Earl.

"Si, Señor!" replied Nicanor emphatically, "I once knew a panther, in its death struggle, to kill two dogs and the man who shot it. A jaguar is much more fierce."

"Well," replied Earl, as he peered cautiously about, "we'll try and get a shot at it from a long enough distance to avoid taking any chances."

They accordingly retraced their steps in order that they might take a circuitous route more in the open.

As they emerged from the forest they came unexpectedly upon Paul Anthony who, with a couple of assistants, was making a survey of the eastern slope of the mountain.

"Well?" asked Earl after they had passed the time of day, "what is the prospect?"

"Very good, I should say," was Paul's reply. "We shall certainly have no trouble in avoiding a long tunnel, but I expect we shall have to bore a short distance through the summit. That, however will be only the work of weeks, while the other would have been the labor of years."

Earl stopped to look down the valley. "I don't for the life of me see how you are going to get up here." he finally said.

"Why," explained Paul, "I am going to start up the mountain on the other side of the valley, cross the pocket and come up here from the north instead of the south."

Earl followed the direction indicated by the sweep of Paul's hand as he replied with an ejaculation of surprise: "Dead easy, isn't it? Why didn't any one ever think of it before?"

"Because," replied Paul, "they have been studying the problem from a wrong viewpoint. Instead of trying to find an easy way up the mountain, they should have placed themselves on the summit and from there spied out the practical way down."

"The point of view is everything, isn't it?" said Earl.

"Absolutely," agreed Paul. "I was thinking only the other day on this subject, and you are especially in a position to appreciate my thought, Mr. Armstrong. We have both been around the world and know by actual proving that it is round; but we found no place, as far as we could see where it was not flat.

"On the very summit of this mountain, perhaps," pointing upward, "we might get a wide enough horizon

to gain the slightest suggestion of a curve. 'But,' thought I to myself, 'if I could keep on getting farther and farther away from the earth, until the whole contour was within my focal distance, then I could see that it was a globe.' "

"A very plain illustration," said Earl, "of the relative value of viewpoints."

"So it seemed to me. But here is another phase of the same subject. While at present I can not get bodily far enough away from the earth to see that it is round, in my mind's eye I can. Through my knowledge of natural science, I can at any and all times, by shutting out the evidence of my physical sight, see a round earth."

"I suppose we might call that the scientific viewpoint," laughed Earl.

"Well, yes, if that's our idea of science. I was about to suggest, however," continued Paul, "a more metaphysical application of the illustration."

Earl rested the stock of his rifle on the ground and leaned his arm upon the muzzle. In the conversation, the jaguar had somehow slipped his memory, and he listened attentively while Paul continued:

"As I realized that by gradually increasing my distance from the earth I should gain a more correct view of its form, so do I also realize that by constantly getting farther and farther away from a material sense of the universe, we shall be better able to judge the condition and form of all things material; that as we finally obtain the correct viewpoint, we shall be able to recognize thoughts instead of things and thus, at last, we shall be able to see the universe of

Spirit — the universe created by God — in which everything is spiritual and good."

For a brief space Earl made no reply and then as he again shouldered his rifle, he exclaimed: "That will surely be a happy day! If that time ever comes, I expect that we will not have to be out on a mission like this," and he tapped the stock of his gun.

"'And they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain,'" quoted Paul. "I do not consider it necessary to wait until we can realize the completeness of these words, however, in order to rid ourselves of wild beasts, because in the very beginning — as we read in the first chapter of Genesis — man was given dominion over every living thing. Just in proportion as we realize God's spiritual creation and understand that all things created by God are good, we are able to exercise this dominion."

Not comprehending except in a vague sort of a way what Paul was talking about, Earl laughingly replied:

"You can rest assured if I can locate this destroyer of flocks, whether panther or jaguar, I shall exercise dominion, unless my aim fails — even if it has nine lives as they say." He strode away followed by Nicanor in the direction he believed the animal to have taken, while Paul, having located his level at that particular point, called in his helpers and moved farther up the mountain.

About this time, having likewise detected that atmosphere which had disturbed Don Miguel, Hope von Rastadt, book in hand, betook herself to her mountain study, where she was quickly absorbed in her reading and meditations. Once or twice she heard noises in

the distance which suggested to her the presence of the hunters and once, as she raised her eyes, she noted that Marquis was up and sniffing the air instead of sleeping as was his wont.

So full, however, were her thoughts of the great truths she had been studying that she gave little heed to what was passing about her until aroused by a shout of: "Mira! Mira, Señor! There he is!"

At the same instant, with a fierce growl that was more of a snarl than the usual deep-throated utterance he was accustomed to make, Marquis bounded up the rock to her side and stood fiercely at bay.

Startled by the shout and the unexpected action of Marquis, Hope sprang to her feet and looked in the direction indicated by the dog. There a sight met her gaze which fairly drove the blood back to her heart and made her sick with fear.

Crouching on the other edge of the rock, not fifteen feet away, was a jaguar of unusual size and ferocious aspect. With quivering lips and eyes aflame it lashed its tail and uttered ferocious snarls, while it crouched lower and still lower as it gathered itself to spring upon its helpless prey. The sinuous body, clothed in its wonderfully spotted skin and quivering with rage, reminded Hope of a serpent, and like the bird which is drawn within its reach, so did she feel herself charmed and stupefied by its fearful presence.

Instinctively the girl's hand clutched Marquis' back and he, too, she noted almost without realizing it, was trembling with fear. She could not move; she could not scream; she could only stand and look, expecting

every minute to see the brute spring and to feel his fearful claws tearing at her flesh.

To shut out the sight, she closed her eyes and raised her thought in prayer to that omnipotent God, whom alone, she knew, was able to save her.

Following Nicanor's shout, and almost at the exact moment that Hope discovered the jaguar, Earl appeared in the clearing that surrounded the boulder. He took in the situation at a glance, and, although his blood fairly ran cold with the threatened danger, he quickly brought his rifle to his shoulder. The distance was so short he had no fear of missing his aim and yet, if the bullet failed to reach a spot that would kill the brute instantly, he knew that the danger was almost as great as though he missed. True, Marquis was there with his great strength, but Earl knew only too well that one stroke from those terrible claws would tear him to shreds. All this flashed through his mind quicker than aught save thought, and for the instant, fear seemed to unnerve him and he could feel his hand tremble.

"Why?" was the question that passed through his mind. He had faced as fierce and bigger game in the South American jungle? He had stood alone against the king of beasts and the man-eating tiger of India. Why should he fear now?

The answer came as a revelation, accompanied by the paralyzing query: "Have I again found happiness only to lose it? Impossible!"

The thought nerved his hand and he again stiffened the rifle against his shoulder.

But ere he could press the trigger a form came swiftly from behind. He felt his weapon turned vio-

lently aside, and on the instant Paul Anthony, leaping forward, stood unarmed upon the rock, facing the angry beast.

Attracted by the unexpected approach of another enemy, the jaguar, without relaxing its quivering muscles or changing its ferocious attitude, turned its gaze upon the newcomer. That look was its undoing, for in Paul's eyes it encountered something it had never met before — a thought free from all fear! It encountered the power of spiritual understanding, that sense of dominion which is the birthright of man in God's image. It encountered the power of love, which is able to overcome every form of anger and hatred, no matter how expressed.

Slowly the animal's tail ceased its lashing. Slowly its tense muscles relaxed. The look of anger in its blazing eyes gave place to one of fear and, after a period of time whose duration no one could determine, the jaguar slowly dropped its eyes, uttered one cry of terror and turning, bounded out of sight into the thicket.

The entire incident, from the moment Nicanor uttered his first shout until the jaguar had disappeared from sight, could not have occupied more than two or three minutes, but to those who had been participants it seemed many times as long. Nicanor was the first to voice his recognition of the animal's departure by exclaiming in a tone of the deepest regret:

"There he goes! There he goes! We've lost him again!"

The shout broke the spell which held them. Marquis

made a bound forward, but was stopped by a word from Paul, who also replied to Nicanor's words by saying:

"Yes, we've lost him — this time, I think, for good."

And in passing it may be just as well to state that Paul's opinion was correct, and the animal was never again seen or heard of in that region.

Striving her best to realize the presence of God, whose omnipotence and omnipresence alone could save her, Hope had been unconscious of what was passing on around her, until, aroused by the cry of the beast, she felt Marquis spring forward. Realizing the answer to her prayer, she sank down upon the seat from which she had arisen only a few moments before, and with her head bowed upon her arms exclaimed softly to herself:

" 'He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust!' Father in heaven, I thank thee!"

Seeing her thus, Earl sprang upon the rock and kneeling at her side took her hands tenderly in his own as he exclaimed with much feeling:

"Miss von Rastadt! Hope, do not fear! Thank God the danger is passed!"

"That is what I am doing — thanking God for my deliverance —" she said raising her head.

The blood rushed to Earl's face as he quickly released her hands and assumed a more dignified posture.

"Pardon me!" he exclaimed as he raised his hat. "I thought the strain had been too great for you. I was considerably agitated myself."

"So I perceive," was Hope's reply, and Earl noted with pleasure that there was neither in her look or tone any trace of anger.

Attracted by Earl's actions, Paul could not very well fail to hear his words nor Hope's reply, and he remarked with a quizzical smile that under such a stress one might be permitted to become a bit agitated.

"But tell me," said Hope earnestly, "what frightened it away?"

Earl looked at Paul and waited for him to answer; but when he did not immediately do so, Earl asked: "Didn't you see?"

"I saw nothing!" was Hope's reply. "I was praying — praying as I am beginning to learn how, through reading that wonderful book, Mr. Anthony."

"And I have no doubt," declared Paul impressively, "that the flight of the beast was a direct answer to that prayer."

CHAPTER XX

YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Had it not been for Nicanor, the happenings just related would never have passed beyond the knowledge of the participants; but not understanding in the slightest the significance of what he had seen, he looked upon Paul as the most wonderful of men. He had heard stories of lion tamers and others, who, by a look, were able to quell the most ferocious of beasts, and it was thus he considered Paul. In spite of many warnings, therefore, to say nothing about the matter, when he came to tell about seeing the jaguar, he related the whole occurrence.

When the story reached the ears of Don Antonio his jealousy knew no bounds. He was simply unable to restrain himself and mounting his horse he started for San Geronimo to make further arrangements for carrying out his threats against Paul.

On the way over he encountered Coyle. Although Coyle had mentioned no names to Paul, Don Antonio was the "young Mexican" to whom he had referred in excusing his actions for sending the train back on the morning of the breakfast, when a collision was so narrowly averted. The men had not met since and mindful of Coyle's expressions of hatred of Paul at that time, but unmindful of his change of heart, Don An-

tonio looked upon the meeting as a great piece of luck.

"Buenos dias, cavallero!" he exclaimed as he airily waved his hand. "How do you find yourself this morning?"

Coyle glanced up. Remembering how Don Antonio had fed his anger at their last meeting, he replied gruffly: "Well enough."

"Where is the Jefe this morning?" continued Don Antonio, thinking to irritate him by his reference to Paul as the chief.

Coyle jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward the camp: "You'll find him in his office if you want to see him!" he replied.

Don Antonio shrugged his shoulders. "I don't want to see him," he said, "but I suppose you've heard of his latest achievement."

"No," replied Coyle, "I've business enough looking after me own affairs."

Don Antonio felt the rebuff, but he was determined to arouse Coyle if possible, so continued: "You'll be interested in this I am sure," and he proceeded to tell of the routing of the jaguar, remarking in conclusion: "Quite a clever piece of animal training, was it not?"

Coyle made no direct reply, but recalling the morning he had threatened Paul with a shovel and remembering the commanding look he had received from those same eyes, he said to himself rather than to Don Antonio: "I don't wonder that the beast ran away."

Don Antonio caught the words, but not understanding Coyle's meaning said with a sneer: "Nor I either. I'm always glad to get away from him, even when he looks his pleasantest.

"But," continued Don Antonio looking around to see that no one was near. "He'll not bother any of us with his looks many days longer."

"No?" interrogated Coyle, the words as well as the manner in which they were spoken causing him to realize in a moment that something was afoot.

"No," answered Don Antonio. "If we can get just a little help from you, we can soon rid the country of him."

"You'll get no help from me!" exclaimed Coyle gruffly. "Sure I'd rather —" Then as an idea suddenly entered his mind he stopped short.

"You'd rather what?" asked Don Antonio greatly surprised at the unexpected answer.

"Sure, I'd rather take me own way of getting rid of him."

Don Antonio's face brightened: "How's that?"

"Never mind how it is!" was Coyle's reply. "I haven't worked it all out yet; but when I do —"

And he shook his head in a knowing manner.

"But, Señor," said Don Antonio, "we have our plan all worked out. Just give me a little help and you'll soon see the last of this mountebank animal trainer."

Coyle looked carefully about as though to see that no one was within hearing. Then stepping close to Don Antonio asked: "What is it you want me to do?"

Don Antonio leaned over his horse: "Just a little testimony, Señor Coyle."

"Testimony?" queried Coyle.

"Si, Señor. The jefe politico has gone to the City of Mexico for a month. The judge who is now filling his place is a friend of mine. He has heard that Señor

Anthony is in Mexico in the interest of the Americans to stir up a revolution. That is why he is so kind to his men — to get their confidence and lead them into unlawful acts."

Coyle winked his eye. "So that is what he is doing down here, is it?" he asked. "Sure I knew he was up to something."

"And if you're asked about the matter, you'll say something to confirm the report?"

"Will I?" exclaimed Coyle. "Just you leave it to me and I'll give him such a reputation as will settle the whole business."

"Bueno, Señor!" laughed Don Antonio. Then after a moment he continued: "By the way I understand that one of the revolutionary leaders is coming over to consult him tonight. If you see a strange man with a red sash, listen and see if you can hear what they say. You may be asked to repeat it. And Señor, mark the man well, so that you will know him if you ever see him again."

"Sure I'll mark him, if he comes playing any of his tricks about this camp."

"Yes! Yes!" said Don Antonio hastily, "but don't do him any injury. That would spoil everything."

Again Coyle winked. "I sabe!" he laughed. "Trust me! I'll fix it!"

"Bueno, Señor, I see you understand," and Don Antonio touched his horse with his spur: "Adios!" and waving his hands lightly he rode away in a most contented frame of mind, while Coyle strode up the track muttering to himself as he went.

A few days after this meeting, Don Felix announced

that on the morrow he wanted every one to join a party to inspect the excavations.

"We have been doing much work," he explained, "and it is now possible to get an excellent view of the cave in which the religious ceremonies undoubtedly took place.

"You especially, Señorita," turning to Patrice, "will be interested in the romance told by the hieroglyphics, and you, Señora," addressing Mrs. Holman, "in the religious writings."

Patrice gave her nose just the suggestion of a tilt, but Mrs. Holman fairly beamed with pleasure.

"Can't we send word to Dr. Greyson and Mr. Anthony?" suggested Hope. "I am sure they would be greatly interested."

Patrice's chin followed her nose. She was about to speak, but was prevented by the quick reply of Don Felix:

"I have already invited them."

"I wish you pleasure of your dusty old ruins, Felix," said Don Antonio, "but I have more profitable business out in the sunshine. No dark caves for mine."

The brothers ordinarily had little to say to each other; but at this speech, Don Felix raised his eyes from his plate and looking Don Antonio squarely in the face said:

"I trust your deeds will always be deeds for sunshine, Tony. I had a letter about some of them from our brother Francisco only yesterday."

Don Antonio's face flushed for a moment and his eyes dropped. Quickly recovering himself, however,

he retorted: "If Francisco will attend to his business I'll attend to mine."

"I hope so," was Don Felix's quiet answer. "I would warn you, however, that Don Francisco is attending strictly to his."

Sitting as she did at one side of Don Felix, Patrice could not help hearing what was said. Don Francisco, she knew, held an important office with the government and his business was to look after its affairs. Therefore, she surmised that whatever Don Antonio might be doing, must have assumed some importance.

Since the incident of the jaguar, Paul was even more of a hero to Patrice than before; and being a hero worshipper, she allowed her romantic temperament to run away with her. How she wished that she might have been in Hope's place. It had created such a bond of sympathy between them. As for herself and her hero, Patrice was forced to admit that there seemed little in common. She could not for the life of her seem to get acquainted with him.

"I can talk to other men," so her thoughts ran, "why can't I talk with him? If I only knew what to talk about!"

As Don Felix and his brother conversed, it dawned upon Patrice that now was the time and here the chance she needed. All the evening she pondered over it and when she retired to her room that night, she determined that she would wait no longer. She would warn Paul at the earliest opportunity, thus rescuing him from threatened danger. Unquestionably this was infinitely better than to have him rescue her. He would thus be able to see her interest in him and, "if I have a fair

chance," and here Patrice regarded herself admiringly in the mirror, "why shouldn't I succeed?"

With her mind filled with such thoughts as these, she went to her rest with a very comfortable feeling—her physical as well as her mental condition soothed by the thought that on the morrow she would render Paul Anthony such a service as would greatly raise her in his estimation.

At the same time, Mrs. Holman, in her apartment, was saying to her husband:

"That man Anthony seems to have bewitched the whole household."

Her husband looked up from his writing in surprise: "Why I hadn't noticed it," he said, plucking his beard.

"You never notice anything," was the wifely rejoinder. "I haven't any doubt that Don Antonio is right and that his real mission down here is to stir up a revolution."

"Don Antonio is a fool!" exclaimed the professor.

"Why William Carr Holman, how can you refer in such a manner to the son of our host!"

"Huh!" exclaimed the professor, "Don Miguel knows it as well as I do!"

"It's no such thing!" declared Mrs. Holman, as she gave her hair a vigorous twist and stuck a hairpin into it to keep it in place. "I think he is a very observing young man. Anybody can see that the doings of this man Anthony are simply melodramatic plays to attract attention. Why, Don Antonio tells me that the peons over at the camp think he is greater than the president."

"Why shouldn't they?" asked Prof. Holman.

"He treats them a whole lot better. That's a part of his religion."

"Religion!" snapped his wife. "Religion indeed! He doesn't know the meaning of the word — any more than you do," she added as an afterthought.

Prof. Holman smiled.

"You needn't laugh!" she said. "You don't even know the first commandment."

"Maybe not," was the professor's reply as he turned to his writing, "but I know the eleventh —"

"Now don't try to be sarcastic," she interrupted, "You're not a Philistine, and if you were I shouldn't think much of your epigrams."

Prof. Holman threw back his head and laughed outright: "I thought you knew your commandments, Cornelia," he said.

"So I do and there's only ten of them."

"Never heard about the new one, eh? Never read about any one saying: 'A new commandment I give unto you; that ye love one another.' Never heard: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' That's my religion; and the way this man Anthony, as you call him, treats his men, suggests to me it may be his, too."

"No, it isn't!" declared Mrs. Holman emphatically. "He denies everything in the Bible and declares he can heal the sick simply by prayer."

"Well, can he?"

"Of course he can't!" and Mrs. Holman shook her head decidedly. "Nobody can!"

"People you read about in the Bible did, didn't they?" queried the professor.

"Yes, but that was a long time ago — and their name wasn't Paul Anthony either!"

"No!" laughed Prof. Holman. "I guess you're right. But what was Paul's other name. Or didn't he have any after he changed it from Saul of Tarsus?"

"You think you're awfully smart, don't you?" and Mrs. Holman looked reproachfully at her husband. "But you mark my words, William Carr Holman — there's something wrong about that man. My instinct never fails me. I've warned Sir Henry and Mr. Adams to look out for their girls and I shall warn Donna Maria."

"You'd better keep your mouth closed," said Prof. Holman with as much authority as he was ever known to express. "Donna Maria doesn't need any advice."

"Maybe not," replied Mrs. Holman as she donned her kimona, "but if I keep my mouth closed, I shall keep my eyes open."

So it was that when the party assembled at the ruins on the following morning, its members were controlled by a variety of sentiments and emotions. The archaeologists were eager to display their treasures, — and it must be admitted, that however little interest some of the party took in them, from an archaeological standpoint they were treasures indeed. Those not vitally interested in the work were pleased with the prospect of enjoying a novelty, while Patrice was happy at the prospect of again seeing Paul and alert to find an opportunity to tell him her secret.

It being the first time that Hope had met Paul since her adventure on the mountain, she was not only anx-

ious to again express her gratitude, but to talk more with him about the truths concerning which she was daily learning more and more. Earl, although greatly interested in these same truths, still had eyes for nothing and nobody but Hope, as everybody could plainly see, while Mrs. Holman was divided between her interest in her husband's work and the doings of the young folks.

It was Abijah who first greeted Paul and Dr. Greyson upon their arrival from camp and with much feeling thanked the former for his part in saving Hope from the jaws of the jaguar.

"And I've been thinking over that talk you and I had the other day," he continued. "I've about come to the conclusion that yours is a pretty good sort of a religion, but I don't take much stock in the healing part. I'm an old man, however, and don't expect to have much more occasion to doctor my body."

"That's a very logical way of looking at it," said Dr. Greyson.

"It certainly is," assented Paul, "because as a matter of fact he never has had occasion to doctor his body."

"Not to any extent," replied Abijah failing to grasp the real meaning of Paul's words, "but I remember when I was wounded at the battle of Pittsburg Landing that they laid me up on the deck of one of those gunboats and did a little doctoring."

"So I suspect," laughed Greyson.

Paul was also about to speak, but the event had recalled another incident and Abijah continued:

"I'll never forget that time. From where I lay on the deck of that gunboat, I could look a long distance

up and down the river bank. Presently I saw a line of the enemy appear. On it came, without a break, and I could see that within five minutes a whole brigade would be around our left and able to enfilade our entire line.

"Nobody seemed to see them but me and I was wondering why on earth somebody didn't do something, when all at once that gunboat began to tip until it seemed to me it was standing on edge. Then there was a noise like the fire of a dozen field batteries and I could see that rebel line just melt away. The gunboats had opened fire with shrapnel." Then after a pause: "The slaughter must have been terrible," and the old man's eyes assumed a faraway look as he again lived over the event.

"It was terrible;" said Paul; "and the most terrible part was that it should have been thought necessary."

"Oh, it was necessary," exclaimed Abijah; "why, if the gunboats hadn't mowed them down, they'd have driven our forces into the river."

"Yes, I know," was Paul's reply, "I'm not speaking of the immediate action. I'm speaking of the condition of thought which made the war seem necessary; but the time is surely coming when war will be impossible."

"Do you think so?" queried Abijah.

"I do."

"When?"

"When all mankind reflects the one infinite Mind—that Mind which is God. Then there will be nothing to fight about for all men will agree."

The conversation was interrupted by Hope who came over to greet Paul and Dr. Greyson.

"We were just waiting for you," she said as she shook hands. "Come now, Uncle Abijah, we are ready to descend.

There was much laughter and good-natured raillery during the descent. Crude steps had been built, and as each person began the descent, Don Felix placed his or her hand on a rope which served as a handrail, with instructions not to let go until they reached the bottom. Once at the bottom they were given a lantern to guide their footsteps until they reached the great chamber where the most important discoveries had been made.

It was during the walk through this underground passage that Patrice managed to place herself beside Paul. Noticing that she was having some difficulty in picking her way over the uneven and damp pathway, he courteously offered his assistance, which was gladly accepted.

"This is one place," said Paul, as he helped her over a large sized rock which had fallen almost in the middle of the passageway, "where a strong arm is acceptable."

A little thrill passed through Patrice as she replied: "A strong arm always is acceptable — especially," she added as he lifted her lightly from the top of the rock, "if the strong arm happens to belong to the right person."

"I trust I am that one," replied Paul gallantly, a remark which in her unnatural state of mind Patrice took as conveying a deeper meaning. "In a time of need, however, most any one is the right one."

"Not to me," replied Patrice, "I think I would almost rather die than to let some persons touch me," and she drew close to him.

"Yes?" queried Paul, for want of something better to say.

"Yes," she replied. "Don Antonio, for instance."

"Why!" exclaimed Paul, "I thought Don Antonio a most inoffensive chap."

"You wouldn't if you knew what he is trying to do!" declared Patrice with a commendable show of determination.

"Oh, I don't know!" laughed Paul amused at the girl's evident attempt to lead up to something she wished to say. "To become offensive, one must give offense; and it is pretty hard to give offense where no one is willing to take it."

The girl looked at him in surprise. "I don't think I understand," she stammered, and then as the party came to a halt and stood grouped about in the semi-darkness she continued: "You make it very hard, Mr. Anthony, for any one to become acquainted with you!"

"I!" exclaimed Paul with unfeigned surprise. "Why I have been told that I was easy. Only the other day, Miss von Rastadt said she never knew any one so easy — or words to that effect."

Patrice felt a sinking at her heart. Why should it be so easy for Hope and so hard for her. "It's because they have something in common," she thought, and she summoned all her courage to tell him what was in her mind, not recognizing that the bond of sympathy between Hope and Paul was simply the love of good which was such a part of each of them.

In the dim light Paul could not see the girl's face very well, but there was that in her manner which indicated that she needed a helping hand and he said kindly:

"We shall become better acquainted, Miss Dewar."

She looked up at him and smiled: "I hope so," she said.

The answer came from the heart and without even stopping to guess why, Paul continued: "You have something you wish to tell me?"

"Very much, Mr. Anthony. It is something you should know."

Then as she drew a little closer to him and turned her back toward the others she said:

"Don Antonio is plotting to get you into trouble."

"Me?" queried Paul, not a little surprised to get such information from such a source.

"Yes, you, Mr. Anthony!"

Paul shook his head as he smiled quizzically: "I am sure you must be mistaken!"

"No, I am not!" insisted Patrice. "He is plotting to get you into trouble with the government."

"That's bad!" exclaimed Paul. "Do you know how?"

"No! I only know he is plotting against you. He doesn't like you."

"Honestly and truly I am sorry for that! I want every one to like me, Miss Dewar; but, about this plotting — have no fear for me. I am protected. Those who plot to injure others can only injure themselves."

Patrice would like to have asked him what he meant by being protected; but just at this moment the torches

which had been stuck into holes in the sides of the cave, were lighted and every one turned abruptly to see what the light would reveal.

The sight that met their gaze was really most remarkable and will remain long in the minds of the spectators.

In the first place, the cave was seen to be of unusual dimensions and even the light of the score or more torches failed to penetrate its farthest recesses or its lofty dome. All around were curiously wrought figures of many beasts, birds and fishes, while almost in the center was a great statue, more than twenty-five feet high, an exact counterpart of the clay figure which had been brought to the *casa* some days before. The figure was on a dais some four feet high, so that in the flickering light of the torches, the head was almost lost in the shadows of the high arched roof. All the figures were moulded in clay and had in finish more the appearance of terra cotta than of ordinary clay pottery. They had been brightly colored, as could be seen in the spots where the dust of centuries had been wiped off — the colors being burned in and, therefore, fast.

As torch after torch was lighted and blazed up, the eyes of all turned as by one accord to the huge figure and then to the man, which, to make the picture complete, had been returned to its position at the base of the pedestal.

Sir Henry was the first to break the silence. Waving his hand toward the various figures he exclaimed:

"Here, ladies and gentlemen, you have a picture of creation! All the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, and man in God's likeness."

"God in man's likeness, you mean," corrected Hope.

"I expect the other was the Toltec view," replied Sir Henry.

"Probably," said Dr. Greyson, "but let's not criticise them. Christendom has not yet advanced so far beyond the same idea that it is in a position to condemn."

"In other words," suggested Paul, "what is termed Christendom, is Christian in name while pagan in nature."

Mrs. Holman cast upon him a withering look as she replied severely: "Sarcasm concerning Christianity seems your chief occupation, Mr. Anthony. It comes in very bad taste, I think."

"Not sarcasm concerning Christianity, my dear lady," replied Paul, "but concerning its counterfeit. How could I possibly have been so misunderstood?"

"Oh, we didn't misunderstand," exclaimed Hope, "did we, Mr. Armstrong?" and then she blushed at her impetuosity.

"Oh, no, dear," replied Mrs. Holman placidly, "there is no danger of your misunderstanding any thing Mr. Anthony may say," and she gave Patrice a look which was gall to that aristocratic young woman.

"No," declared Earl, "it's only those who want to, that misunderstand."

"'Judge not that ye be not judged,'" quoted Paul aside to Earl. "Truly she does not understand; when she does, she will be just as anxious for the truth as any of us."

While this little conversation had been going on, Sir Henry had been busy explaining to Don Miguel the

import of the discoveries. As the others again turned their attention to what he was saying he remarked:

"We have been trying to determine ever since we discovered the place how it was lighted by the Toltecs. There is no opening above, except that very small aperture away up there," — pointing to where a speck of blue sky could be seen through a long tube-like hole, drilled in the roof of the cave — "and this seems to have been made solely as a means of ventilation. There is a long corridor away yonder," pointing to the right, "which leads toward a smaller cave in which you may hear the noise of a subterranean stream dashing along; but there is no place where any light could come in. Neither are there any places where torches or other means of making artificial lights have been placed."

"Perhaps they used oil lamps entirely," suggested Don Miguel.

"That is the only thing we can suggest," replied Sir Henry, "but it would have taken a lot of them to have lighted this place so that they could have done the carving and coloring to be seen on the walls."

While he spoke every one was walking about examining the curios by the light of the torches. Stopping for a moment under the hole in the roof before referred to, Patrice exclaimed: "What a peculiar odor!"

"We have noticed it," said Don Felix. "It seems to be only in that vicinity."

"What do you suppose it is, Mr. Anthony?" queried Patrice, using it as an excuse to draw Paul to her side.

Both Paul and Greyson crossed over from the other side of the altar, which was built directly in front of

the huge statue. No sooner had they caught one sniff of the peculiar odor than they looked at each other in a questioning manner as Paul exclaimed:

"No trouble to guess how they lighted the cave, Greyson?"

"Not the slightest; but how did they ever shut it off?"

"Maybe we can find out, "replied Paul.

Then he turned to Don Felix: "Have you any thing like a drill down here?"

"Cierto!" was the reply. "We used it to cut the holes in the rock where we placed the torches."

After a moment's search he produced a drill and hammer. Offering it to Paul he asked: "What do you wish with it?"

"I think we can furnish you all the light you need with very little trouble," explained Paul. "Suppose you bring one of those torches here — but don't get it too close while I am at work."

Don Felix did as requested, while Paul took the drill and began probing about the altar directly beneath the hole in the roof. As he hammered away there suddenly came a slight hissing sound as the point of the drill sank into a soft place in the rock.

"All ready! Don Felix," he exclaimed as he shifted his position. "Get behind me with the torch and as soon as I jump, swing the torch over the natural gas jet that I am about to turn on."

"I see!" exclaimed Don Felix as it dawned upon him what Paul was about to do. "How did you ever guess it?"

"If you ever smelled it once," replied Greyson, "you'd never forget it."

The others had gathered about, but Paul warned them back. Then as he dealt the drill a powerful blow he arose to his feet exclaiming: "Now!"

At the same time he pulled out the drill and stepped quickly to one side.

Don Felix swung the lighted torch over the hole, the escaping gas ignited with a sharp report and a jet of brilliant flame, nearly as high as the great statue, shot upward toward the vaulted dome.

The illumination was followed by a chorus of "Ohs" and "Ahs" from the spectators and Patrice exclaimed:

"Mr. Anthony, you certainly are a wizard!"

"Yes," declared Mrs. Holman under her breath, "that's just what he is, and I expect he peeps and mutters."

"I don't know what you mean by that," said Sir Henry who stood at her side, "but if he does, he certainly peeps to some purpose."

With the illumination of the cave, the various objects became much more interesting, because of the better view, and the party scattered in various directions to explore its wonders.

"Strange, is it not," remarked Greyson to Earl, who, with Hope, stopped to inspect some odd vessels and household utensils, "how these have remained undisturbed for centuries?"

"It certainly is," was the reply, "and as I look about I seem enveloped in a mantle of the past. I find myself wondering who it was that made this, or what the thought of the one who made that."

"Yes," continued Hope, "and where gone? Whence and why the disappearance of the race, the simple record of whose life is here kept?"

"The whence is very simple," laughed Earl. "They went further south. I have seen these same odd designs in the ruins in Yucatan."

"And the why is even simpler," said Greyson. "They were driven out with pestilence and famine and sought a better climate and more fertile fields —"

"Where the same fate awaited them," interrupted Hope. "Why?

"Do you know, Mr. Anthony?" turning to Paul who just then came up accompanied by Patrice.

"Do I know what?"

"Why the people who made all these things should have been so completely blotted off the map," said Earl.

"It is the way of all things material," was Paul's reply. "For the things which are seen — meaning things material — 'are temporal,' declares the scriptures, 'but the things which are not seen' — things spiritual, — 'are eternal.' Nations come and go because founded upon human misapprehension. Each lives its life and passes on to give place to one founded on a little higher ideal. When the thoughts of mortals are so changed — so spiritualized, that Christ, Truth, is the foundation upon which a nation is built, then may we look for an everlasting kingdom, born of that power which endureth throughout all generations; a structure of God — 'an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' "

"Not much spirituality in the thought which made

these things, and especially that," indicating the huge idol in the center of the cave, said Greyson.

"No," agreed Paul, "but about as much as there is in the thought which makes a god of wealth, pedigree or mere intellect, unillumined by the light of divine Love, For," he quoted, " 'All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.' "

"Is that 'mere intellect' a dig at me?" laughed Greyson.

"Or are you pointing at me," asked Earl, "that you cast reflection on wealth?"

"Or perhaps at me?" asked Hope. "Miss Dewar and me both, seeing we are so unfortunate as to have a pedigree."

Paul's face flushed. "I assure you," he said, "I was not thinking of any of you. What I said was purely impersonal. Possibly I may have more to overcome in all these lines than any of you — for wealth, pedigree, and intelligence are only relative, you know."

Patrice looked from one to the other of the speakers in hopeless perplexity. Their words meant nothing to her and she was beginning to understand why it was that there was nothing in common between her and Paul.

"Really," she thought, "Dr. Greyson is the only one I seem to understand at all."

Glancing suddenly around Greyson caught her puzzled look and said laughingly:

"I expect, Miss Dewar, you think us a lot of stupid pedants."

"Not at all," she replied, "you are evidently talking

about something which is quite clear to all of you, but my vocabulary along that line is very limited."

"It isn't so much a question of vocabulary," explained Greyson, as he moved over to her side and walked along with her, "as it is of feeling — if you can understand what I mean by that."

"I don't think I do."

"Well," continued Dr. Greyson, "there are some things that you just feel without knowing why — just as you feel certain that you can raise your hand. And there are other things that you know you ought to be able to do, but cannot — as for example the making of music. You, we will say, are able to sit down at the piano and play the notes that some one else has written. You know the theory of music; and yet to save your life you could not compose the simplest melody. You don't feel it. That's the way with the thing we were talking about."

"That's rather vague," said Patrice. "Is this thing so much in theory that you are unable to give it a name."

"By no means," laughed Greyson. "It is the science of life."

"And by that you mean?" queried Patrice.

"Knowing how to live yourself and how to help others."

"I guess I shall have to give it up," laughed Patrice, "unless you can make it clearer than that."

"That's about the best I can do," said Greyson shaking his head.

"And you a physician, too?" said Patrice.

"This isn't a matter of medicine, Miss Dewar."

"So it seems," and she gave her head a characteristic little toss, "but may I ask what it is?"

"As I said, it's a matter of knowing what life and living really are."

Patrice shrugged her shoulders in despair.

"'No intiende!' as the Mexicans say."

"I guess I'll have to turn you over to Anthony. He can tell you," and Greyson nodded his head in the direction of Paul and Hope.

"Is that what he's telling Miss von Rastadt?" asked Patrice looking in their direction and noting the earnestness of their conversation.

"I expect so."

Greyson's surmise was correct for Hope had just exclaimed: "And do you think I could heal the sick, Mr. Anthony?"

"Whom do you mean by the sick?"

"Why those who have some ailment — some disease."

"That's your idea, is it?" queried Paul. "Some one who has a disease?"

"Why, yes."

"And if they have a disease they must have acquired it somewhere, mustn't they?"

"Of course, Mr. Anthony. What a strange question. People get diseases, don't they?"

"They seem to," replied Paul; "but let us stop and consider a moment."

Hope was all attention.

"Suppose now," began Paul, "a man should come to you and say: 'I have smallpox.' If he didn't scare you so that you ran away in the very beginning,

what would be about the first question you would ask him?"

"Why," replied Hope, "I should ask him where he got it."

"And we'll suppose," continued Paul, "that he should reply that God gave it to him."

"I should know that was untrue," declared Hope vehemently, "because God gives only good, as the Bible says."

"And you'd probably tell him so, wouldn't you?"

"I certainly should."

"Then suppose he should say: 'If God didn't give it to me; if God didn't make it, who did?' What would then be your answer?"

Hope wrinkled her forehead and for a moment seemed puzzled. Then her face cleared as by magic and she exclaimed: "I should tell him that nobody made it because God made all that ever was made."

Paul smiled at the girl's enthusiasm as he replied: "After that I expect the next thing he would say to you would be something like this: 'If nobody made smallpox how could I get it? How — ' "

"I should say to him," interrupted Hope with flashing eyes and her whole being aflame with the thoughts that filled her: 'You couldn't get it! You never did get it and you haven't it!' "

"If you were as sure of it as your words imply," laughed Paul, "you would be surprised at the result.

"It is just the same," he continued, "with all disease —lumbago, grip, the measles or whatever name you choose to call it by. If God did not make it, it does not exist. If you are sure of this, what is the result?

Simply this: That in so far as you are concerned, there is no disease to heal and man is perfect as God made him. Jesus knew this, hence His demonstration of the fact. To do the will of God and to teach it to mankind was his mission on earth. This is part of life. This is part of knowing God, just as to understand and know what is the work of the Christ, is to believe; and Jesus said: 'If ye believe on me, the works that I do shall ye do also.' He also said: 'If any man keep my sayings he shall never see death.' How can we see death any more than we can see evil and disease, if God did not make them?"

"We can not!" replied Hope thoughtfully.

"Then," replied Paul as he perceived that the others were approaching, "the way to heal the sick — those believing in a power and creator apart from God — is to know the real condition, namely, that they are suffering from a belief in something that God did not create and, therefore, does not in reality exist. Give them a better belief — a better knowledge — and this correct knowledge of truth will heal them.

"But," continued Paul as the party reassembled, "do not force this knowledge upon persons who are neither willing nor ready to receive it. It will be casting your pearls before swine, and you can rest assured that they will 'turn and rend you,' on the first occasion."

"I have already discovered it to my sorrow," said Hope.

Seeing them thus confidentially engaged Mrs. Holman could not help saying to Abijah:

"You see what I told you. You had better keep a pretty close watch upon your niece."

"My niece, madam," replied Abijah curtly, "does not need watching."

"Well, then," was the retort, "you'd better keep a close watch upon Mr. Anthony."

"And you, madam," he said forcibly, "upon the statements you make."

The sun was past the meridian when the party emerged from the cave, and the dazzling brightness of a tropical midday was in such marked contrast to the dim light under ground that for several minutes they were obliged to stand with their hands to their eyes.

"Some difference between this and the natural gas," remarked Prof. Holman.

"Still," replied Sir Henry, "it's of the same quality, unless all our theories about the sun are incorrect. It is all burning gas."

"I begin to think," said Earl, "that nearly all our theories are incorrect. I've had so many of mine upset during the past ten days that I begin to doubt the reality of any of them."

"You know why, don't you?" asked Greyson.

Earl's reply was an inquisitive look.

"Because all your ideas and theories are material," said Greyson in response to that look. "When you learn that the only reality is in Spirit, you will be able to prove your theories."

"You tell it well!" declared Earl.

"It's as plain as can be," replied the doctor.

"Well, some way or other, I don't seem to grasp it," and Earl's face took on a troubled expression.

Hope standing at his side heard his words and caught the expression.

"But you will," she said softly.

Blinded by the glare of the sunshine, he had not been aware of her presence until she spoke, and her words of conviction sent a thrill through his consciousness.

"You seem sure!" he remarked, also in an undertone.

"I am," she replied earnestly. "It is the truth which you and I are trying to grasp, and the Bible says: 'Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.'"

They had fallen behind the others as they strolled along toward the hacienda.

"I wish I had your faith," said Earl after a few moments of thoughtful silence.

And Hope replied in the words of St. Paul: "It is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure."

CHAPTER XXI

THE LIGHT THAT IS LIFE

When Hope went to call Abijah to his coffee the next morning she found the old counsellor still in bed.

"I'm not feeling first rate this morning," he said, "I guess I must have caught a little cold down in that damp cave yesterday. I'll be all right in a couple of hours."

His prophecy, however, failed to come true. He remained in his bed all day, and when at Hope's request Earl went in to speak to him that evening, he remarked that his flesh was as sore as though he had been pounded and his stomach felt as though it were stuffed with hay.

Mrs. Holman also dropped in to see him and quickly asserted: "He ought to have a doctor right away."

"Oh, no," said Abijah, "I'll be all right in the morning."

In the morning, however, he was worse and again Mrs. Holman insisted that he ought to have a doctor.

"I was thinking of sending for one," said Hope, "but I hardly know what to do."

"You were not thinking of trying Christian Science on him, were you?" queried Mrs. Holman, and there was a dangerous glitter in her eye.

"Oh no," replied Hope. "It was only a few days ago that I heard Uncle Abijah say he had no faith in it, and that if he were sick he would send for Dr. Greyson."

"Well then, "insisted Mrs. Holman, "why don't you do it? He needs a doctor badly."

"Do you think so?" asked Hope anxiously, "I thought he would be all right today."

"I'm afraid you haven't thought much about him," replied Mrs. Holman, "you all seem to have so much else on your minds."

Hope's face flushed, but she replied mildly: "I am afraid you are right. I shall send for Dr. Greyson at once."

She started to find Donna Maria, but the first person she met was Don Antonio. In response to her inquiry as to the whereabouts of his mother he replied that she was in the kitchen.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"Why, I guess you are the very person I want," she replied. "My uncle seems worse and Mrs. Holman thinks I should summon Dr. Greyson. Maybe you will send some one after him!"

"Señorita," he exclaimed, "do me the favor to appoint me your messenger and I will bring the doctor at once."

"I shall be so much obliged," she said.

Don Antonio's face fairly beamed. Almost before the words had left Hope's lips he was at the stable and, vaulting his horse, was quickly cantering over the mountains.

In a short time Dr. Greyson stood at Abijah's bedside.

"Nothing special the matter, is there?" queried Abijah.

"Oh no," replied Dr. Greyson. "We'll have you out in a couple of days. I don't think you'll need any medicine if you'll let Miss von Rastadt read to you out of her book."

A wan smile passed over Abijah's face and he put out his hand toward Hope as he replied: "Hope's a good girl and if she wants to pray for me, I'm sure I shall be glad to have her; but I don't go much on her book. If you've got any medicine that will help me, you'd better leave me some."

Dr. Greyson looked enquiringly at the girl.

"I don't think there is anything else we can do, is there?"

"I am afraid not," was the reply.

Outside they encountered Earl who quickly asked:

"How is he?"

"I have little faith in medicine to relieve him," replied Greyson, "although what I have given him is the specific in these tropical fevers."

Then turning to Hope he enquired: "Is he opposed to Christian Science treatment?"

"Not because it is Christian Science, if that is what you mean," replied Hope. "He simply thinks that religion should heal one bad condition and medicine another. He thinks the two should go hand in hand."

"But they don't!" exclaimed Dr. Greyson. "I've tried it."

"Then why do you give medicine?"

"Well, in this particular case, because I am the only M. D. around and your uncle should have something. I have practically given up the practice of medicine, however, and I hope before my stay with Paul Anthony ends, to be entirely cured of my belief of being a doctor of physic and become a practitioner of metaphysics."

Hope looked at him with a puzzled expression that was becoming quite a part of her. "Is that how it seems to you?" she asked. "Just metaphysics?"

"Largely," was his reply; "although there is the deific idea in Mrs. Eddy's teaching, which is not considered at all by most schools of metaphysics."

"How wise you are!" exclaimed Hope. "I'm afraid I know very little about metaphysics. All that I have found out, so far, is that God, good, is omnipotent. To me this means that if God is all-in-all, any thing unlike Him simply cannot be."

"I should say that was the groundwork," replied Greyson, "but you must learn how to take up and destroy the various forms of error, else I do not think you would be a very successful practitioner."

Then as he went to mount his horse he said: "I will call again in the morning."

"What a clear understanding he has," said Hope.

"Yes," replied Earl in a hesitating manner, "but his words sound borrowed. Somehow, what you say appeals to me more."

Hope smiled. "I am afraid you are prejudiced!"

"Perhaps!" was Earl's reply, uttered with such emphasis that it brought the color to her cheeks.

Then as she turned to go he said: "If I can be of any assistance, call upon me."

"Thank you so much; but I do not think there will be any occasion "

The following morning Abijah's condition appeared to be even more serious. He had passed a bad night, and when Dr. Greyson called it was plain to him that the disease had made great headway. All day the fever increased, and when the doctor called again in the evening it was evident that the medicine was doing him no good.

"I think I had better stay here tonight," said Dr. Greyson to Hope as she was about to leave the room.

Abijah heard and, raising his hand, motioned him to his side.

"You don't think I'm likely to die, do you?" he asked in a weak voice.

Dr. Greyson made no reply and Abijah continued:

"I know I am an old man and not used to this climate. Maybe I should not have come; but I did, and I'd hate to die and leave Hope down here all alone. Not but she'd be well cared for," feebly, "but it's a strange land, and she's a long ways from home. So I want to hear the truth."

"Well," replied Greyson slowly, "from a medical point of view you are in a bad way; but if you'd be willing to let us try Christian Science treatment, I think you can be helped. You know how I was healed?"

"Yes, I've heard; but you had some faith and the prayers of a whole church full."

"And mine was a so-called incurable case, while you may pull through with medicine."

"Could you treat me?"

"Yes; but I should prefer to send for Mr. Anthony."

"I seem to have more confidence in him myself," said Abijah. "In the meantime you might see what you can do."

Greyson smiled at Abijah's odd way of expressing it, but in a very short time a messenger was on the way to the camp in quest of Paul Anthony.

In spite of Greyson's endeavors, his patient grew steadily worse. Seated alone by the bedside, while Hope and Earl waited patiently without, he strove his best to realize the true man in God's image and likeness; but ever the physician was paramount to the metaphysician. In spite of his mental arguments, sense-testimony seemed to present only a sick old man, gradually losing his grasp on life. He listened eagerly for the messenger with Paul, the while Abijah's breathing became more and more labored.

As last he heard the sound of returning hoof-beats and came to the door. Hope and Earl also arose; but instead of Paul it was simply the messenger returning to say that Paul had gone to San Geronimo about 7 o'clock and would not be back until morning. However, Coyle had dispatched some peons for him with a hand car and he might be there by daylight.

"I am afraid that will be too late," said Greyson shaking his head.

"Is he as low as that?" asked Earl.

"I fear so," was the physician's reply, as he turned to re-enter the room. "I seem unable to help him."

"Wait!" exclaimed Hope softly as she laid her hand upon Greyson's arm. "Let me go!"

Without a word Greyson stepped aside and Hope entered the room, closing the door behind her. Going

quickly over to the bed she knelt beside it and there, for many minutes, engaged in silent prayer — the prayer of affirmation — affirmation of the omnipotence of good and the impotence of evil; the omnipresence of Life and the absence of its opposite; the omniscience of Mind and the inability of matter to create inharmony or disease of any kind. As clearly as she recognized the allness of God, good, just so clearly did she recognize the nothingness of any other power. In her pure mind there was present the one spiritual fact — the scientific realization that if God made man perfect, there was no higher power to make him otherwise. In the light of this scientific understanding she saw, not a sick old man, but instead, she caught a glimpse of the perfect man.

Even while she prayed Abijah's breathing became easier and after a still longer time he opened his eyes. He saw the girl kneeling at his bedside and reaching over gently, but firmly placed his hand upon her head.

"Don't cry!" he said, mistaking her position for one of grief. "Don't cry! Your old uncle isn't going to leave you. Why," he exclaimed as he moved himself about in the bed, "I feel like a new man since my sleep."

Hope's heart gave one bound of gratitude to the Giver of All Good—uttered as it were one psalm of thanksgiving and then, as she leaned over and kissed the wrinkled cheek, she exclaimed:

"Now I know, Uncle Abijah! Yes, now I know!"

"What do you know?" he asked.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth!" she said.

When Paul Anthony reached the hacienda an hour

before sunrise his assistance was not needed. The crisis had passed and Uncle Abijah slept the sleep of health.

Alone on the balcony overlooking the beautiful plain sat Earl Armstrong. He had come from the sick room some minutes before, with a mind full of hope, and, while he pondered, his heart thrilled with gladness.

Behind him the slowly rising sun sent its shafts between the mountain peaks and illumined with a glowing light the green fields and the far distant sea. How many times and in how many lands had he seen the same sun rise, but never before had it meant the same. At other times it had seemed to mean much. It had meant the dawn of another day in which to live the life of selfish dissipation. It had meant the dawn of another day in which to prepare a home for one who had later proved false. It had meant the dawn of another day in which to chase the mighty king of beasts and glory in his prowess. But this sunrise meant the dawn of a day in which he had gained his first glimpse of that life which comes of knowing God.

On his lap, opened at the first chapter of the gospel according to John, lay a small Bible; but his eyes were far away as he repeated over and over to himself: "In Him was life; and the life was the light of men."

"Yes," he soliloquized, "in Him is life. What I have heretofore called life was not life at all. This is the Life that I must know — the Life that is the Light of men. Nothing else is worth while."

And the sun, topping the mountains, flooded the plain with the glory of its presence.

CHAPTER XXII

A SECOND NICODEMUS

Earl Armstrong was of that pronounced type of Americans with whom to think is to act. Accordingly, having decided to learn of that Life which is the "light of men," he set himself immediately about the task.

"What is this life?" he kept asking himself. "Surely it is not simply the activity of materiality? That is not the 'light of men.' Even in my misguided way I have learned that life is something more than mere material growth and development, with its attendant motion, locomotion, and emotion; but what is it? What did Jesus mean when he said: 'I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly?'"

All day long he studied his Bible and the text book which Hope had loaned him. That evening, as the shadows were deepening, like Nicodemus of old he started out to get more light, and his steps led him to Paul Anthony's tent.

It had been a busy day for Paul — which was not unusual as all his days were busy; but he had pushed his work to where he had determined that on the morrow he would begin digging the first of two short tunnels which should make possible the route over the mountain. The past week's work had brought him to

this point and he had just finished a conference with Coyle as to the details, when Earl arrived.

To say that Paul was surprised would hardly describe that gentleman's feelings, as he had learned by experience that when people begin an earnest search for truth, the quest is apt to take them into all sorts of places at all hours of the day and night. But when the fly of his tent was thrown back and Earl stood before him, he was filled with a pleased expectancy as to what might be the precise nature of the information sought. Of the general character he had not a doubt.

With the same abruptness that characterized his every act, Earl plunged right into the middle of things by exclaiming:

"There are some things I want to know, Mr. Anthony, and you are the only person to whom I can apply. Greyson has the letter of the thing down pat; but I discovered last night that a girl, imbued with the spirit, and knowing but the merest outline of the letter, had a great deal clearer understanding of the real science of being than the man who has the letter but knows little, I fear, of the spirit."

While Paul had not been surprised by Earl's presence, he was by his words; and the expression on his face indicated it. Earl was quick to notice this, and with a broad smile said:

"You are wondering where I learned these phrases?"

"Well, yes, I was."

"I've been reading the book you gave Hope — I mean Miss von Rastadt."

"I see," laughed Paul.

"Ever since Greyson told me how he was cured of

that chair, I've been thinking over these things. When Miss von Rastadt showed me the book you gave her, I at once asked if I might read it. It didn't take me long to discover it was what I needed, and," he added parenthetically, "I have already ordered one from the publishers."

"I perceive you are a man of action," said Paul with a smile.

"I always was that way," said Earl by way of apology. "But I'm not like some chaps, who just go into a thing for a few days as a fad. When I go into a thing, I go to the very bottom. I get all there is in it. I never let go until I've seen whether it's worth while."

"Yes?" said Paul interrogatively.

"Yes," was the emphatic reply. "At first I thought to live was to be a rounder. I thought that in order to live I must get out on the great white way, where the lights shine and where 'wine, women and song' are the ruling passion. I went the limit — until I came to hate it. Why, Mr. Anthony, I could tell you tales of this life —"

"Never mind," interrupted Paul. "It isn't necessary. I know them."

Earl looked at him in the greatest astonishment.

"You?" he exclaimed. "Have you —"

"I have been saved by the same power which is now lifting you above the false sense of life to a higher and better one," said Paul, not waiting for him to finish the sentence.

"The false sense of life!" exclaimed Earl. "That's it exactly. I don't know where you learned it, but you

certainly have a way of saying things that just fit the case."

"I learned it from the same book you have been reading; but the reason the words fit is because they express an exact condition."

"Well," began Earl, "I'd like to say just a few words more before I ask what I came to, if you can spare the time?"

Paul took out his watch: "It's nine hours till we start work on the tunnel tomorrow morning," he said. "Is that long enough?"

Earl laughed: "You'd stand for it, too!" he exclaimed. "I can see that you would.

"But," he continued, "it won't take that long. I simply want to say that since those days of dissipation I have been through many phases of what at each time appeared to me to be life — the only thing worth living for. I have looked over a beautiful home and said: 'This is life.' I have ridden my horse amidst the excitement of the chase and have thought: 'This is life.' I have heard others, in their interest and success in other lines say: 'This is life.' But I can see we were all wrong. It has just dawned upon me that life is something vastly above all this, and so I have come to you, to see if you can tell me in a few words what life is?"

He paused and looked earnestly at Paul, as Nicodemus might have looked at the great teacher. Paul's answer came without a moment's hesitation.

"In the fewest words I can express it," he said, "life is to know God. To make it a little more plain I might add — to know God as Spirit, Mind, the Great First Cause."

"I have felt sure of that from my reading," said Earl, "but how to know God? That is the question. In what manner shall we learn?"

"By thinking and doing good, and nothing but good," was Paul's earnest reply. "That is to know God. Such a knowledge is demonstrated by healing the sick and in binding up the broken-hearted. To turn from a false sense of life to this demonstrable knowledge — this new living — is to be born again."

"Born into a new life," mused Earl.

"Not into a new life," corrected Paul, "just into life. 'The life that maketh all things new.'

"But to answer a little more fully your question, 'what is life,' Jesus said: 'This is life eternal that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent' — the Christ, Truth, which destroys all 'incarnate error.' The question, as a matter of fact, can be answered understandingly, only by demonstration, just as Jesus answered the question, 'What is Truth?' by his own resurrection — by his demonstration that there really is no death. Only those who have demonstrated by their own lives and works that true existence is to know God, 'who is life and in whom is the light of men,' can answer the question satisfactorily to themselves or to others."

"Then, life to you is not simply living?"

Paul smiled: "If you and I are to discuss spiritual subjects, Mr. Armstrong, we shall have to learn still more perfectly the common language—the new tongue, as it were. If by 'simply living' you mean material existence, my answer to your question is emphatically no! But if by 'living' you mean a daily communion

with God — 'a sense of life that knows no death —' my answer is, yes.

"My idea of knowing God is the ability to understand Him as infinite Life, Truth, and Love, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent Mind, Spirit, and man in His image and likeness as a spiritual being, who manifests only good, never evil; only Mind, never matter; only Life, never death. The very moment we bring our human consciousness into this condition, and act accordingly, we shall have attained to that immortality which is the birthright of every true child of God. We shall then have attained to that same Mind which was also in Christ Jesus, who was able — as we also shall be — to prove his knowledge of God by overcoming death and the grave."

Paul ceased speaking. Earl sat immovable, silently thinking. At last, raising his eyes, he said slowly:

"Then you never expect to really live on this earth?"

"That depends upon what you mean by earth. If you mean this terrestrial ball — this mortal plane of existence, I again answer, No! How long did Jesus remain upon it after he had once attained to the full understanding of life as spiritual? Practically no time. He ascended above mortal comprehension and was seen no more. To each one who rises to this height of spiritual understanding, the 'world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.'

"Let me read you a few passages from the scriptures," continued Paul opening his Bible, "that may help you to gain some light on the subject. 'Thou shalt have no other God before me' — and this Me is Spirit,

remember. 'If thou wilt enter into life keep the commandments.' — all of them, but most of all the first, which, practically includes all the others. 'This is life eternal that they might know Thee, the only true God,' 'And hereby we know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments. He that saith that I know Him and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar and the truth is not in him.' Proof of which," said Paul, "is that he does not have eternal life.

"In our present state of consciousness we are learning to know God. As we advance in this knowledge, we reach a point where we find that the first requisite is to protect our life — our little knowledge. To do this, we are obliged to deny all that is unlike God. This was the first work the Master did — in his temptation in the wilderness. Then, as he came into contact with the world, he protected his life by refusing to recognize sin and sickness, or anything unlike God. This rightly-directed thought on the part of Jesus, healed the sick and sinning with whom he came in contact. Later, when the supreme test came, his understanding was sufficient to enable him to prove the allness of Mind, Spirit, Life, and the nothingness of matter and death.

"Let us then follow Jesus' example. Let us first deny the power of all that is unlike God. In this way we grow in our knowledge of Omnipotence. Let us deny the intelligence of any but the one Mind thus proving our understanding of Omniscience. Let us deny the reality of any substance but Spirit, thus proving our understanding of Omnipresence."

For many minutes there was silence. At last Paul

asked: "Have I given you any light upon the subject? Have I in any way or degree answered your question?"

"Yes," replied Earl with a hesitating smile, "but you have set before me what seems to be a well-nigh impossible task."

"Not an impossible task," declared Paul, "but an endless one — as eternal as the Mind you seek to know. Because eternal, however, is no reason why we should not undertake it — and the sooner the better. It is an undertaking which we must accomplish here or hereafter, if we are to attain eternal life. Viewed from our mortal standpoint, it does seem impossible of attainment, just as the construction of the giant locomotives of today would have seemed an impossible task to Stephenson — and to him, indeed, it would have been; but by adding a little here and a little there — by the continued application of a principle, the work has never been burdensome, although always arduous and always interesting.

"In just the same way we shall come to know God — by acquiring a good thought here and doing a good deed there — growing into the knowledge a little each day and making sure of our growing understanding by constant provings. Even so did the Master work, until he made his final ascension above all mortal beliefs. While we may not at once 'climb the heavenly steeps to bring the Lord Christ down,' we can prove by our daily deeds that we are gaining more and more of the truth each day until at last, as St. Paul writes to the Ephesians 'we all come into the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man' — in God's image and likeness — 'unto the full

measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.' Do you grasp the method?"

"Perfectly," said Earl, "and endless as it seems, I am determined to lose no time in beginning to acquire this knowledge. But how will I know for sure that I am on the right track?" he asked, as he arose to go.

" 'By their works ye shall know them,' says the apostle James. It is a safe and sure rule," was the reply.

Earl extended his hand: "I am greatly obliged," he said. "I seem to have been waiting for this all my life."

"Most of us feel that way when the light comes," declared Paul. "Clearly, then, the thing for us to do, is to begin at once to make our understanding more practical, by constant study, watchfulness, prayer, and demonstration. We must learn the letter, acquire the spirit, and never be found off our guard."

He threw back the flap of the tent and they emerged into the night. As they did so their ears caught the sound of rapidly approaching hoof-beats. Peering through the darkness they saw two figures, which, upon coming within the radius of the light that shone from the lamp in the tent, proved to be those of Hope von Rastadt and Nicanor.

CHAPTER XXIII

A NIGHT ADVENTURE

THE appearance of these two characters was so totally unlooked-for and, therefore, so unexpected, that for a moment neither Paul nor his visitor could say a word; but, after a moment, Earl sprang to Hope's side exclaiming:

"What is the matter? Why are you here? Is Mr. Adams worse?"

"No, Uncle Abijah is much better and I can not tell you exactly what is the matter, for I do not know; but I am here to warn Mr. Anthony!"

"To warn Mr. Anthony?" queried Earl in surprise. "To warn him of what?"

"I do not know as I can explain that either," replied Hope as she leaned over the side of her horse, "but if you will help me to alight I will tell you all I can."

Earl lifted her lightly from the saddle, threw the bridle rein to Nicanor, and with Paul they entered the tent.

"Before you begin," said Paul as he handed her a chair, "I want to say that if your information has anything to do with an attempt to connect me with a revolution, it will not be necessary to repeat it. Evidence of such a plan has been in my hands for many days and I can assure you now that it will amount to naught."

"That is a part of the information," replied Hope, "but that is only incidental, from what little I could gather. This plot is first against your work. I shall have to leave you to determine whether it reaches further."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Paul. "If it is against the work it is of great importance."

"I will tell you the story," continued Hope, "and you can judge for yourself. As you know, I have been passing most of my time in Uncle Abijah's room for the past three days. As a result my own room has been little occupied.

"My room is on the second floor and on the side of the house nearest the mountain. It has a little bay window as has also the room adjoining it. About nine o'clock this evening I had occasion to go to my room, and as it was dark I stepped to a matchbox which hangs on the side of the window. As I did so, I heard voices in the other little window, but should have paid no attention to them had I not heard Mr. Anthony's name mentioned. There has been so much said about him one way and another during the past few days —"

"And not all good, I suspect," laughed Paul.

"Well," replied Hope, "there has been some difference of opinion. That was why I was anxious to know what the discussion might be; and so I stopped and listened. Imagine my surprise upon discovering that one of the speakers was —" and Hope hesitated.

"Don Antonio," said Earl.

"How did you know?" asked Hope.

"I just guessed," replied Earl.

"Yes, it was Don Antonio," said Hope, "and a stranger."

"American or Mexican?" queried Paul.

"A Mexican, and," continued Hope, "I heard him tell Don Antonio that you were going to begin digging the tunnel tomorrow morning."

"The information was perfectly correct," said Paul. "We have made no attempt to keep it secret."

"Then," continued Hope, "Don Antonio asked if the men would do the work — meaning, as I took it, that they might refuse to dig a tunnel through the mountain because of superstitious fear. 'Yes,' was the stranger's reply, 'they'll do anything he tells them.' 'That's good,' said Don Antonio. 'That just fits in with our plan to accuse him of creating a revolution.'"

"This is the information I have had for days," said Paul. "Mr. Coyle told me all about it, and unless Don Antonio changes his method of thought, he will probably receive a great surprise."

"But that isn't the immediate danger," said Hope. "After Don Antonio had said this, the stranger asked, 'What's the use of going to all this trouble when we can end his career right here.' 'How?' asked Don Antonio. 'With dynamite,' was the reply,"

Earl was watching Paul and noted that for just an instant his eyes closed and the expression of his face changed; but the next minute his countenance assumed its usual expression, as he remarked: "Quite a different manifestation of error, is it not?"

"Error?" queried Earl.

"Isn't it?" asked Paul.

"How can dynamite be error?" asked Earl.

"Not the dynamite," explained Paul. "Only the thought back of its use. It is the same error of thought as the revolutionary plot, but seems to make itself manifest in a different way, that's all. But —" to Hope, "did you hear anything more?"

"Oh yes," she replied, "the stranger explained how dynamite could be placed in the spot where you were about to dig. He said something about a slow fuse, so that when you were all busy at the place it would go off."

"I see," said Paul. "And did you hear what the expected results would be?"

"It might — well, it might get rid of you right there; but if it did not, it would so frighten the peons that they would refuse to dig the tunnel, and you would be obliged to abandon the work and go home."

"Very ingenious," said Paul with a smile, "especially the idea of frightening the natives. The other suggestion is not even worthy of consideration. But, Miss von Rastadt, why did you take all this trouble to come away over here?"

"I had no one to send, upon whom I could depend. I tried to find Mr. Armstrong. Of course he was not there. Prof. Holman and Sir Henry were out of the question without making all kinds of disturbances and so I just came myself. Surely I could do that much for one who has done so much for me," and she gave Paul a look which made Earl's heart sink.

"You might have waited until daylight at least," said Paul.

"I thought you should know it right away. I think

they are going to fix it tonight. I heard the stranger say as he was leaving: 'I'll do it right away.' "

"I hardly see how they could do anything tonight," said Paul, "as they would not know where we are to begin; but the reason most plots fail, is because they are not directed by wisdom — simply by the always-erroneous suggestions of the human mind. However, it will be an easy thing to prevent any trouble. If you'll excuse me, I will see Mr. Coyle."

He left the tent only to return in a few minutes with Coyle, to whom he briefly detailed the main parts of the information brought by Hope.

"Sure, they're a crazy lot," said Coyle, "and you never can tell what devilment they're up to; but why has Tony got it in for you, Mr. Anthony?"

Earl glanced at Hope and noted that her face flushed at the question; but if Paul had any idea of the cause of Don Antonio's enmity, his answer did not indicate it.

"It is simply his opposition to progress," said Paul. "This opposition comes from ignorance, fostered by superstition, and has been the great cause of Mexico's delay in taking her place among the nations of the world. Furthermore, she never will rise from her present condition until ignorance and superstition are overcome. Let us understand that in reality such a cause is no cause; that ignorance is not power, as Mind is omnipotent, and then let us so act in accordance with this understanding as to nip the plotting in the bud.

"Mr. Coyle, if you'll come with me," Paul continued, "we'll start up the mountain at once so as to be there at the first light of day. This, I think, will effectually put a stop to the whole matter. In the mean-

time, Mr. Armstrong, I shall leave it to you to escort Miss von Rastadt back to La Goleta."

The party at once proceeded to carry out this arrangement, and Hope and Earl, accompanied by Nicanor, started for home, while Coyle and Paul made preparations for the ascent of the mountain.

"You'd better put on a six-shooter," advised Coyle as they were about to start, "you're likely to need it."

"No, I think not," replied Paul; "and now I come to think of it, I believe you will be needed in camp more than on the mountain. I believe I'll get Dr. Greyson to go with me and let you remain here and get the men together for an early start. We'll stay up by the entrance to the tunnel — or at least where the entrance will be — till you come."

Coyle shook his head. "You're a brave man, Mr. Anthony, but you can't always handle these greasers as you did the other day. You see our men know you and like you, but the one you'll meet on the mountain, or maybe a dozen of them, don't like you a little bit. In fact they'd just as lieve blow you up as look at you."

"Possibly," laughed Paul, "but I don't believe they will. Anyway, you're needed here and I am sure Dr. Greyson and I can take care of ourselves."

Coyle was not convinced, however, and went to his tent muttering as was his wont, while Paul proceeded to Greyson's tent where he found that gentleman snoring peacefully. It was the work of but a few minutes to awaken him and inform him of the condition of affairs, and an hour before daylight they were well up the mountain.

"Don Antonio has a nice lovely disposition, hasn't he?" remarked Greyson as they trudged along; "wanting to blow you up, and getting me out of bed at this unholy hour in the morning. Jealous, I suppose, because he thinks you are paying too much attention to Miss von Rastadt."

Paul made no reply for several minutes and then suddenly exclaimed: "What makes you say such things, Greyson?"

"Well, aren't they so?"

"Of course not; and a man of your understanding ought to see this error for just what it is."

"I think I do," insisted Greyson. "It's jealousy."

"Jealousy of what?" interrupted Paul.

"Of you, of course."

"Nothing of the kind," said Paul. "It's simply the natural opposition of mortal mind to anything which interferes with its plans. Without discussing how much or how little of the truth I may know, I will simply say that this seeming jealousy, as you call it, is only the disturbance which is bound to follow when two greatly opposing conditions of thought come into contact. Don Antonio believes something about me which isn't so—"

"Don't you think she's a fine girl?" asked Greyson.

"That has nothing to do with what I am talking about," declared Paul. "I am simply speaking impersonally. Don Antonio thinks I desire to take someing from him — to injure him, so to speak. But that doesn't make it true; and it is not true. The very minute he knows it, all his enmity will cease."

"Then you don't want the girl?"

"Greyson! Greyson! Will you ever be able to see thoughts instead of things?"

Greyson's face changed, likewise his tone of voice as he replied sadly: "I'm afraid not. It's always the same with me. I realized it again over at the hacienda the other night. For the life of me I could see nothing but a sick old man. Miss von Rastadt, full of the spirit, saw the opposite, and this correct view, I know, healed her uncle. Why can't I get it?"

"Because you are continually doing just what you are doing now: Thinking of persons instead of the impersonal error for which mortal mind invariably stands. Will nothing ever change you?"

"God knows!" replied Greyson.

"But you continually act as though He didn't," exclaimed Paul. "You act as though you thought you could do something of yourself. You can't, and you had just as well quit trying. Then you will come into that at-one-ment with God, which will enable you to do His will."

They were now nearing the spot where they might expect to encounter any one who was on mischief bent, and they walked along in silence, each in his way trying to realize the truth concerning existing conditions. Suddenly in the dim light of the approaching day they became aware of forms moving ahead of them. They stopped as by common consent and listened.

"This must be the place," they heard a voice exclaim with no attempt at concealment. "Now where are they going to begin digging?"

"Quien sabe," replied another voice. "Manuel can tell when he comes."

Manuel, as Paul remembered, was the man who had tried to have Agapito answer for him at roll call some time previous.

"How does he know?" the first voice asked.

"He carries the chain for the jefe," answered the other.

"Well, I wish he'd hurry up," replied the first speaker. "We want to locate the place and get away as soon as it is daylight."

"I think I can show you the place you are looking for," said Paul coming forward.

It was still too dark to distinguish faces, but the marauders stopped and peered eagerly toward the speaker.

"Caramba!" exclaimed the leader. "We are betrayed!" Then to Paul:

"Who are you?"

"I am the engineer in charge of this work —"

"El Americano!" exclaimed the man with a fierce Mexican oath. "What are you doing here?"

"That is for you to answer me," said Paul.

"I'll show you what I am doing here," replied the stranger, and before Paul had a chance to move, the man had drawn his revolver and fired point blank at him.

The average Mexican is not much of a marksman and the bullet flew wide of its mark; but before he could fire again there was a crashing in the bushes and two figures dashed into view. The larger of them sprang upon the would-be assassin and, picking him up bodily, dashed him to the earth. As he struck, his revolver was again discharged and, with a groan, the

giant form which stood over him, likewise fell to the ground.

Paul and Greyson sprang to the side of the prostrate figures and at once recognized the wounded man as Nicanor. The other newcomer proved to be Coyle. They paid no heed to the identity of the marauders.

Quickly Greyson began searching for the wound and found that the bullet had entered Nicanor's right side, but whether it had gone straight through or ranged upward, he could not determine.

"Is he killed?" asked Coyle, while Paul stood with bowed head and closed eyes, shutting out the material sense of things and trying to realize the spiritual man in God's image, against whom the power of death shall not prevail.

"No, I think not," replied Greyson, "but we must get him to camp as soon as possible. Where did he come from?"

"Sure, Mr. Armstrong saw a bunch of suspicious characters coming this way and sent Nicanor back to warn us. He found me and we started here as fast as we could, thinking you might need help — as you did."

"As we really did not," replied Paul. "It would have been much better had you not come. But, as Dr. Greyson says, let us get Nicanor to camp at once. The marauders, I see, have disappeared in the confusion."

CHAPTER XXIV

GUADELUPE'S VISIT

THE affair on the mountain and the wounding of Nicanor were quickly noised throughout the camp and the men were loud in their denunciation of those implicated. Various rumors as to their identity became current; but, as Paul knew, all these rumors were erroneous.

When, however, news of the trouble reached La Goleta, surmises as to the real cause were much more correct, even on the part of those who had no absolute information on the subject. Because of her attendance upon Abijah, who was still a bit weak from the severe attack of fever, Hope was able to keep out of the way, while Earl concealed his knowledge by appearing quite as surprised as any one.

Shortly after the news of Nicanor's accident was brought to the hacienda, Don Antonio, all booted and spurred, was passing along one of the upper galleries preparatory to leaving the house when he was accosted by Mrs. Holman, who had been patiently waiting for him.

"Good morning," she exclaimed. "What is this dreadful news I hear about poor Nicanor being shot on the mountains last night?"

Although taken considerably by surprise, Don An-

tonio was able to appear quite unconcerned as he replied: "Really, Señora, I can give you little information beyond what the messenger told my father. It appears that some of the peons are not pleased with the work being done by the railroad. There was a disturbance and fight, during which Nicanor was shot."

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Holman in a most interested manner. "And how did Nicanor happen to be there? Did you send him?"

"Me?" exclaimed Don Antonio, his face flushing at the unexpected question. "Why should I send Nicanor up into the mountains?"

"To express his displeasure at the work of the railroad, to be sure. You remember you told Miss Dewar and me the other day that Mr. Anthony was likely to get himself into trouble."

She looked at Don Antonio in such a knowing way that his coolness entirely forsook him and he stammered out:

"Why — why you must have misunderstood me. I said he might get into trouble with the government. This trouble — this — a — this fight in the mountains, I know nothing about it."

Mrs. Holman smiled knowingly. "Oh, I understand," she said, "but if you didn't send Nicanor to the mountains, what was he doing there?"

"Quien sabe!" replied Don Antonio, shrugging his shoulders.

"And where are you going now?" asked Mrs. Holman.

"Over to the camp to see Nicanor. My father thinks I should; and —" he continued, "I shall question

Nicanor very closely as to how he came to be mixed up in this trouble."

"I don't think you need go over to the railroad camp to find that out."

Don Antonio looked at her in surprise. "I don't understand," he said.

"What would you say if I told you that Nicanor left La Goleta last night in company with Miss von Rastadt?"

"With Miss von Rastadt!"

"My words are plain enough, are they not, Don Antonio?"

"Si, Señora, but what was he doing with Miss von Rastadt? Where was she going that she needed a mozo and how could he have been in the fight on the mountains if he was with her?"

"Don't ask me," replied Mrs. Holman. "But this I do know: Miss von Rastadt left La Goleta last night with Nicanor and came back several hours later without him. Now," she continued, "it is for you to find out where she went, and what Nicanor was doing on the mountain."

While Mrs. Holman had been speaking Don Antonio stood looking at her in blank amazement.

"Impossible!" he at length said. "You must be mistaken."

"I am not mistaken," declared Mrs. Holman. "Miss Dewar saw them. Come with me and she will corroborate what I say."

Silently Don Antonio followed Mrs. Holman to the apartments occupied by Patrice, where they found that young lady in a state of nervous expectation. In re-

sponse to Mrs. Holman's question, she stated that on the previous night, having left her door into the corridor a trifle ajar, her ear caught the noise of passing footsteps. She had stepped to the door to close it, when she noticed that it was Hope. Knowing that her room was on the opposite side of the house, she had wondered what she was doing around there. She had accordingly put out her light and waited to see. She had seen Hope knock at the door of Mr. Armstrong's room, but there had been no response. Then she went hastily back to her own room and a moment later reappeared with her hat and coat and went downstairs.

"By this time," said Patrice, "my curiosity was greatly aroused and I stood up here in the shadow and watched. She went first to her uncle's room, then crossed the patio to the stables. Five minutes later, accompanied by Nicanor, she rode out of the great gate."

"Now what do you think?" asked Mrs. Holman triumphantly.

"It still seems impossible. Why, where could she have been going?"

"Where?" exclaimed Mrs. Holman. "Where? Why to meet this man Anthony!"

Tony's face blanched. His guilty conscience told him if such were the case, what her mission must have been. Patrice noticing his agitation put an entirely different construction upon it, and, prompted by her own jealousy, exclaimed:

"Now you can see why she wanted no duena. Why, she's crazy after that man!"

"Or else he's bewitched her," declared Mrs. Holman.

"I am not yet prepared to say that she would do anything really wrong, but — " and she paused suggestively.

"But you never can tell what these American girls will do!" exclaimed Don Antonio wrathfully.

"That isn't what I started to say," said Mrs. Holman, more jealous of her Americanism than of Hope's good name. "I started to say that while I do not believe she would really do anything wrong, I think she is acting very foolishly. But what can you expect of a girl with no one to look after her, who falls into the hands of such a designing hypocrite as this man Anthony."

"What, indeed?" said Patrice, wishing in her innermost heart that she were even now in Hope's shoes.

"What, indeed?" echoed Don Antonio, wishing he had the power of attraction which he was so unjustly attributing to Paul Anthony.

"He must be exposed," declared Mrs. Holman. "Both he and his so-called religion."

"I care nothing about his religion," said Don Antonio; "it is his villany that I would expose."

"And his hypocrisy," added Patrice, "after what he said to me," having in her mind his very simple words spoken to her in the cave.

"What did he say to you?"

Patrice colored: "Now that I can see through him," she replied, "I do not wish to repeat his words. I am surprised that I was ever foolish enough to have considered them."

"Well," declared Mrs. Holman, trying her best not to show how her curiosity had been piqued, "whatever he said to you has nothing to do with the case. What

we now want is to expose him in a manner that will prevent his ever coming near this hacienda again —"

"And will compel Hope von Rastadt's uncle to take her home!" added Patrice. "But how are we to do it?"

"I can't tell you," replied Mrs. Holman. "We must await developments. With Don Antonio to help us I am sure we shall succeed. In the meantime, we must not breathe a word of our suspicions and keep our eyes open."

There were still others in La Goleta who had their suspicions as to the cause of the trouble on the mountains. These were Don Felix and Guadelupe, for Patrice was not the only one who had received a hint of some implied trouble from the words passed by Don Felix and Don Antonio a few days previous.

Guadelupe had also heard their conversation and at the first opportunity asked Don Felix what it was about. Without telling her all their brother Francisco had written, he had told her enough to convince her that Don Antonio was mixed up in some enterprise aimed either at the railroad company or those in charge of the company's work. When, therefore, she learned of the wounding of Nicanor, she became at once intensely interested, fearing for the safety of her brother, of whom she was very fond and over whom she always exercised a sort of motherly care.

In her search for information she went first to Don Felix. He could tell her but little. He had been so wrapped up in his explorations during the past few weeks that he had not only paid little attention to matters in general, but had allowed even his quondam love-making to become of secondary importance. Then

she went to Earl. She was a little doubtful as to the wisdom of this, but she had to know.

Without mentioning any names, Earl told her what he had learned of the trouble and the manner of Nicanor's accident.

"Doesn't Mr. Anthony know who it is that is seeking to injure him?" asked Guadelupe, sure in her own mind that the chief conspirator was none other than Don Antonio.

"Oh yes," replied Earl, "I am sure he does."

Guadelupe's heart sank.

"And what is he going to do about it?" she finally asked.

"I heard him say," was Earl's answer, 'that those who did such things must suffer.' How, I didn't hear; but evil will bring its own punishment. It just can't help it."

The girl's face blanched. There was no doubt that her brother was in grave danger. He might even be arrested and shot.

"Oh, Mr. Armstrong," she exclaimed, "Mr. Anthony is such a kind man! You don't think he would do anything very bad, do you?"

Perceiving by this time that the girl had some motive in her questions, and thinking that perhaps she came at Don Antonio's instigation, Earl replied: "No, I do not think Mr. Anthony would himself insist upon punishing the offender; but I am not sure that he will have any voice in the matter. When a law is broken, you know the violator must be punished."

Without waiting to hear more, Guadelupe hastened to her chamber to think it over. There was no doubt

in her mind that her brother was in serious trouble. Something must be done to save him; but what? Oh yes! She would warn him and he must fly. But where? She was sure that wherever he went Francisco and the rurales would find him — for Guadelupe had great faith in the rurales and she knew that her brother Francisco would spare no one in the line of his duty.

Then an idea dawned upon her. She would go and see Mr. Anthony. She would intercede with him not to have her brother arrested, feeling sure in her own mind that after what had happened, Don Antonio would cease his evil ways.

Thus it happened that shortly after the sun set that evening, Paul was again interrupted at his work. Some one raised the fly to his tent, and he heard a voice saying: "Señor Jefe, here is a young lady to see you."

It was Jose, and without more ado he ushered in Guadelupe, her face covered with her mantilla.

Not recognizing her thus veiled, but noting from her dress that it was not one of the peon women who were continually coming to headquarters with excuses for their husbands or to ask some favor, Paul arose and offered her a chair.

"Was it me you wished to see, Señorita?" he asked.

"Si, Señor," was the trembling response.

"And what can I do for you?"

Guadelupe made no reply, but glanced toward the door of the tent where Jose still stood.

"You may go, Jose," said Paul noticing the hesitancy. "If you are needed I will call you."

No sooner had Jose taken his departure than Guadelupe threw aside her mantilla, exclaiming:

"Oh, Señor Anthony, you will not have him punished. You will not have him arrested."

So surprised was Paul at the discovery of his visitor's identity and at her unexpected request, that for once he was taken completely off his guard and instead of replying to her words exclaimed:

"Señorita Estrada! My dear child! What are you doing here?"

"My brother, Señor Anthony! My brother, Tony! You will not have him shot for what he has done?" and she sank on her knees at his feet and burst into tears.

Tenderly Paul raised her up and placed her on a chair.

"My dear child," he said, "I have no intention of having your brother shot. Your brother has done nothing to me."

Guadelupe slowly dried her eyes and looked at Paul in astonishment. Did she hear aright? Was it possible that she had been mistaken? Had she taken this long walk for nothing?"

"Wasn't it Tony who caused the trouble on the mountains last night?" she asked.

"Certainly not," replied Paul. "It was error, plain and unadulterated."

Guadelupe's eyes opened wider. Just exactly what Paul meant by error she did not understand, but she did understand that he was not laying the trouble at Don Antonio's door. Her heart grew light and her face grew bright as she asked naively:

"Quien es el error?"

In spite of himself, Paul had to laugh as he repeated her question.

"Who is error?" Then after a pause — "Error I take it, is not who, although a whole lot of people seem to think it is. Christ Jesus said of it, to the people who called it who: 'He is a liar and the father of it.' It is this error which is causing all the trouble. It is this error which is using your brother and it is this error which must be arrested and destroyed."

While Paul was talking, Guadelupe's eyes grew bigger and bigger and her expression of amazement grew greater and greater.

"Señor," she finally said when Paul had finished, "you are a wise man; too wise for a simple Mexican girl like me. But, Señor, more than that, I know that you are a good man. No one could ever make me doubt that."

Paul's face flushed: "Señorita," he replied, "that is the greatest compliment I ever received."

Then suddenly: "But how did you come here. You are not alone, I hope?"

"No, Señor. Annapita is here."

"Annapita? Is she your duena?"

"No, Señor, she is my moza."

"Then I shall see you back to the hacienda," declared Paul.

"Oh please, no, Señor! Some one might see you. Annapita and I will be better alone." Then as she turned to go; "Does the Señor think el error can be arrested without hurting my brother?"

"I cannot say, Señorita," was Paul's earnest reply,

"but I will save him in so far as I am able. Have no fear."

Guadelupe went out to join her servant with a light heart, conscious of nothing but good; but back at La Goleta a reception was awaiting her that she little expected.

Filled with suspicion, jealousy, and fear, Don Antonio had determined that no one should in the future leave the hacienda without his knowledge, and that evening, as soon as it was dark, he stationed himself near the stable where he could observe any one who might pass through the big gate. He had no more than taken this position, when Guadelupe, wrapped in her rebosa and with her mantilla over her head, slipped out.

Had not Don Antonio been blinded by his evil thoughts, he would doubtless have recognized his sister; but he simply took it for granted that it was Hope. Hastily summoning one of the young men who worked about the stable, he bade him follow until he could be sure of her destination and then return and report. In less than three-quarters of an hour the peon returned to say she had gone to the railroad camp.

Then Don Antonio prepared for a great coup.

Going to the parlor, where Don Miguel and most of the guests were assembled, he asked for Hope. Upon being told that she was with her uncle, he smiled in such a knowing manner as to attract Mrs. Holman's attention, and soon the two were busy with a deep-laid plan. On the pretext of wanting a long-forgotten picture, Don Antonio drew his mother from the room and told her all that had been discovered. That good woman's surprise and indignation knew no bounds and

she was for at once telling Abijah and her husband all about it.

"No wonder she did not want a duena," she exclaimed, "Oh, these American girls. Señora," to Mrs. Holman, "you will have to admit that the Spanish way is the best."

Mrs. Holman did not think it a good time to disagree with her, but advised her not to say anything to any one, not even Patrice, until they had been able to confront Hope. They determined to take up their position at the end of the patio nearest the stables and there, upon her return, compel her to acknowledge where she had been.

Going down stairs they were about to seat themselves on one of the stone seats at a convenient distance, when the door to Abijah's room opened and Hope came out.

Her sudden appearance was so unexpected, and so upset their calculations, that not one of the trio was able to speak; but all stood agape with a look of blank amazement upon their faces.

"Oh," exclaimed Hope, "I did not know we were to have callers, and Uncle Abijah has just fallen asleep; but we can sit out here and talk. Isn't it a beautiful night?"

Still the trio was so completely nonplussed that no one could speak. Especially was this true of Don Antonio. He was sure she had gone out and it did not seem possible that she should have returned from the camp so soon.

Mrs. Holman was the first to regain her composure and rising manfully to the occasion she said sweetly:

"We thought you ought not to be left down here all alone; but we were not sure that you were in."

Hope laughed, "Where did you think I was?" she asked.

"My son thought he saw you go out," replied Donna Maria stiffly.

Hope looked at Don Antonio with a quizzical smile.

"And so he brought you down to make sure, I suppose. No, Don Antonio, I have not been out of my uncle's room tonight; but I was last night."

It was well for Don Antonio that he stood in the shadow of one of the great pillars, or his mother might have seen the pallor which spread over his face. Mrs. Holman caught something of the expression and for want of something better to say, remarked with a mirthless laugh:

"I guess Don Antonio has been seeing shadows."

At this moment a slight noise at the gate attracted their attention and two figures were seen to enter and come silently down under the portico. A low exclamation of surprise escaped the watchers and Donna Maria exclaimed sternly:

"They were not shadows, and we shall now see who it is."

She stepped quickly toward the approaching figures, whose identity was plainly revealed to her as they stepped under the great light which hung at the entrance to the portico.

"Guadelupe!" she exclaimed in surprise at seeing her own daughter. "Is it possible!" and then she sank down upon the stone steps.

For a moment no words were spoken. Then Don Antonio strode forward saying; "So it is you!"

Guadelupe shrank back with a little moan, exclaiming:

"Oh, Tony, it was all for you!"

"For me?" he almost shouted. "For me! It is not true. You have disgraced your whole family!"

Guadelupe staggered and would have fallen, had not Hope caught her in her arms. Then as she drew the sobbing girl to her breast she turned upon Don Antonio, and with flashing eyes exclaimed:

"No, Don Antonio, it is not your sister but you, who have disgraced your family! If you have not the manhood to protect your sister's good name, I will! You shall be known for the coward you are!"

For just a moment Don Antonio remained silent; but Hope's words were like the sting of a lash to the now desperate, but thoroughly frightened young man, and he suddenly sprang into action.

"Coward!" he cried with an air of bravado. "I will show you whether I am a coward — you and your Gringo lover! The next you hear of me you shall regret your words. Adios!"

He flung the words at her and started for the stables.

"Tony!" called Guadelupe starting forward. "Oh, Tony, where are you going? What are you going to do?"

Don Antonio made no reply and before any one could interfere, had mounted his horse and ridden away.

CHAPTER XXV

PATRICE FINDS HOPE

THE sudden change in conditions had completely unnerved both Mrs. Holman and Donna Maria and left them in a most embarrassing position. But Hope was equal to the emergency; and when, attracted by Don Antonio's excited voice and the sound of his horse's hoofs, Prof. Holman and Don Miguel came hastily down stairs, she was in complete command of the situation.

"What's the matter?" asked Prof. Holman, noting the strange expression upon his wife's face.

"Just a little argument with Don Antonio," replied Hope lightly, "and when we had the best of him he rode away."

But here Donna Maria recovered herself, and catching sight of her husband as he came down the portico, exclaimed:

"Oh marido mio, we are disgraced — disgraced!" and as he approached she hid her face on his shoulder.

"Nothing of the kind!" declared Hope. "Don Antonio was excited, that's all. Now, Donna Maria, you and Don Miguel come with me and I am sure I can explain everything to your satisfaction."

During this little scene Prof. Holman had been regarding his wife intently. The expression on her

face convinced him that in some way she was largely responsible for the whole affair, and as Hope, with her arm still about Guadelupe, led the way upstairs he took his wife by the arm saying:

"Cornelia, you had better come with me. We are not here to intrude upon any one's family affairs."

Mrs. Holman suffered herself to be led away, and, when, inside their own room, her husband turned upon her and demanded an explanation, she was as meek as a lamb. In broken words she told him everything she knew — which from the standpoint of real facts was not very much.

"I told you to mind your own business," said the professor. "I knew you'd get yourself into trouble, and now you've done it. You can make your arrangements to leave here at the earliest possible moment."

"But it isn't my fault," she pleaded.

"Not your fault," queried her husband. "Then I'd like to know whose it is?"

"Why, that man Anthony's, to be sure. If he hadn't bewitched these girls —"

"Bewitched your grandmother!" exclaimed Prof. Holman, losing all patience. "It strikes me that instead of Mr. Anthony having bewitched these girls, Don Antonio has bewitched you. Now, Cornelia, can't you see this whole trouble is due to your prejudice?"

"Prejudice! Why should I be prejudiced?"

"That's exactly what I've been trying to find out," replied her husband. "At first you thought Paul Anthony was the finest man and best Christian you had ever met; then suddenly you began calling him a viper

and hypocrite. Why? That's what I want to know — why?"

"Because he is," declared Mrs. Holman. "Any man who calls himself a Christian Scientist and pretends that he can heal the sick, must be a hypocrite."

Prof. Holman raised his eyebrows and nodded his head in a significant manner. "I see," he said. "How about doctors? They profess to heal the sick. Are they hypocrites?"

"Of course not. They cure with medicine."

"And Mr. Anthony professes to heal with prayers which, as I understand it, is using God. I'm not much of a Christian, Cornelia, but you are supposed to be. Now wouldn't you say that God is more powerful than castor oil, or quinine?"

Mrs. Holman regarded her husband intently for a moment to see if he were really in earnest, or was joking. Deciding that it was the former she replied:

"I refuse to discuss such a foolish and irreverent question."

"It is neither foolish nor irreverent," declared the professor. "It is a matter that I have been considering much lately, and the first opportunity I get I am going to ask Mr. Anthony something about his religion. It strikes me as being quite practical."

While this conversation was going on between the Holmans, Hope was telling Don Miguel and his wife, in as gentle a manner as possible, the exact condition of affairs.

"And Felix and Francisco know it too," exclaimed Guadelupe when Hope had finished. "Not about the

trouble of last night, but about the other. It was to save Tony that I went to Mr. Anthony tonight."

"What did he say?" asked Don Miguel.

"He said it wasn't Tony's fault at all. He said it was el error."

"El diablo more likely!" exclaimed her father.

"I think from what Senor Anthony said," replied Guadelupe, "that they mean a good deal the same thing. Anyway, he said there was nothing to fear, and that he'd save Tony in spite of himself, if he possibly could."

"I am sure he can," said Hope, "because error, or the devil, as Don Miguel calls it, really has no power, you know."

"No?" queried Don Miguel.

"No," replied Hope. "Because God, good, has all power, there is no power left for error, evil or el diablo — as you say. Don't you see?"

Don Miguel nodded his head. "Cierto!" he declared. "If God has all the power, there is none left for any one else. Don't you see, Maria?"

Donna Maria shook her head. Logic was not her strong point.

"Why," exclaimed Don Miguel, "if I own all the land in the state, there can be none for any one else, can there?"

"No."

"Well, it's just the same with power. If El Dios has all the power, el diablo has none.

"But," turning to Hope, "what good will that do Tony if he doesn't know it?"

"Not much I am afraid," replied Hope, thoughtfully,

"unless —" and she wrinkled her brow — "unless," and her face suddenly cleared, "some one else knows it for him; knows it so hard that Don Antonio will just have to know it, too."

Their conversation was interrupted by a knock on the door and in response to an invitation to "come in" Don Felix entered. Knowing of Don Antonio's evil acts, although only to a small extent, he had surmised that something was wrong and as soon as he could excuse himself from Sir Henry, Patrice, and Earl, had come in search of his parents. To him, also, the matter had to be explained, and it was only after a second recital by Guadelupe of her visit to Paul, and Hope's assurance that from what she knew of him he was not at all offended, that Don Felix could be prevented from hastening at once to the camp — late as it now was — to crave his pardon.

"I do not know how we shall ever be able to make amends," Don Felix declared with the greatest earnestness.

"I do not think you will have any trouble about it," laughed Hope; nor did he, when on the following morning, accompanied by his father, Don Felix rode over to camp.

"But something must be done," declared Don Felix, "to prevent this mad boy from getting you into more trouble. I shall write the facts to Francisco at once."

"As you please about that," replied Paul; "but otherwise, if you will leave the matter in my hands, I am sure there will be no serious trouble, while Don Antonio will be shown the error of his ways."

"How is Nicanor?" enquired Don Miguel.

"Doing nicely, I think," replied Paul, "although I have been so busy with other problems that I have left his case entirely with Dr. Greyson and Mr. Armstrong. The latter is deeply attached to your mozo."

"We may see him?"

"Assuredly. You will find him in the second tent at the top of the hill. *Hasta luego*!" and Paul started up to inspect operations at the tunnel, while Don Miguel and Felix went to call upon the wounded Nicanor.

During the next few days, a still more pronounced feeling of restraint was manifest at the hacienda. Don Antonio had completely disappeared, and for various reasons no one mentioned his name, although his entire family was doing its best to locate him. Now that Don Felix was busy trying to prevent his brother from doing anything desperate, the work of exploration was practically at a standstill and Prof. Holman and Sir Henry had already begun to arrange a day and plans for going north.

This arrangement did not suit Patrice. Although she realized that the heat was a great strain upon her physical condition, she was by no means willing to go away and leave the field to Hope, whom, in her ignorance, she had come to look upon as a rival. Accordingly she set herself to work to bring about a different plan of action.

Just how she was to accomplish this she was not at first determined, because she was ignorant of the true condition of affairs. Having learned her lesson, Mrs. Holman kept her counsel strictly to herself, although Patrice did her best to draw her out. Failing here,

the girl decided to sound Guadelupe, who, as the sister of Don Felix, might prove more communicative; but here, too, she was deemed to disappointment. Made cautious by her recent experience, Guadelupe refused to be pumped and skillfully avoided all questions. Then Patrice turned to Abijah, who was again able to be about; but he knew nothing.

"How much longer are you going to remain in Mexico?" she finally asked.

"Well," replied Abijah meditatively, "I don't know as I can say. Since I was sick, Hope and I seem to have changed places. I came down here to look after her, but instead she's looking after me. When we started, I was the captain and she was the private; now she's in command. I'm ready whenever she says the word."

"Which will not be for a long time, I imagine?"

"No?" interrogated Abijah. "What makes you think so?"

"There seems to be such a great attraction here."

"Yes, it is a nice place," and Abijah cast his eyes about. "And a fine view, too, from the balcony."

"I wasn't thinking of the country," laughed Patrice. Then, as a feeler: "You know all of us young women sometimes find other things more attractive than scenery."

"For example?" queried Abijah, who somehow seemed terribly dull or stupid.

"Well, for example," laughed Patrice with a heightened color, "young men!"

Abijah's face took on a startled look as he asked

hurriedly: "You don't think Hope has fallen in love, do you?"

"How can I tell?" replied Patrice. "Girls do not wear their hearts on their sleeves. But I have noticed that she has been very much interested in railroad construction since Mr. Anthony and Dr. Greyson came."

"Yes, I'd noticed that, too," said Abijah, "but I'd laid it to a different cause," and he recalled his own visit to Paul. "Now if I was going to pick out a beau," and Abijah's eyes twinkled, "I should think that Mr. Armstrong would be about the most likely chap around here."

Patrice looked at Abijah in surprise. That Earl was greatly attracted to Hope was very evident; "but, Mr. Adams," she exclaimed, "you surely would not look upon Mr. Armstrong as a suitable match for your niece — not for the Countess von Rastadt!"

Abijah's eyes took on a faraway look. He recalled the morning of Hope's birth, her childish words and actions, and her girlhood. At last, as in response to his own thoughts, he said slowly:

"I don't believe birth would make any difference to Hope in picking out a husband, but," and he laughed softly, "you never can tell what a young woman thinks. However, you might ask her."

The suggestion fell on fruitful ground and Patrice determined to act upon it at the earliest opportunity. Furthermore, when she began seeking an opportunity, it was not long lacking. The very next morning, seeing Hope and Marquis starting off for a climb up the mountain, Patrice asked permission to join them. The

permission was so quickly and gladly granted that she wondered why she had not thought of it before.

"I had no idea these little excursions of yours were so enjoyable," she exclaimed as they neared the summit and she turned to survey the plain. Then as they started upward again: "Where was it you had your experience with that terrible beast?"

"Just a little farther," replied Hope. "There, right there," and she pointed to the rock in the center of the little open space in which her eyrie was located.

"Tell me all about it," said Patrice, "so I can see just how it happened."

"I don't know as I can," was Hope's hesitating answer. "You see I was sitting here reading," and she laid her hand on the seat, "when all at once I saw the animal crouching over there where Marquis is now sniffing. I closed my eyes and I don't think I ever prayed so hard before. All at once I was attracted by another noise and opened my eyes to see the animal bounding away and Mr. Anthony and Earl — I mean Mr. Armstrong, standing before me."

Interested as she was in the recital, Patrice pricked up her ears as she noted the little slip in Hope's speech. If Mr. Armstrong was Earl to Hope, she couldn't be much interested in Paul Anthony. But Patrice only said:

"It was a wonderful escape, wasn't it? Mr. Anthony must be a very brave man."

"He is so good," replied Hope, "that he doesn't know what fear is."

"I don't see what goodness has to do with bravery,"

exclaimed Patrice. "Bravery is just born in one. It's one of the signs of nobility, I think."

"So it is," replied Hope, "the nobility which we inherit from God, who is infinite good. That is why a good man is always a brave man."

Patrice looked puzzled. "There is something about your words and those of Mr. Anthony that is a good deal alike," she finally said. "He talks about God and heredity just as you do."

Hope laughed joyfully. "That isn't strange, "she replied. "Don't your father and Don Felix talk just alike about the Toltecs?"

"Why, of course, they know the same things about them."

"Undoubtedly," said Hope. "And did you ever hear two people talk about twice two that they didn't always call it four?"

"No; how could they? Two twos make four, do they not?"

"Not a jot more nor a tittle less," was Hope's laughing rejoinder, pleased that she could talk to some one about truth. "Thus it is that when you hear two persons talking about anything, of which they know the truth, they always say the same things — do they not?"

"I suppose so."

"Well," explained Hope, "that's just the way with Mr. Anthony and me. We have learned something about God and man that is true, and so we tell it alike, just as two people who have learned the truth about two times two, always tell it alike."

"Does Mr. Armstrong know these things, too?"

asked Patrice, trying to turn the conversation in that direction.

She seated herself on Hope's favorite resting place and awaited a reply.

"I think he is learning," said Hope.

"And is he brave? Is he good enough to be brave?"

"I am sure I don't know how brave he is; but if we were to judge him from your standpoint, Miss Dewar, he wouldn't be brave at all, for he hasn't in him a single drop of what you call blue blood. Why, he doesn't even know who his grandfather was."

Patrice could scarcely believe her ears, but she did manage to gasp out: "Impossible! How do you know?"

"He told me," laughed Hope, as she took a seat on a smaller rock a few feet away.

"And you a countess! How dare he?"

"How dare he what?" asked Hope in unfeigned surprise.

"Fall in love with you, to be sure!"

Hope's face flushed and she was about to reply; but Patrice gave her no opportunity.

"Oh, it's true. I have seen it for days and so has every one else. No one blames *him*, but I have been wondering what you thought. That is much more important. I thought it was Mr. Anthony—"

"What on earth are you talking about?" interrupted Hope as soon as she could recover from her surprise sufficiently to break in upon Patrice's volubility. "No one could think of Mr. Anthony like that."

Patrice drew a long breath and her heart gave a

bound that sent the color to her cheeks; but she only said under her breath:

"Then it is Mr. Armstrong!"

"What is that?" asked Hope, not catching her words.

"I say it couldn't be Mr. Armstrong. You wouldn't marry a man who had no family."

"I'd marry the man I loved," declared Hope emphatically, "no matter what his family. But I couldn't love any but a good man."

"I'm not sure Mr. Armstrong is even a good man," said Patrice. "He always refers to himself otherwise."

"I'm not talking about Mr. Armstrong," insisted Hope. "I'm talking about the man I could love. Such a man would have to reflect, at least in a measure, the goodness which he inherits from God, who is man's only Father. That is the only line of heredity that I would consider for a moment, and that the only inheritance."

"And you wouldn't marry a bad man, if he came of a good family?"

"Not if he were the descendant of twenty kings," was Hope's emphatic reply.

"You might think he was good."

"Yes, I suppose I might be deceived; but if we keep our minds pure — if we keep them filled with truth and love, I am sure we shall be able to discriminate between good and evil in others, as well as in ourselves."

Patrice leaned her head upon her hand and looked up at the sky in a reflective mood.

"You are certainly a strange girl," she said at last.

"I begin now to see why you are different from the rest of us."

"Different?" queried Hope.

"Yes, different — different in many ways. But I can not understand why you do not believe in heredity."

"But I do believe in it," declared Hope.

"Oh yes, I know," said Patrice, "but I mean —" she paused — "what do I mean?" she asked with a queer little smile.

"You mean material heredity?"

"Yes, I guess that's it. We inherit titles and houses and lands and bravery and quick tempers and —"

"Red hair and freckles," continued Hope, "and scrofula and consumption —"

"Oh no," interrupted Patrice suddenly. "Don't mention it! You frighten me to death!"

Hope looked at her in wonderment. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"My mother had it," was the reply. "That is why I have no mother. Oh, the fear of it!" and the girl buried her face in her hands.

In an instant Hope was kneeling at her side, her heart filled with a great pity.

"Have no fear," she said tenderly. "I was only echoing your words. You do not, you cannot really, inherit ills, any more than you inherit from so-called mortal ancestors the things which to you seem good, but which really are not, you know, because they are not of God."

"But I do not know," declared Patrice with a shudder, "and I am filled with a nameless fear every time I think about it The taint is upon me. I am

my mother over again. Every one tells me that. My eyes, my hair — even my pink cheeks, which seem the picture of health, are but the marks of the disease. No! No! I am doomed! The doctors have already told me — more than a year ago when I had a severe hemorrhage. That is why my father takes me everywhere with him."

Hope tried to soothe her, but she would not be comforted. Her belief in heredity was too great and after a moment's reflection she said:

"Only the other day I heard Prof. Holman say these tropical countries were the worst possible places for a young woman with such tendencies. I would have urged father to leave then — but I could not."

For several moments there was silence — each busy with her own thoughts. At last Hope exclaimed:

"I'll tell you what. You shall have a talk with Mr. Anthony. I know he can help you."

Patrice's face brightened. Was it possible that she should at last get so near to her ideal — her hero, that he would see what was in her heart?

Hope caught her expression of happiness and not knowing the real cause asked: "You would like to have him help you, would you not?"

"Indeed I would."

"Then he will, I am sure. I will ask Mr. Armstrong to tell him you wish to see him."

Patrice looked down into Hope's face long and earnestly without speaking until at last Hope asked with a smile:

"Well, what do you think of me?"

"I was thinking," replied Patrice in a low musical

voice without removing her eyes from Hope's face, "that I wish I were different — more like you — more independent. Why, I wouldn't dare send for Mr. Anthony. They would think all manner of things about me; but it seems all right for you. I suppose that is because you are hereditary Countess of Rastadt, while I am only Patrice Dewar."

"No," replied Hope, reaching up and placing her hand gently on the girl's shoulder, "that is not the reason. It is not because I am a countess, but because I am a daughter of the great King, and know it — know that my inheritance is goodness and purity, which no one can take from me so long as I stand fast in that truth which makes me free."

Patrice dropped her eyes and a little sob caught in her throat as she exclaimed: "I wish I were a daughter of that great King!"

"And so you are," said Hope gently. "It only remains for you to claim your birthright."

CHAPTER XXVI

EARL PAYS HIS DEBT

NICANOR'S wound was proving quite as serious as Dr. Greyson had feared. Without going into the record of the case — a record of error from the start —, it may be said that all the complications provided for in the laws laid down by the most highly educated medical thought, had arisen. When Earl went to see him on the morning of the fourth day, he found him in a semi-conscious state — delirious — and it needed no expert medical knowledge to perceive that his condition was critical.

"What's the matter, Sid?" Earl asked as soon as they had stepped outside of the tent.

"Peritonitis," was the laconic reply.

"What?" queried Earl.

"Inflammation, abscess, blood poisoning, in fact everything that ought not to be."

Earl regarded Greyson intently for a moment and then reaching into his coat pocket drew forth a small Bible with the remark: "I haven't found anything in here about inflammation and abscesses. This says that God made all that was made and that He made only good."

"I know that," replied Greyson.

"You say you do," said Earl, "but do you?"

"Why of course I do," was Greyson's somewhat nettled reply.

"Well, then, why don't you prove it?"

Greyson looked at Earl very earnestly as he asked: "What are you driving at, Armstrong?"

"I'm not driving at anything; I am asking a simple question."

"What I mean," explained Greyson, "is this: Are you asking simply for an explanation, or are you trying to get up an argument?"

"Argument nothing," exclaimed Earl, "I just want to know why it is, if you know these things, that you don't prove them?

"Now here," and from his other pocket Earl took a copy of Science and Health which he had just received that morning, "is the book which more than four weeks ago you told me you knew by heart. You also told me you knew most of the Bible by heart —"

"Not exactly," interrupted his friend.

"I don't suppose you meant to sit down and quote it from cover to cover," exclaimed Earl abruptly, "but you know by heart the truths it contains. Isn't that so?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so."

"In both these books I find it stated plainly, that to know that God is good, that God made only good and that whatever God did not make never was made, will necessarily destroy a belief in any other power — in any other creation — and will, therefore, heal the sick. Is my understanding of the teaching correct?"

"I should say so," replied Greyson.

"Very well then, knowing this — as you say you do — why don't you prove it by healing Nicanor?"

For several minutes Greyson was silent. Finally he said: "Armstrong, I guess I don't really know it. In spite of all my reading, I know, or seem to know, something other than the teachings of these two great books."

"I expect that is just exactly the answer," declared Earl. "Now if you don't know this truth and are, therefore, unable to prove it, why don't you let some one take the case who does know it? Why not turn it over to Mr. Anthony?"

"He has about all he can attend to without being bothered with this."

"I don't think it would bother him at all," declared Earl. "I've discovered he isn't one of the 'being bothered' kind. But where is he? I have a message for him."

"He's up at the tunnel. He'll be back to breakfast."

"Then I'll wait for him," and as an afterthought, "I really think, Greyson, that you should tell him something about Nicanor."

"I will," replied Greyson, "that is, if it is not too late."

"Too late," exclaimed Earl. "My God, man, you don't mean to tell —"

"I just did tell you," interrupted Greyson. "I said peritonitis."

"That doesn't mean anything to me," said Earl. "It is simply a name. You might just as well have said Adamitis."

"Which from a Christian standpoint is just what it is," declared Greyson.

Earl eyed him in amazement. "What are you talking about?" he asked. "There isn't any such disease as Adamitis, is there?"

"I never heard it called that before," replied Greyson, "but from a Christianly scientific standpoint, the matter with every mortal man is Adamitis. He believes he is a son of Adam; a direct descendant of the belief of life in matter whereas —"

"Whereas," exclaimed Earl interrupting him, "if what I have learned in the last few weeks is true — man is the son of God, Spirit, and is therefore, a spiritual and not a material being. Am I right?"

"That is what the Bible says."

"Well, I believe it," said Earl emphatically. "I believe that Christ was the son of God and that He healed people of all manner of diseases because He knew that God didn't make diseases and, therefore, they were not real. I believe that God is Life, Truth and Love, and that there is but one Mind and that God with whom there is no knowledge of peritonitis — no, nor of Adamitis either, since my coined word seems to fit the occasion —"

"You do?" asked Greyson in a tone of the greatest surprise. "You really believe it?"

"I certainly do. I told you I was in earnest about this thing."

"Well then," declared Greyson, "if you really believe it — if you really believe that Christ Jesus through His understanding of God was able to do these wonderful works; if you believe that He meant it when He said: 'He that believeth in me the work that I do shall he do also,' why don't you go in there and heal Nicanor!"

For a moment Earl looked at Greyson to see if he were in earnest. In Greyson's eye was something which told him that he was, — that his words were something more than a joke,— even more than a request. It was a challenge, and without a word Earl turned and went into the tent where Nicanor lay.

How long he remained in that tent he never realized. He only knew that here was the test of his faith. As he began to pray he felt how small was his understanding; but he was upheld by the words of Jesus, "ask what ye will in my name and it shall be granted unto you." He had learned in his two weeks reading what it meant to "ask in my name," — after the manner of and with the "same Mind that was also in Christ Jesus." He realized, as he sat there beside his suffering brother, — beside the man who had at one time saved him from probable death,— that in order to prove the truths which he had just begun to grasp and to lay hold on that life which comes of knowing God and His Christ, he would be willing to give up everything else in the world. As he regarded that man of clay, lying motionless and apparently lifeless, except for his labored breathing, Earl began to perceive that to know God is in reality the only life; that nothing else is even worthy of a passing thought, and he hungered and thirsted after that righteousness which fills.

A deep sense of gratitude also took possession of him — a thankfulness that he had been led to the light.

As his understanding of the promises of Jesus became clearer, the WORD that was in the beginning became more potent and he finally exclaimed in the words of

the Master: "'Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard me.'"

Then for the first time he seriously regarded Nicanor. Could this really be the same individual he had looked upon when he arrived at camp that morning? That it was, there could be no doubt; but what a change! No longer was his face drawn and haggard. No longer were his eyes filled with the wildness of delirium; but in its place was the light of consciousness and reason. The flush had faded from his cheek, and, as he looked up at Earl, a smile of pleasure illumined his features.

"Buenos dias, Señor," he said and his voice was strong. "I dreamed you had gone away."

"No," replied Earl, laying his hand on the mozo's head with a firm but gentle touch, "and I'm not going away until you are well. You saved my life once, and I am going to help save yours now! I couldn't repay you then, but I have learned something since that time, and now I can."

A shadow darkened the doorway and Earl looked up to discover Paul and Greyson entering the tent. One look at Nicanor was enough, and with an exclamation of surprise Greyson turned his eyes upon Earl. Here again a glance was sufficient and he hastily left the tent, exclaiming as he went:

"Come, Paul, your assistance is not needed."

"He's wrong, Mr. Anthony!" exclaimed Earl, springing from his chair and laying a restraining hand upon Paul's shoulder. "I never needed it more. I have just caught a glimpse of life. I want a clearer view. Won't you help me?"

"With all my heart!" exclaimed Paul as he turned and grasped Earl's outstretched hand. " 'For they shall all know me from the least of them to the greatest, saith the Lord.' "

"Wonderful words," declared Earl, "and to think that through this knowledge, we are able to cast out sickness and sin. It is cause for the greatest rejoicing."

"Yes," replied Paul, "but as Jesus said: 'Rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice that your name is written in heaven.' — the proof of this recording in heaven being that we are able to do the works — to show that 'now we are the sons of God.' "

Nicanor watched them with wide-open eyes. He must have felt within him something of the spirit that moved them, for as he looked, there came a thought which sent the life blood coursing more swiftly through his veins and caused him to say softly to himself, as he gazed upon the happy faces of the two men:

"Santa Maria! How like the saints they are!"

CHAPTER XXVII

UNDER ARREST

ANOTHER five days had passed since the beginning of the work on the tunnel. Nothing had been seen or heard of Don Antonio since he had so hastily left the hacienda and ridden out into the night with a threat of vengeance upon his lips. Abijah was again as well as ever and Nicanor was convalescing; but the feeling of restraint had become so pronounced in the household at La Goleta, that both the Holmans and the Dewars had made arrangements to leave for the City of Mexico the following Monday. Earl, however, had signified his intention of going over to camp and spending a couple of weeks with his old friend Greyson, while Hope and Abijah had not changed their original plans.

It was now Friday. The house-party would remain intact but three days more, and Patrice was torn with conflicting emotions. Because of her fear of disease she was anxious to leave the torrid belt with its oppressive heat; but on the other hand her desire to see more of Paul made her willing to take great chances and she hoped that something might occur to delay their departure.

Ever since her talk with Hope, the girl had been restless and feverish with excitement over the anticipated interview with Paul.

Not knowing of Patrice's urgent need for help — as Hope had not even told Earl of the girl's condition — Paul had sent back word, when asked to come over and talk with Patrice, that he would be there at the very first opportunity which offered.

Each morning, therefore, Patrice had arisen with the hope that "today he would come," and each night she had retired with a sense of the deepest disappointment — a condition which never would have occurred had Paul been given the full information concerning her. Ignorant of this, Patrice attributed his delay to other reasons and soon her disappointment began to have its effect upon her physical condition.

Not only did Hope notice this, but likewise Sir Henry, and he immediately suggested that they hasten their departure to an earlier date than they were then intending.

"Oh no!" she had replied. "It isn't the climate. I think it lovely here, and the air upon the mountain is perfect."

"Then what is the matter?" asked Sir Henry. "You haven't fallen in love with Don Felix, have you, Pat?"

Patrice laughed. "The idea!" she exclaimed.

"He's a decent sort of a chap as Mexicans go," continued Sir Henry, "but I'd greatly prefer an Englishman for a son-in-law."

"How about an American?" she asked with a little laugh.

Something in her tone caused her father to regard her intently and the color rushed to her face.

"You don't mean Armstrong, do you?" he queried.

"Of course he may be all right, but I judge, from what I have heard him say, that he never had any family."

The flush that had been in her cheeks but a moment before, gave way to a marked pallor as she exclaimed: "Oh, father, let's forget all about family — all about heredity. Every time I think of it and my mother —!" A shudder completed the sentence.

Sir Henry looked at her in surprise.

"Why this sudden change?" he asked, tenderly laying his hand upon her shoulder, "and why this sudden fear?" he continued.

"It isn't sudden, father. It has been with me ever since I reached womanhood. I hadn't thought so much about it before; but for the past few weeks, ever since I have come to think more about my future, this fear has been growing daily. Oh, father, there must be some escape."

"Of course there is," exclaimed Sir Henry. "Of course there is! When we get back to London we'll see the very best specialists there are, and find out what modern medical science can do. Now put it out of your mind."

His manner rather than his words added to her apprehension. It was the same he had used toward her when, as a child, he had assuaged her grief by promises of candy and told her to run along and play. More depressed than before, she put on her hat and started up the mountain — up toward Hope's retreat.

It was hot even for that altitude, and before she had gone two-thirds of the way, overcome by her fears and the heat, she felt a great weakness. After struggling on for a few rods farther she at last sank down ex-

hausted beside a great tree that grew on the mountain-side.

Here Hope found her half an hour later when she descended on her way to breakfast. She was unable to walk alone and was wiping from her lips little flecks of foam.

"I was on my way up to see you," was her greeting to Hope, "but somehow I gave out before I could reach the top of the mountain and sat down here to rest," and she crushed the handkerchief in her hand.

"You poor girl!" exclaimed Hope compassionately. "You are simply worrying yourself to death. Now you must stop it. You must know the truth about these things. Let me help you back to the house; or would you rather rest here a while longer?"

"No," replied Patrice with a wan smile, "I'd rather go back to the house. If we are not there at breakfast, they'll ask all sorts of questions."

So Hope helped her up and, supporting her with her strong arm, they soon reached the casa.

"I wonder why Mr. Anthony has not been over," remarked Patrice as they were entering the gate. "Do you think he doesn't want to see me?"

"Of course not," replied Hope. "But I didn't tell him the real trouble. I am sure when he knows that he will come at once."

"But I'd rather he didn't know," replied Patrice.

"Nonsense!" said Hope. "How can you expect any one to change your belief about anything, if they do not know what your present belief is?"

Patrice made no further protest. In fact she had so lost her self reliance during the past four or five days,

that she was willing to do anything if she could only have one brief hour with the object of her hero-worship. She had no expectation that such an interview would be of any physical benefit, and she was too weak from her brief attack to think of coquetry or conquest; but she longed for sympathy, and from her very brief and almost unsatisfactory acquaintance with Paul, she seemed to feel that he would at least comfort her. She was also beginning to be fond of Hope, but she had thought of self so long, that she was completely borne down with that sense of envy and pride which had made her whole life narrow and cold.

Earl was only too glad to be the bearer of a second message to Paul.

"You must tell him," said Hope earnestly, "that this is a matter that needs immediate attention," and she told him about finding Patrice beside the tree.

"What shall I tell him the claim is?" asked Earl.

"She thinks it is hereditary consumption," replied Hope, "but we know it is fear."

"Doesn't it seem to you," asked Earl, "that most of our troubles are due to fear?"

"It looks that way to me. Just see, if I hadn't been full of fear—if I had really known, as I thought I did, that there is nothing but good in anything — I could have driven away that jaguar just as well as did Mr. Anthony."

"That's right!" exclaimed Earl. "And your fear was due entirely to ignorance."

"It surely was, for when I realized that God did not make tropical fever and my fear of it disappeared, the fever left Uncle Abijah."

"Yes," declared Earl, "and when I realized, although faintly, that life is to know God and that a bullet can not destroy that knowledge, Nicanor got well."

"Oh, Mr. Armstrong, do you really mean that it was you who healed him? I am so glad!" and the look in her face testified to the truth of her words.

"Not I, but the power of God working through me," was Earl's reply. "But now that I have proved that I can be a channel through which this Truth can work, I am anxious to know more of it. I am anxious to know more of this Mind — this God — whom to 'know aright is life and peace;' and I am determined to devote my life and energies to this work. You know what I told you coming over from the camp that day?"

Hope's beaming eyes answered the question.

"Well, that's my position right now. Having proved that this is the truth and that teaching and practicing it is the right thing to do, I can't do anything else. This is life — to me," he added.

"To me, too," said Hope. "As I told you that same day, to bring it to others shall be my greatest pleasure."

"If there were only some way in which we might work together," suggested Earl, with a touch of tenderness in his voice.

"Perhaps there will be," replied Hope. "It wouldn't be impossible, would it?" and the little pink spots in her cheeks grew larger.

"I hope not," replied Earl, and his heart bounded

for joy at the perfect confidence reposed in him by her words.

Then, as the present again took possession of his thoughts; "Now to help Miss Dewar! Don't you think you might do as well as Mr. Anthony?"

"I am sure any one who knows the truth can help her; but I think she has a choice."

Without more words Earl hastened over to camp, expecting to catch Paul before he left for the tunnel; but he was disappointed and so rode on, around and up the mountain, following the freshly graded roadbed along which, at intervals, various *quadrillas* of men were at work.

About half way to the tunnel he met a hurrying pedestrian. Although wearing in part the peon dress, an unusually fine sombrero and a conspicuous red sash made it plain that he was not one of the lower class. He was coming rapidly down the mountain-side, and his unusual dress and hurried pace caused Earl to regard him with more than ordinary interest. They exchanged no greeting, however, and as Paul and the workmen at the mouth of the tunnel soon came into view, Earl thought no more of him.

As he drew near the tunnel, however, he noted that work seemed at a standstill. The entire force was gathered about Paul and a trio of horsemen, whom Earl quickly perceived to be members of the rural police. As he drew still closer, he heard one of them say:

"At any rate, Señor, we shall have to ask you to accompany us to the office of the jefe politico."

"All right," replied Paul, as he recognized Earl's

arrival with a smile and a wave of the hand; "but will you kindly do me the favor to wait until the roadmaster arrives. I do not like to leave so important a work without some competent man in charge. I have already sent for him."

"Bueno," replied the elder, who was evidently the corporal in command, "I hope he'll make haste," and he reined his horse toward the shade of a nearby tree.

Paul turned toward the peons, who had entirely forgotten their work in the visit of the rurales, exclaiming:

"Anda le hombres! This is the time to work! The rurales won't bother you!"

The words had barely escaped his lips, when the sound of angry voices was heard down the mountainside, and in a few minutes a great crowd of the railroad workmen — all in fact who had been strung along the right of way — appeared around a curve in the road, shouting: "Viva el Jefe! Viva el Americano!"

In the lead was the man with the red sash. He, of all, was most vociferous, interspersing his *vivas* with louder cries of — "down with the rurales!"

No sooner did the rurales catch sight of the mob and recognize the nature of their shouts, than they spurred their horses forward to Paul's side, at the same time drawing their carbines from their cases. Earl, also, not knowing what turn the affair was likely to take, urged his horse to where Paul was standing.

As the men continued to advance, Paul stepped between the rurales and the shouting mob. He raised his hand at the same exclaiming: "Oiga! Oiga hombres! Why all this disturbance?"

Without giving any one a chance to reply, the man with the red sash continued crying: "Viva el Jefe! Down with the rurales!" and turning partially toward the men motioned them forward.

For just a moment Paul seemed undecided what to do. Then quickly taking half a dozen steps toward the still advancing workmen, he seized the leader by his red sash and with a powerful swing landed him squarely in the hands of the two rurales, who again spurred to his side as though to arrest his further progress.

The men halted at his unexpected action and looked at Paul in amazement.

"What is the meaning of all this disturbance?" asked Paul.

"Yes," demanded the corporal who had now reached Paul's side, "what means this rebellious conduct!"

The workmen looked at each other stupidly, apparently not knowing what to say; but the man with the red sash exclaimed:

"Why, Señor, it was your orders. You told me to bring them here to keep you from being arrested."

Earl could scarcely believe his ears, while the sergeant turned fiercely upon Paul:

"You hear what he says, Señor?"

"Yes, I hear; but that does not make it so."

"Oh, no," replied the corporal sarcastically, "that does not make it so; but it corresponds perfectly with the information we have."

Then, as he glanced fiercely upon Paul: "This, I suppose, is why you asked us to wait until the roadmaster came; or is he coming with a still larger force?"

"I am very sorry you have been misinformed," said Paul, "but you have nothing to fear from these peaceable peons."

Then, to the workmen: "Men, there is no occasion for all this excitement. Go back to your work!"

Without a word the men turned and slowly retraced their steps, while the corporal said grimly:

"You certainly have them well trained. If I had twelve hundred men who would obey me like that, I would soon be governor of Oaxaca!"

"Which I have no desire to be," was Paul's rejoinder.

"Which at any rate you are not likely to be," snapped the corporal. "But we can delay no longer. After this display of force, I think the sooner we are able to land you in the San Geronimo cuartel the better."

"Cuartel!" exclaimed Earl, who up to this time had said nothing. "Surely you are not going to put Mr. Anthony in the cuartel?"

"Porque no?" asked the corporal insolently. "The barracks are good enough for Mexican soldiers; why not for el Señor Americano?"

"Because he has done nothing!" exclaimed Earl. "It's all a plot!"

The corporal shrugged his shoulders, while Paul raised his eyes to Earl and gave his head a slight shake, as he said:

"I do not know what is detaining Mr. Coyle, and I am going to ask you, Mr. Armstrong, to remain here until he comes and tell him what has happened. The problem is nearly worked."

Then turning to the corporal: "Gentlemen, I am ready. Agapito, bring my horse!"

In the meantime the man with the red sash had been trying his best to attract the attention of the corporal, but being unable to do so, at length exclaimed:

"Señor caporal, may I have a word with you?"

"What for?" asked the corporal, looking him over.

"I can tell you many things."

"Bueno! you can tell them to the jefe politico. He'll be glad to hear them."

"But you're not going to take me to San Geronimo?" exclaimed the man.

"Sin duda," replied the corporal grimly. "We had particular instructions to watch out for the man with the red sash. We are greatly obliged to you, Señor," turning to Paul, "for putting him so easily into our hands."

"Yes," replied Paul grimly, as the little smile which Earl had come to know so well played about the corners of his mouth, "I thought you might like to get him," and mounting the horse which Agapito had brought from under a shade tree, he vaulted into the saddle and the cavalcade rode away, leaving Earl on guard at the tunnel.

"Well, this is a queer predicament," he soliloquized as the little party passed out of sight. "Here I start out to get Paul to come over and help Miss Dewar, and I find him with about all the trouble of his own that he can attend to. I wonder what he meant by saying that the problem was nearly worked?" and Earl wrinkled his brow in real judicial fashion as he tried to guess the answer.

"By George!" he finally exclaimed: "That's it! It's Tony! He's located Tony!"

Earl looked at his watch. "It's most two o'clock," he mused, "I wonder why Coyle doesn't come? I want to see Greyson and then get back to La Goleta. We must get Paul out of this, because," thinking especially of Patrice, "he's needed!"

So new was Earl in the line of scientific thinking, that for a moment the task of liberating Paul seemed a serious one; but as he began to collect his thoughts and think correctly, it also began to dawn upon him that not only was there nothing to fear for Paul, but for any who might be depending upon him for help. God is all powerful, and if any particular individual is needed for a particular purpose he cannot be taken out of that place. God does not, "move in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." He moves in an orderly systematic manner which makes every act of the divine Mind a scientific fact — a spiritual reality; for God is divine Principle — unchanged and unchangeable from the beginning.

While Earl did not put these thoughts into just exactly these words, this was the burden of his musings and he was able to wait in patience until Coyle finally put in an appearance.

"Did you say Mr. Anthony sent for me?" Coyle asked, when the situation was explained.

"He said he did."

"Then the messenger must have been waylaid," was his reply; "but what are we going to do."

"I haven't thought yet," replied Earl. "What do you know about the whole business, Mr. Coyle?"

"Not much, only that this young Mexican, Tony, is

back of the whole trouble. Sure I'd think his folks would bridle him."

"I think they would if they knew where to put their hands on him. But I must see Dr. Greyson and hasten back to the hacienda. You'll look after Mr. Anthony's affairs while he is away, won't you?"

"Will I?" exclaimed Coyle. "Sure I'll look after them like they belonged to me own brother! Nobody can do him dirt while I am here."

Then as Earl was about to ride away he said: "Do you know, Mr. Armstrong, he's the finest man I ever met; and maybe you won't believe it, but I think he gets out of the Bible every morning, just what to do that day."

Earl's face took on an expression of surprise which made Coyle grin.

"Maybe you don't think I know," he said in a confidential tone, "but seeing him reading it every morning and acting so decent all day, I've been looking into it a bit myself. You ought to try it, sir! You'll be surprised to find out how well you'll get along, if you'll just do as it says.

"At first, maybe," he continued, seeing that Earl appeared interested, "you'd think you couldn't do it — and it is pretty hard; but when you see a big man like Mr. Anthony doing as it says, why then you know you can. Yes, sir! You ought to try it."

Earl's face expanded to a broad smile as he replied:

"I have."

"Sure you don't mean it?"

"Sure I do," laughed Earl, and he pulled the book part way out of his coat pocket.

Coyle's face fairly beamed with good nature as he said:

"Faith, I keep mine in me chest. I am afraid some of these greasers would steal it if I didn't keep it locked up."

"You don't ever see Mr. Anthony locking his up, do you?" asked Earl.

Coyle's smile exploded in a laugh. "'Tis a good sermon you preach, Mr. Armstrong," he exclaimed. "I'll profit by it. And don't forget," he called as Earl rode away, "that a lot of them fellers you read about in the Bible got out of jail with mighty little trouble."

"Certainly Mrs. Eddy was right," mused Earl as he took his way back to camp. "As she writes, 'The best sermon ever preached is truth practiced.'"

CHAPTER XXVIII

PAUL'S MAGNANIMITY

It was three o'clock when Earl reached camp. Dr. Greyson had already heard of Paul's arrest and was making preparations to follow him to San Geronimo, there to set the machinery of the railroad at work to have him released.

"The train will be back at the gravel pit at three-thirty," he said, "and I'll almost beat Paul to the jefe politico."

"I am going over to see Don Felix," said Earl. "Some of us will be back before four. Hold the train till we come and we'll all go."

"What's the use of so many?" queried Greyson.

"A word from Don Francisco Estrada from the City of Mexico will set him at liberty without all this red tape," replied Earl. "I am sure, however, from the way Paul spoke, that he has some plan of his own he is working out."

"Well, I don't care how it's done," said Dr. Greyson, "so long as we get him out before dark. I don't want him shut up in the barracks over night."

Without more words Earl put spurs to his horse and in twenty minutes had covered the three miles to La Goleta, although half of the way was up the mountain-side. It didn't take him five minutes to explain the situation to Don Felix, and in another twenty-five

minutes they were back in camp to find that the train had not yet put in an appearance.

"If it isn't here by four," declared Greyson, "we'll take a hand car; but it's so liable to be here any minute that I dislike to take the chance of meeting it."

Accordingly the trio sat down to wait with the best grace possible.

In the meantime, in a large room on the second floor of one of the largest houses in San Geronimo, a strange scene was being enacted. Seated at a table — in the center of which was an urn of boiling water and a large bottle of percolated coffee, and scattered around which was a collection of small cups, cigarettes, and a confusion of papers — were five young men and one somewhat older. Between the whiffs from their cigarettes and the sips of coffee from the cups, they engaged in animated conversation. Had one been able to observe them without hearing what they said, it would have been impossible to tell whether they were simply passing a quiet afternoon, or whether they had taken this manner of disposing of the affairs of some pelota club.

A near enough proximity to enable one to hear their conversation, however, would inform the listener that nothing so harmless was engaging their attention. The very first word spoken was sufficient to indicate that they were doing something with which they did not want either inquisitive officials, or the state at large, to become acquainted.

"Isn't it most time for Pedro to be here?" asked one of the young men, as with fingers nervous with excitement he proceeded to brew himself a cup of coffee.

"He should have been here half an hour ago," replied the elder man. Then turning to the young man at his left he asked:

"You do not think there is any danger that your plans may have miscarried, do you, Tony?"

"It doesn't seem possible," was Don Antonio's reply.

The elder man shrugged his shoulders.

"I have been concerned in matters like this before," he said, "and I find there is nothing certain until it's accomplished. But whether the plans have failed or succeeded, he should be here now."

"I can't see just what good all this is going to do us though," said the nervous youth. "Of course it's very exciting, Don Rafael; but what's the use?"

"The use, my dear Juanito, is this:" replied the elder man: "If we can get twelve hundred men into trouble with the government and then take away the only man who can really manage them, it gives our movement just that many more recruits. It seems to me that this has happened very opportunely. It promises to advance our plans many months and my young friend, Don Antonio, is to be greatly complimented."

Don Antonio blew a cloud from his cigarette and tried to look unconcerned; but it was plain that he was greatly flattered.

"But," continued the speaker, "if the plan miscarries, it may mean a shot at sunrise some morning and six vacant chairs in as many homes."

"That's what makes it exciting!" exclaimed another of the party. "Viva el revolution!"

The words had no more than been spoken when the

door leading into the room was burst open and a captain of rurales, sword in hand, sprang into the room.

With a muttered imprecation, Don Rafael rose to his feet and drew a revolver from under a pile of papers on the table before him, while the others sprang so hastily from their chairs that the nervous young man fell over backwards and out of sight under the table.

Any resistance that the members of the party might have had in their minds, was quickly subdued by the appearance of the muzzles of a dozen carbines quickly thrust through the door, followed by as many rurales.

"It will save trouble, Señores, if you will come with us peaceably," said the captain.

Then, as he looked over the assemblage, he continued: "I am sorry to see you young gentlemen in such bad company," and he pointed with his sword to the elder man. "Don Rafael, you had better go first!"

Fifteen minutes later, in charge of the captain, Don Antonio was ushered into the private office of the jefe politico. The expression of amazement upon his countenance when he caught sight of Paul Anthony comfortably seated beside a benign old gentleman was so remarkable that the eyes of both Paul and the jefe politico twinkled in spite of the gravity of the occasion.

"You were not expecting to see me?" said the judge quizzically as the captain withdrew. "You thought I was away, eh?"

Don Antonio made no reply, but the expression on his face was answer enough.

"It is well for you, however," declared the judge, "that I am here."

With a stern countenance he regarded the young man for several minutes, as though undecided just what to say, but finally continued:

"Don Antonio Estrada, it grieves me more than I can tell, to find you in this position. I have known your father, well, for over fifty years. A more honorable man does not live, and I am surprised that he should have a son, who not only conspires against the constituted government, but who is so devoid of honor as to try to fasten this foul charge upon an upright man and a friend."

"He is no friend of mine!" burst out Don Antonio. But the jefe politico stopped him.

"He is the best friend you ever had. Not only has he refused to take advantage of the knowledge he has gained to do you an injury, but it is through his good offices that you have been prevented from engaging in an undertaking which would have brought dishonor upon your family and death to yourself. Through his intercession, I have decided to look upon your actions simply as youthful folly; but if you are the honorable young man I trust you may prove, you will not only promise to mend your ways, but you will thank Señor Anthony for rescuing you from your dangerous position and for his magnanimity in overlooking your plotting against him and his work. Antonio, my boy, you are free to go your way."

During the old man's speech, Don Antonio's attitude had changed from one of fear to one of defiance, to one of expectancy, and, lastly, to one of great surprise and relief. He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, occasionally casting a side-long glance at Paul, who

sat with uplifted eyes listening to the judge's words. But at the announcement that he was free to go where he would, Don Antonio turned to Paul, who had arisen and stood looking at him with a look full of compassion, exclaiming:

"Is it possible, Señor, that you do not wish me punished for wronging you?"

"Punished," repeated Paul looking him earnestly in the face. "You have been undergoing the greatest punishment that can befall mankind. You have been allowing yourself to hate. As for wronging me, as you put it, you could not. You have simply wronged yourself; for it is not that from without which injures one, but in the words of Jesus, 'that which cometh out of a man, that defileth the man; for from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, murders, covetousness, foolishness,' and others. You are only injuring yourself, Don Antonio, and I trust that you will be guided by the wise words of your father's friend."

Then, as he noted the suspicious moistness about the young man's eyes, he extended his hand, saying:

"Come! Let you and me be friends. It will help both of us!"

As a result of these developments, when the train bearing Greyson, Earl, and Don Felix reached the station at San Geronimo, the first persons they saw upon alighting were Paul and Don Antonio. They would have asked all manner of questions, but Paul forestalled them by exclaiming:

"Well, I have solved the problem. I have found out where Don Antonio has been hiding himself all these days. He thought there was a lot of trouble down the

line, but he has found out his mistake. Unless you gentlemen have further business here, we will go back to camp."

"We'll go back to La Goleta," said Don Antonio, "and Don Pablo shall make it his home as long as he stays in Mexico."

"How did you do it?" asked Greyson, as he found himself alone with Paul for a few minutes after they reached camp; and Paul replied:

"By loving my neighbor as myself; for to love, is to reflect God — which gives man dominion."

CHAPTER XXIX

TRUTH TOUCHES PATRICE

It was a joyous company that gathered around Don Miguel's hospitable board that evening. A great crisis in the life of Don Antonio had been safely passed, and both his family, as well as the young man himself, felt their hearts lightened of a great load. This sense of relief was reflected by all present, and, as a result, the restraint that had been manifest for weeks was removed and the little company gave itself up to the pleasure of the occasion.

Of all those present at the dinner party, none was happier than Paul. Not only had a son been restored to his parents, but harmony prevailed. When, therefore, as they were leaving the table, he caught the eyes of Patrice fastened upon him with a hungry look, he was for the moment surprised; but remembering her message to him through Hope, he realized in an instant that her request was the outcome of an earnest desire, and so, to break the ice, he said pleasantly:—

"You see everything has come just as we planned, and Don Antonio thinks I am the very nicest kind of a person."

"How could he help it after the way you have treated him?"

"How could he ever have thought otherwise,"

laughed Paul. "But, seriously, Miss Dewar, there is no sense of inharmony that cannot be overcome by the understanding that there is but one Mind and that all men reflect it."

Patrice regarded him earnestly, and then, for the first time in their acquaintance, she began to think more of Paul's words than of Paul. While she was conscious of great satisfaction in his company, another condition of thought seemed to have taken possession of her, born doubtless of her experience of the morning and Hope's statement that Paul could heal her of her illness. Two or three times as he spoke, she had it in her mind to interrupt him with questions about her own condition; but for some reason she could not bring herself to the point.

Help, however, came from an unexpected quarter. As they walked toward the veranda, they were joined by Hope and Sir Henry, the latter breaking in upon their conversation by saying:

"You will pardon me, Mr. Anthony; but Miss von Rastadt has been talking to me about you and your religion. She says you can explain it better than she — although that hardly seems possible. Would you mind telling us—my daughter and myself—something about it?"

"Please do!" exclaimed Patrice.

"Why certainly," replied Paul. Then to Hope: "What have you told them, Miss von Rastadt?"

"Not much, I am afraid. But I have told them I know that Patrice can be healed."

"Of what?" asked Paul, looking at Patrice in surprise.

"Her mother died of consumption —" began Sir Henry.

"Which has nothing whatever to do with your daughter," interrupted Paul. "But if we are to hear something of this truth, suppose we retire to some place where we shall not be disturbed."

"And may I go, too?" asked Hope.

"Why certainly," said Paul. "This seems to be your case."

Having gained permission from Donna Maria to monopolize the guest of honor for a few minutes, "on a most important matter," as Sir Henry expressed it to her, they were soon seated in Sir Henry's apartments.

"First," said Sir Henry, "would you mind telling us just a few words about this religion, which, I am free to confess, appeals to me most strongly, because it seems so practical."

"As it is!" declared Paul. "Practical, because truth is always practical. Truth, Sir Henry, is as old as God, who is without beginning and without end."

"Then why," asked Sir Henry, "is this any more practical than any other religion?"

"'Pure religion and undefiled' is and always has been practical;" replied Paul, "but for some reason the truth of being seems to have been lost sight of in the wreck of time. Its recovery is after the manner of your excavations, Sir Henry. As you archaeologists are uncovering the long-buried material treasures, just so are Christian Scientists uncovering this priceless treasure. When we dig and uncover with the same

persistence as do you archaeologists, we achieve even greater results.

"At first, about all we uncover is error; but by perseverance, uncovering a little each day, we at last reveal that pearl of great price — that truth which makes men free from the bondage of sin, disease, and inharmony of every kind."

"But what is Christian Science?" asked Sir Henry. "That's what I'd like to know."

"Christian Science," replied Paul with a quirk of his lips, "is the pick and shovel with which we are doing our excavating."

Hope laughed as Sir Henry shook his head and exclaimed good-humoredly:

"That's a very epigrammatic answer, Mr. Anthony, but it would hardly pass as a definition with any one but an archaeologist."

"Nor would I give it to any one else," replied Paul, "but were I to give you Mrs. Eddy's definition found upon the first page of 'Rudimental Divine Science,' I do not believe it would mean as much to you as this does. A comprehensive definition might be: A knowledge of God, of good, which enables one to prove by his works the truth of Jesus' words: 'If a man keep my sayings he shall never see death.' "

"You don't think such a thing possible, do you?" enquired Sir Henry.

"Jesus proved it," replied Paul.

"I have always doubted that," replied Sir Henry.

"And do still?" queried Paul.

"I am afraid I do."

"Well," declared Paul, "all I can say to you is this:

I have so often proved the powerlessness of sickness of every kind, that I can well believe that Jesus, with His perfect understanding of life, was able to prove the powerlessness of death. Why, at this moment," Paul declared with an energy born of understanding, "truth is destroying error — false beliefs of every sort, in the minds of thousands of people, and the truth, as Saint Paul declared: 'will make them free from the law of sin and death.' "

"From the law of heredity, too?" broke in Patrice impetuously. "Do you think it could free me from the law which says I must die of consumption because my mother did?"

"Without the shadow of a doubt," declared Paul. "Who made such a law? Not God, for His laws are laws of good, not evil; laws of love, not hate; laws of life, not death. Here," he exclaimed, picking up a small copy of the New Testament which he espied lying on the table. "hear what the scriptures say," and he read from the eighth chapter of Romans:

" 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. For they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit.'

"When we realize that Christ is Truth and that man in God's image and likeness is not carnal, but spiritual, the meaning of these words is plain, namely: There is in Truth no condemnation to man in God's image, for the law of Spirit, not the so-called laws of matter,

govern man. You are not in reality, therefore, subject to any material law of heredity."

"If I could only believe it," said Patrice.

"How can you help believing it?" asked Hope.

Paul and Sir Henry both smiled at her enthusiasm and Paul said: "The reason she does not is very plain to me. All her life Miss Dewar has been governing herself by the law of heredity. If you will pardon my saying it, I should judge, from the few talks we have had, that she has made heredity her god. She has considered family the most important thing in the world. Being herself of noble lineage and profiting thereby — as the world profiteth — she has made herself the servant of heredity. How then, with such a belief in its omnipotence, can she help fearing the penalties which its so-called government impose?"

"I can not," said Patrice, sinking back into her chair, and hiding her face in her handkerchief. "I can not," and she burst into convulsive sobs which brought Hope quickly to her side.

All were moved with a great compassion at her distress, and her father, rising, placed his hand on her shoulder, as he said gently:

"There! There, my child! Calm yourself. Surely, as Mr. Anthony says, there must be some way of breaking this law."

Then he started violently as he saw that the handkerchief which she held to her face was spotted with crimson. Paut noted his action and the cause thereof, and as in answer to his words said:

"There is a way, Sir Henry, and your daughter need have no fear. The law of God, the law of Spirit, can

and does annul all the so-called laws of matter. If you and Miss von Rastadt will leave us, I am sure I can help your daughter to quiet her fears."

"Oh, I knew you could!" exclaimed Hope. "Come, Sir Henry," and taking him by the arm she led him from the room, ere he could utter any protest, even had he so desired.

As the door closed behind them and Patrice realized that she was alone with Paul, she was conscious for a moment of a feeling of great embarrassment; but as she removed her handkerchief from her face and saw that Paul was sitting with closed eyes and upturned face, the feeling of embarrassment gave way to one of strange expectancy.

For many minutes she sat quietly regarding him and wondering what he was thinking about. Wondering if he were thinking of her and what he would say. Wondering if he would respond to all that had been in her mind these many days. Wondering — wondering, and still wondering why her sense of fear seemed to have given place to one of confidence and why into her heart was coming a great peace.

"I wonder if he is praying?" she finally asked herself, "and if his prayer will be answered?"

"All prayers are answered," said Paul as though in response to her unspoken thought, "if we only pray believing — knowing that we can ask for no good thing which has not already been provided by our Heavenly Father."

His words startled her from her reverie. How could he know of what she was thinking?

"Is it not so?" he asked as he opened his eyes and

regarded her earnestly. "Can you imagine man asking for anything — thinking of anything, which God has not already made and provided in far greater abundance than any human mind could possibly conceive?"

Patrice shook her head. She could not trust her voice.

"Isn't this what Jesus meant when he commanded that when we pray we should pray believing — or with the understanding that whatever we ask we have?"

Patrice nodded her head, the while she folded her handkerchief to conceal the crimson spots.

"That's right," said Paul, noting the act. "Put them out of sight and out of mind. They are no part of truth and we do not have to recognize them."

Patrice did not know what to say, so said nothing, and for a space there was silence. At last Paul asked:

"Do you believe the Bible, Miss Dewar?"

"Why, yes," replied Patrice, considerably surprised.

"And you believe that man is in the image and likeness of God?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you think God has consumption?"

"Of course not," replied Patrice with considerable spirit.

"Then how can you have it?"

The questions were so logical and to the point, that for the first time since Paul had begun talking, Patrice understood exactly what he was aiming at; and so she answered, but somewhat timidly, "Why, I can't!"

"Of course you can not, therefore you have not."

"But I have something," ventured Patrice.

"Yes, you have a false belief, which you must lose.

"How can I?"

"By getting a true knowledge — as you are already beginning to do. Just in proportion as you gain this knowledge, you will understand that man in God's image and likeness cannot have consumption, or any other disease, and you will lose your false belief — your fear and your consumption."

The look of fear was already disappearing from the girl's face; but in its place was a puzzled expression which Paul readily detected and asked:

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

Patrice smiled: "Of course not." she replied.

"You know there are people who do?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, then, let's take a suppositional case. We will suppose that Johnny Jones, aged five, believes in ghosts in spite of all his parents can do to make him believe otherwise. He believes in them because old Aunt Dinah has told him about them, and he believes Aunt Dinah knows more about ghosts than either his father or mother. This was his first false belief — a belief based absolutely on ignorance, the ignorance of Aunt Dinah.

"Having, therefore, become firmly grounded in his belief in the reality of ghosts, Johnny learns to fear them, and so, some night, just at dark, he comes screaming from the barn, declaring that he has seen a ghost. His father tries to quiet him, telling him there are no such things as ghosts; but Johnny is too frightened at the thing he thinks he has seen to believe what his father says, and continues screaming. He refuses to

go out and show his father what he has seen, or even to go to bed.

"The father and mother are in a quandary. Something must be done to quiet the child's fears, and so at last, armed with a big stick, the father says he will go and kill the ghost.

"Out to the barn he goes. He pounds upon the floor and makes a big racket so that Johnny can hear it. Then coming back he announces that he has killed the ghost. Johnny is satisfied and goes to bed. Nothing at the barn has been changed. The father has killed no ghost; but — " and Paul paused to give his words full effect — "he has killed something. He has destroyed Johnny's belief in and fear of that particular ghost. Do I make it plain?"

"Very," replied Patrice. "And the ghost in my particular case is consumption, I suppose."

"Well, yes," said Paul, "but you, like Johnny, must receive further help.

"Most likely, a few nights later, Johnny sees another ghost, because he still believes in ghosts, although not in that particular one, and so his father has to go out and destroy the second ghost and maybe a dozen, as he did the first. But after a time Johnny goes out to the barn in the day-time and begins to look about for the dead ghosts, or their skeletons. Not finding any evidence of them, he finally goes to his father and says: 'How about those ghosts you've been killing?' and with the experience of the past few nights in his memory and the bright sunshine all around him, Johnny learns the truth. Then his belief in ghosts and likewise the ghosts themselves disappear, never to return.

"I should say," Paul continued meditatively, "that Johnny's belief in ghosts — whole families of them — corresponds somewhat to your belief in heredity, with all its accompanying pains, pleasures, foibles, and diseases. Let us be rid of these ghosts, and all your present ailments, consumption included, will disappear."

"How long do you think it will take?" asked Patrice.

"It depends entirely upon yourself, Miss Dewar. Christ Jesus said, as He touched the eyes of the blind men, 'According to your faith, so be it unto you.' You, Miss Dewar, have been touched by the Christ-truth. According to your faith — your understanding of that life which comes of knowing God — so will it be unto you."

"Yes," she said slowly. "I have been touched. I feel it."

"As I said to your father only a few minutes ago," continued Paul. "Truth is at this moment destroying error in thousands of minds all over the world. It will destroy the erroneous beliefs in your consciousness if you will only give it a chance. In the same manner, Love and Life are at work even now destroying in your mind all fear and death — first the fear of and then the sense of death itself. As the mortal body is absolutely governed by mortal mind, when this mind is governed by the divine Mind — by Life, Truth, and Love, your body will be harmonious. Right now I feel that you have lost your fear. The rest will surely follow, for unto you has 'the Sun of Righteousness arisen with healing in his wings.'"

While Paul was speaking it seemed to Patrice that her heart would simply burst with gratitude, and when

he finally ceased and arose from his chair, she tried to find words to express her thankfulness; but the words would not come. Seeing the tears which welled up in her eyes, Paul laid his hand soothingly upon her shoulder, saying in that rich, melodious voice which was such a part of him:

"I know what you would say; but gratitude is a cause for deeds, not words."

Had Paul thus touched and spoken to her a week ago, Patrice would have been stirred with an altogether different emotion from that which now thrilled her. It seemed to her as Paul thus stood that she could feel his compassion, healing and invigorating every nerve and fiber of her being. But the feeling for the man, which she had heretofore been pleased to term love, had gone — giving place to a sense of loving gratitude and reverence for one who could so lead her thoughts from herself and her selfishness, to God and His goodness.

"Now," said Paul, "I am going to turn you over to Miss von Rastadt. She is a student of this great truth and you can climb the hill together."

He left the apartment and sought Hope among the guests.

"She is waiting for you," he said, when he had located her, and then he passed on to Sir Henry whose enquiring glance he caught across the room.

Hope quitted the parlor and went quickly to Patrice. The girl was sitting just as Hope had left her half an hour previous, but what a change had come over her! As Hope entered the room she raised her eyes with a smile that transfigured her countenance and gave to it such wondrous beauty as not all the blood of her

patrician ancestry could bequeath. So great was the transfiguration that Hope stood for a moment spell-bound. Then crossing hastily, she took Patrice in her arms, exclaiming, joyously:

"Isn't it wonderful!"

And Patrice, enraptured with her new-found treasure, replied

"It is!"

CHAPTER XXX

THE MAN OF CLAY

THE healing of Patrice necessitated a change of plans, and Sir Henry announced to Don Miguel the next morning that if he and Donna Maria could put up with them a while longer, he and Patrice would like to stay until Hope and Abijah were ready to return to the United States.

"My house is yours," replied Don Miguel. "Be pleased to so consider it. Since my son has been restored to us, Donna Maria and I have everything we desire."

"If you feel that way about your son's rescue from evil companions," exclaimed Sir Henry, "what do you think must be my feelings when I see my daughter being rescued from the grave?"

"From the grave? I do not understand," said Don Miguel.

And then Sir Henry told him about Patrice and his wish to have her stay where she could be taught and ministered unto by Hope and Paul.

"Without doubt," declared Don Miguel, "Señor Anthony is a most remarkable man. My Antonio is a living witness."

"Still," said Sir Henry, "why should we call him remarkable. Isn't he simply what all men should be,

and is it not we who are remarkable, in that we do not live better lives?"

When Mrs. Holman heard of the change in plans she was furious.

"Such doings," she said to her husband, "I never heard. That man Anthony has simply bewitched every one."

"Well," returned the professor dryly, "if bewitching has as good an effect upon every one as it seems to have on Tony, it must be a very wholesome process. Do you know, Cornelia," and Prof. Holman looked over the top of his glasses, "I'm sorry I haven't seen more of this man Anthony. In fact I don't think it would hurt you to get a little of his kind of religion."

Mrs. Holman's eyes snapped. "Religion!" she exclaimed. "I'd have you understand, Professor William Carr Holman, that you don't even understand the meaning of the word if you call that religion. Christian Science indeed! You know very well there is no such thing. Plain orthodox Christianity is good enough for me."

"What's it ever done for you?" asked her husband. "As I remember, you were a whole lot more charitable before you joined the church, and certainly our doctor's bills haven't been any less. I'll admit that your kind of Christianity isn't scientific, because it's inconsistent. You all claim to believe in Jesus Christ and still I've never heard of one of you doing the works of Jesus, as he said you could."

"I refuse to discuss such absurd questions," replied Mrs. Holman, "and I'm glad we're going back to the

United States where we'll get rid of this man Anthony, and," sarcastically, "his Christian Science."

"You may get rid of Mr. Anthony," replied the professor grimly, "but you'll not get rid of the other. It doesn't make any difference where you go nowadays, you'll find it; and you'll find all its adherents doing the same thing that he's doing down here in Mexico. I don't know whether they're right or wrong; but one thing I do know, they try to practice what they preach."

So the Holmans made no change in their plans and left for their home in the United States on the following Monday.

Hope and Earl made it their especial business to help Patrice all they could and upon Hope's suggestion they made her retreat on the mountains their church edifice, as it were, and here they daily studied of that church which is the "structure of Truth and Love." There were many things they did not understand; but they had the text book and they had Paul. But best of all they tried to live the precepts Jesus taught. Dr. Greyson, too, was a help to them but not really so much as they were to him. Their simple faith and the work which he had seen them accomplish, made a great impression upon him; and as he sought to make plain to them the letter, he absorbed some of the spirit with which they both seemed so bountifully endowed.

Dr. Greyson was also greatly impressed with the change which came over Coyle.

"If there ever were a man of clay," he said to Earl one evening, "it seems to me that Coyle was that one. There was absolutely nothing spiritual about him. But now look at him! He neither drinks nor swears.

He has won the friendship of the men, and the amount of work that is being done is wonderful. I'd invite him up to our services Sunday morning if I were sure I would not offend Miss Dewar. You know how proud she has always been."

"Yes, I know," replied Earl, "but maybe she's changed. You might ask her."

Greyson did.

"I'm glad you asked me," she replied. "I've been wondering if I had entirely lost my wrong sense of this particular thing and I feel that I can say truthfully that I have. Bring Mr. Coyle up, by all means."

Thus it happened on the following Sunday, that there were not only six persons at Hope's chapel, but eight, for when he saw Earl and the girls starting out, Sir Henry said he guessed he'd go along; and when Paul and Greyson arrived they had with them Don Antonio, whom they had met on his way to camp, and who turned and accompanied them. Earl and Hope read the lesson and it is doubtful if it were ever read in a spot where the surroundings were more alive to the spirit of its teachings.

"Wonderful sermon!" was Sir Henry's comment when the reading was finished. "Before such an exposition of truth, agnosticism must disappear."

All during the lesson, Greyson had watched Coyle. "Was there ever such a change," he thought. "What has become of the clod which was Coyle, up to a short month ago?"

Seated with Earl and Paul in the dining tent that afternoon, Greyson again referred to the matter.

"A month ago," he said, "Coyle was almost as devoid

of a right thought as the clay man we saw in the Toltec ruins. Now his face fairly glows with — with what?" turning to Paul.

"Manhood," was the reply.

"I should say something more than that," declared Greyson. "I was about to say Godliness."

"Which is the same thing," was Paul's answer. "Because man is in the image of God; Godliness, or God-likeness, is real manhood. The man of clay, to whom we every once in a while refer, has none of it. He is not Godlike in any particular."

"What is the man of clay, anyway?" asked Earl impulsively.

"The man of clay is merely a compilation of false beliefs," replied Paul without hesitation, "which parades in the guise of truth, calling itself man."

"But where did he come from?" again queried Earl. "That's the thing that floors me."

"Do you mean the original man of clay, or the one we are commonly pleased to call self?" laughed Paul.

"Both," replied Earl.

"Suppose we take up the second one then," began Paul, "as, apparently, we have more to do with him. Let us begin with any material man whom we happen to see walking about. What was his beginning — not to go back of his immediate parentage? In the words of the old orthodox creed, this mortal man was 'conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity;' that is to say, he was the conception of a material thought on the part of his parents."

"A sin thought?" asked Earl in a tone that indicated

some surprise and some doubt. "It must have been, if he were 'conceived in sin.' "

"Undoubtedly," was Paul's reply, "for any material thought — any thought apart from Spirit, God — is a sin thought. Therefore every mortal man conceived in materiality, exactly fits the biblical statement of 'conceived in sin.'

"Then comes the birth — not the birth of a God idea, but the material birth which fits the phrase of 'shapen in iniquity' — in materiality, animality. In other words, the material babe is simply a little animal, with no more intelligence than a little dog or pig, the first demand of which is space in which to move and time in which to live.

"Right here," declared Paul, "begin the first limitations — those of time and space, both of which I have been taught, are error, because opposed to Truth, Life, and Love, which are without beginning or end and which are boundless, limitless, exhaustless."

"What a beginning," said Earl thoughtfully. "How different from man in God's image and likeness, who was called into existence by the word of God."

Paul smiled as he noted the trend of Earl's thoughts, and then continued:

"Having been thus 'shapen,' as the Bible puts it, the mortal child begins to grow. How? By taking on all the material beliefs of the age in which the child has his mortal existence — not the beliefs of preceding ages, else might he be as tall as the children of Anak, as beardless as the Indian, and as long lived as the patriarchs. As he grows in years, he takes on other beliefs which we term education. These, too, are the

beliefs of the age. He recognizes a round earth, and day and night as due to its revolutions, not to the work of Aurora who in her chariot, carries the sun back to its place in the east each night. He recognizes the force back of the lightning as something that may be used and not as a thunderbolt of Jove. He acquires the beliefs of up-to-date physiology and hygiene in all the particular diseases of the age. If these beliefs develop strongly, in the present age he wears spectacles at ten and becomes bald-headed at thirty. Two hundred years ago mortal man did not do this, while two thousand years ago he had vastly different beliefs.

"Again, the beliefs of widely separated localities develop the Persian quite differently from the Esquimau, thus giving us different races. But take an individual of any one of these races and let him live for several generations among those of another race, and you will find that he has lost many of the dominant characteristics of his own race and so taken on the beliefs of the other, that it would make him a hard subject to catalogue."

"Your explanation is very plain," said Earl; "but if you were to put it into concise form, how would you define the man of clay.?"

"I should say," replied Paul slowly, "that the man of clay is the mental and physical manifestation of all the material beliefs of the age in which he lives."

"A very comprehensive definition," declared Dr Greyson.

"To define and explain the original man of clay, however, seems a more difficult task," continued Paul, as he moved his chair around so as to command a better

view of his audience. "In order to tell whence came the original and how he developed, we must find out, if possible, whence originate false beliefs. The best explanation I have ever heard of their origin is found in the answer to the following question: Why does the small boy, on his first day at school, when asked how many are three times three, reply, 'Seven?'"

"And what is the answer?" queried Earl, without giving Paul time to explain.

"Simply that he doesn't know," laughed Paul. "Did he know the truth he would answer nine; but not knowing the truth he answers anything that comes into his head, simply for the sake of answering. He was just as likely to have said eight or thirteen; or he might have accidentally answered correctly, nine.

"As an illustration, however, let us suppose he answers seven. Then, as the teacher passes on to the next pupil, this particular boy becomes more interested in a chipmunk out on the fence than in his lesson, and so does not hear the correct answer. That night, in thinking it over, he remembers that he said 'three times three are seven.' As he has not been corrected, he concludes that seven is right. What is the result? That the next time he thinks three times three he will think seven.

"At this particular time, we will suppose that there are with him several other small boys who do not know the truth. They agree with him, thereby strengthening his false belief, and so for many years he tries to conduct his affairs under the false impression that three times three really are seven. Can you see where it

will land him — where it will land all who so believe, and their progeny?"

Earl smiled broadly as he replied: "In the poorhouse, if they happen to buy wheat on that basis and are obliged to sell it on the correct one."

"Undoubtedly," replied Paul grimly, "and if they happen to be running a line of railroad, there is no knowing what dire things would happen; but it would not be anything like as dire as what happens to every man who grows up with the belief that God is an enlarged image of that man of clay whom he sees in numbers, coming and going — maturing and dying all about him."

"Not much hope for him, is there?" said Earl.

"Oh yes," replied Paul, "for just as there is salvation for the boy from his false arithmetical belief, so is there salvation from the false beliefs of the man of clay. This salvation is found in Christ, Truth — in the truth about God and man; the truth which is the way that leads to life eternal — to a demonstrable knowledge of God."

Earl sat with closed eyes, thinking, and Paul, noting his abstraction said nothing until Greyson asked: "How is the man to rid himself of his clay? How acquire this demonstrable knowledge? How experience this salvation?"

"The very question I was expecting," exclaimed Paul. "The only question that could be asked by any honest seeker after truth. It is the question that mankind has ever been asking and will continue to ask until the answer is found. The words of St. Paul to the Corinthians, 'when this mortal shall have put on

immortality,' shed a ray of light on the subject, because he finishes the statement by saying: 'Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, death shall be swallowed up in victory.' To make this plain, as I see it, I should like to use another illustration."

"I am glad you can," said Earl, "your illustrations are much like the parables. They always make it easier to understand."

"Well, then," said Paul, "let us stop and consider what mankind has been doing since time began, namely using matter—error—as a remedy to rid itself of error. It has been looking to an anthromorphic God to save immortal souls and bodies. It has even done worse—if I may be pardoned for suggesting that any condition could be worse — by leaving God, anthromorphic or otherwise, entirely out of the question. When matter has become diseased, in order to ease it—to cure it,—if you please — the remedy has been sought in matter; and what has been the result? Mortal man has year after year, century after century, and age after age become more and more material. Up to a very few years ago, the entire world — including all Christendom — had reached a point where it believed that the only way to get rid of matter was to die.

"I can forgive the rest of the world for this," said Paul earnestly, "but not Christendom; for the teaching of Christ Jesus, the basis of Christianity, is and always was that death must be overcome. In fact the overcoming of death was the mission of the Master on earth — and He fulfilled His mission. It is the duty of every Christian — and no man is really a Christian who does not do it — to follow Jesus' example."

"What!" exclaimed Earl. "To overcome death?"

"Unquestionably!" replied Paul.

"But how?"

"By knowing God!" declared Paul, "even as Jesus did."

"Right here is the point of my illustration. Just as mankind has become more and more material through using matter to heal matter, so, in order to overcome materiality and spiritualize the human mind and body — the manifestation of this mind — mankind must begin to use spiritual means of healing instead of material. We must seek healing in truth, not in error. If we will do this, spiritualization of thought will inevitably follow — not perhaps in this generation — or the next or even the next, but eventually

"Truth when applied as a remedy to all the ills which flesh is heir to, is a certain cure. Neither you nor I may feel the full effect of this application, but if we seek truth honestly, if we apply it constantly and consistently, we shall derive some benefit. Every step of the unfolding of truth, while it may not completely heal the specific ill or illness for which it is sought, will benefit the seeker. When all of truth is acquired, knowledge will take the place of false beliefs and this counterfeit man — this man of clay — will disappear, together with all error and materiality, including time and space, which were seemingly brought into existence for his use.

"That is just it!" exclaimed Greyson as he sprang to his feet. "Counterfeit! This man of clay is a counterfeit — just as the lead dollar is the counterfeit of the silver dollar."

"Yes," laughed Paul, "and one of the proofs that there is a real is the fact that there is a counterfeit, for without a real dollar there could be no counterfeit dollar. Without a real man there could be no counterfeit man."

Greyson walked to the end of the tent which faced the rugged Sierras and stood for some moments without speaking, while he allowed his gaze to wander away toward their peak. Finally he turned back into the tent exclaiming:

"Do you know that this is the first time I have ever really understood the difference between the man of clay and the real man in God's likeness? I have recognized the fleshly mortal for what it is, but I have been thinking that the mentality which I have all along called 'me,' was the reflection of God, of the great I AM—of the only Ego as our text book calls it. Now, for the first time, I see that this mentality, this false intellectuality, this combination of educated false beliefs — this carnal mind as St. Paul says, is just as material — just as opposed to God and God's man — as the body which I have so often dissected and doctored. Fool that I am!"

"Not at all," declared Paul. "The fact that you now see disproves that. But we are all of us more or less asleep. This I am sure is what St. Paul referred to when he said, 'behold I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep but we shall all be changed.' Meaning that we shall not all sleep the sleep of death, but that we who think we are alive in the flesh and in our mentality, shall awake to the reality of being, just as those who believe they have died, shall awaken.

"The reason, Dr. Greyson, that you have not been able to heal disease, is because you knew too much about it," continued Paul. "You have been treating disease as a reality instead of as a false belief. We first do our healing through reasoning, through argument, and your reasoning has been at fault. When we are able to heal through divine revelation, as did Jesus, our healing will always be instantaneous."

"And what would you call this which has just come to me?" asked Greyson.

"Let us hope," replied Paul, "that it proves to be a revelation.

"Every age has its particular message. When we are able to stand more, a greater message will be given us. Our effort now is to work up to our present message of truth; then shall we be able to say to this man of clay — 'dust thou art and to dust, nothingness, shalt thou return.'"

CHAPTER XXXI

LIVING THE LIFE

More than a month has passed, the last of which has been one of untiring energy and almost ceaseless labor on the part of those engaged upon the tunnel. The first of March has been settled upon by Hope and Abijah as the time for leaving La Goleta in company with Sir Henry and Patrice, and it is Paul's desire that they shall be able to make the trip to San Geronimo over the new roadway.

For more than two weeks the steel had been laid up the mountainside to the mouth of the tunnel, the completion of which will make it possible, with only a few minutes walk from the hacienda, for the little party to board the work train and, with their baggage, to journey comfortable to the main line of the Tehauntepec at San Geronimo.

"One more day," said Paul to Greyson as they sat at dinner that night, "and the hole will be through the mountain."

"Sure, and it hasn't been such a tough job either," remarked Coyle as he looked up from the work in hand. "Not half as tough as this," and he sawed away at a piece of steak which Jose had brought in but a minute previous. "Where did you get it, Jose?"

"In el campo," explained Jose with a grin.

"Better stick to the city after this," said Coyle. "Country steak is a good deal like some country eggs I've seen — not so good as their name."

"Then you think you'll be able to get our friends out on time?" queried Dr. Greyson, not heeding the interruption.

"Certainly," replied Paul. "Don't you think so, Mr. Coyle?"

"Sure, we could get 'em out day after tomorrow if we had to. It might be a bit rough coming through the hole; but we could do it all right."

"That's what I told Miss von Rastadt today," said Paul. "If you're going over to La Goleta this evening, Mr. Armstrong, you can corroborate my words by Mr. Coyle's statement."

"I guess he'll be going all right," laughed Greyson.

"Oh, yes," said Earl, "I'm going, but I can't see that I'm a much more regular visitor at the hacienda than some others," and he looked at Greyson with a quizzical laugh in which the others mildly joined.

It must be admitted that Earl had good grounds for his assertion, for while he was a pretty constant visitor at La Goleta, Dr. Greyson helped to wear the path over the mountain quite as much as Earl. The latter had taken up his abode at the camp some time previous, having come over for only a few days; but he had stayed on and on until at last he announced that he guessed he'd stay until Greyson was ready to return to New York and go along with him.

"And spend the summer on Long Island, I suppose," said Greyson.

"Possibly," replied Earl. "I've heard it was cool

there in the summer; but you know I still have Glenwood, my little place up the Hudson. I was thinking we might go up there."

Later he had repeated his plans to Hope as they sat beneath the shade of the tropical foliage and listened to the distant rattle of the drill as it bored a passage through the rock that separated La Goleta from the iron way.

"Would you like to have me for a neighbor?" he asked.

"I shouldn't call that being very neighborly," she replied. "It's quite a ways from Glenwood to Edgemont."

"But it isn't as far as from Edgemont to Tehauntepec."

"Oh, no," she laughed, "nor as far as from Glenwood to Rastadt."

Earl's face fell. "You're not going to Rastadt?" he exclaimed. "Not this summer?"

"I have work to do over there," she said earnestly.

"Yes," he replied, "I know but, —" tenderly, "I have thought — I have hoped, that maybe you would come and live at Glenwood — part of the time, anyway. Will you, — Hope?"

His face glowed and he leaned forward expectantly.

The girl looked up into his face with a happy little laugh as she replied softly: "Yes, dear, part of the time. The other part you shall live with me at Rastadt. Together we shall carry the truth to my people."

She put out her hands and he raised them reverently to his lips.

"In this work," he said earnestly, "we shall find life."

All of which conversation they had repeated to no one, nor had the arrangement made the slightest difference in their plans, except, perhaps, as it seemed to broaden their field of usefulness. Daily they studied, alone, or together, or with Paul. Daily, too, Hope worked with Patrice and in this she was greatly helped by Dr. Greyson. When at last he had clearly discerned the difference between the man of clay with his false mentality, and man in God's image and likeness, reflecting divine intelligence, his thought was completely changed. Vitalized by the spirit of Truth he was led into the way of righteousness — right thinking — which made him a valuable aid.

Next to Paul, therefore, Patrice found in Dr. Greyson's words her greatest help; and as she read her Bible in the light of this new and scientific understanding of the truth, her fear completely left her, and her strength returned. By the evening that the iron horse first poked his head through the tunnel and shot his fiery gaze upon La Goleta, she was as free from her ailment as though no taint of heredity had ever clouded her belief.

The morning of their departure from the hacienda was glorious. Gaily bedecked with Mexican and American flags, young Baldwin had backed his engine and caboose up the mountainside and through the tunnel. With Coyle as conductor and Paul and Sidney as reception committee, the "C. S. special," as Earl had named it, awaited the arrival of the travelers.

Earl had gone over to La Goleta to act as escort and

soon the party arrived. It was headed by Don Miguel, and Donna Maria, who was just about equal to the short walk. Abijah and Sir Henry followed, and after them the three young women, accompanied by Earl, Don Felix, and Don Antonio. Nicanor with a dozen peons, loaded with baggage and provision for a day's outing, brought up the rear.

Almost before they knew it the luggage was aboard, and with a screech of the whistle they started for San Geronimo, cheered along the way by the hundreds of peons, who drew off to the side of the track as they passed and shouted their vivas — "Viva el Jefe! Viva el Doctor! Viva los Americanos!"

"Quite a demonstration, isn't it?" exclaimed Sir Henry to Paul as they finished the descent and sped through the gravel pit where at least two hundred shouting workmen gave them a vociferous greeting.

And Paul, as he looked first at the line of steel that trailed out behind them toward the summit of the mountain and then at the happy faces of the young people about him, replied earnestly·

"Yes, it is quite a demonstration."

* * * * *

Once more upon the rain laden atmosphere hang the odors of springtime; but the rain has passed and from the blue overhead the sun shines brightly, while violet, lilac, and daffodil pour forth their sweetest perfume. Upon the green mantle which so warmly envelops the earth, lightly rests the yellow dandelion — a sunburst of rarest loveliness. From the southwest, redolent with

the fragrance of the tropics, comes a balmy breeze which warms with its breath the morning air and gently stirs the leaves of the maples, through which may be caught glorious glimpses of the waters of Long Island Sound as they sparkle in the sunlight.

Through this scene of vernal splendor comes a vehicle vastly different from the one in which we made the acquaintance of Abijah Adams more than twenty years ago, although Abijah is one of its occupants. It is a monster touring car, and besides the chauffeur and Abijah, the other occupants are Paul Anthony and Earl Armstrong. They are on their way from the railroad station, where Earl has just met Paul in response to a telegram announcing his coming. Through the mud they spin and turn with a whirl into the great gate that guards the entrance to the beautiful estate.

"So this is Edgemont!" exclaimed Paul as they dash up the driveway. "No wonder, Mr. Adams, that such a beautiful thought as that of your niece should have been developed amidst such surroundings."

"And still I recall," replied Abijah, "that Eve developed a mighty bad thought in the garden of Eden."

Paul's eyes twinkled. "If we get to talking about Eve," he said, "I am afraid we shall have to stop talking about development at all. But see —" as they passed the turn in the driveway, "isn't that Miss von Rastadt on the veranda?"

"Miss von Rastadt that was," laughed Earl, "and her mother."

"Oh, of course," laughed Paul, "I haven't become used to thinking of her as Mrs. Armstrong yet. But I suppose she's still Hope?"

"The only Hope," declared Abijah, uttering for the manyeth time his favorite pun.

The machine came to a stop and Hope ran down the steps to greet them.

"What a pleasure!" she exclaimed as she seized Paul's hands, "and how we have needed you; haven't we, Earl?"

"How, needed me?" asked Paul, as Earl nodded his head. "Haven't you everything you need, all the time?"

"Yes," was Hope's reply, "but we seem to need you to make us know it."

"Only seem, however," declared Paul, "for truth is impersonal."

They ascended the steps and Hope introduced Paul to her mother. "I trust, Mr. Anthony," said that estimable lady, "that you are going to make us a long visit."

"Quite short, I am sorry to say," replied Paul. "I am even now on my way to India to solve another problem. But, by the way, Earl, when have you heard from Dr. Greyson? I seem to have completely lost track of him since last fall."

"Oh," replied Earl with a laugh, "he's abroad. The last we heard he was headed for the south of Scotland. Patrice writes that he is expected there next month."

"I see," said Paul with a little quirk of his lips. "Some seem to work better in double harness. Do you find it so?"

"We had so little experience working in single harness," was Hope's answer, "that we cannot say whether we work better together or not; but I am sure

that each of us finds in the other many qualities of thought needed to help us on our way heavenward."

"True!" declared Paul. "And the healing work — are you growing in that?"

The look of joy and perfect understanding that passed between the happy couple would have been a sufficient answer to Paul's question, had not Earl replied:

"Not a morning dawns but we understand more clearly than on the day before what Life really is. Not a day passes but we are able, in some measure, to prove by our healing work, our understanding of Jesus' words: 'If a man keep my sayings, he shall never see death.' "

"And in such proving," declared Paul earnestly, "do we live the life which comes from knowing God."

THE END.

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